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THE NEW YORKER

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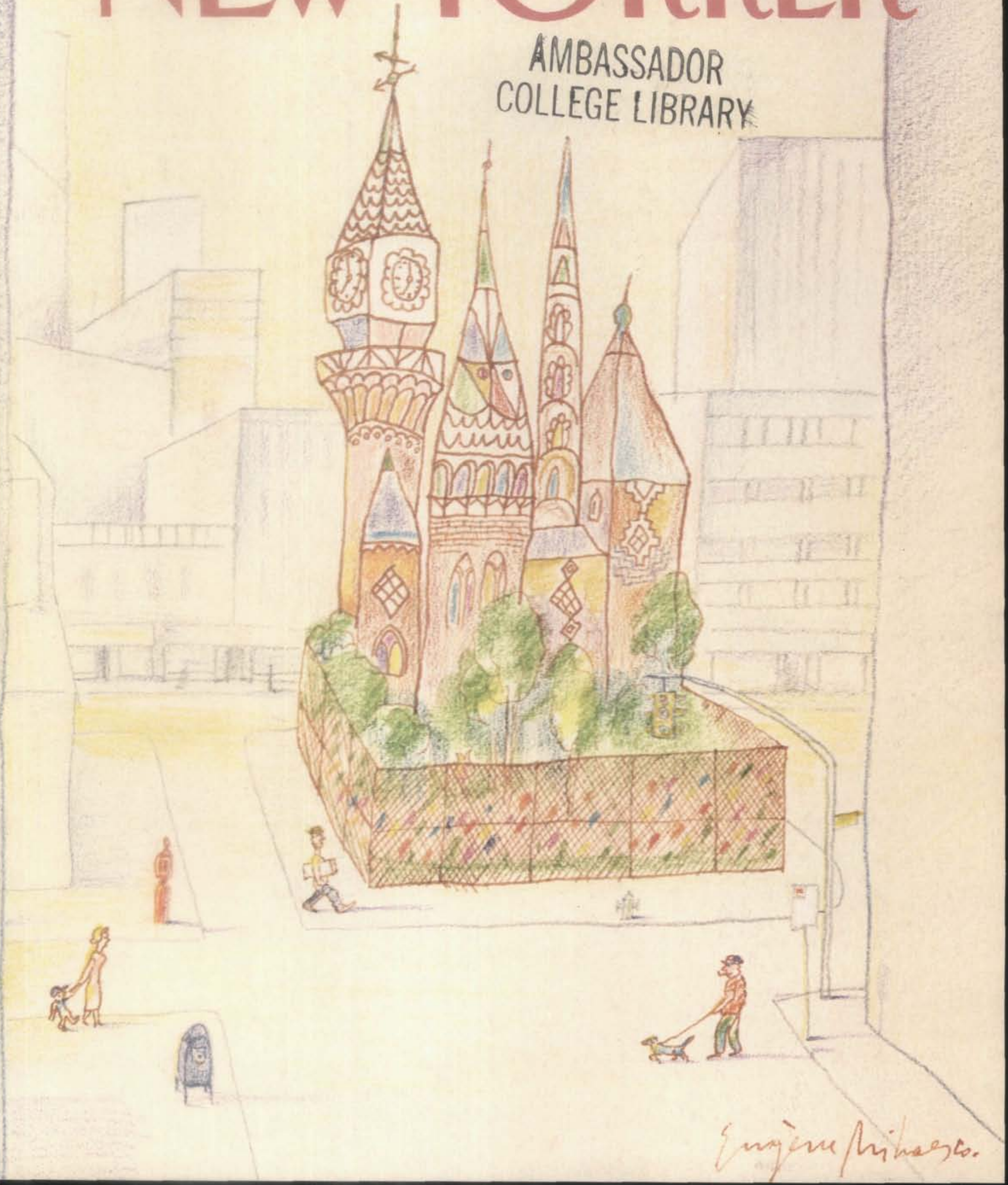
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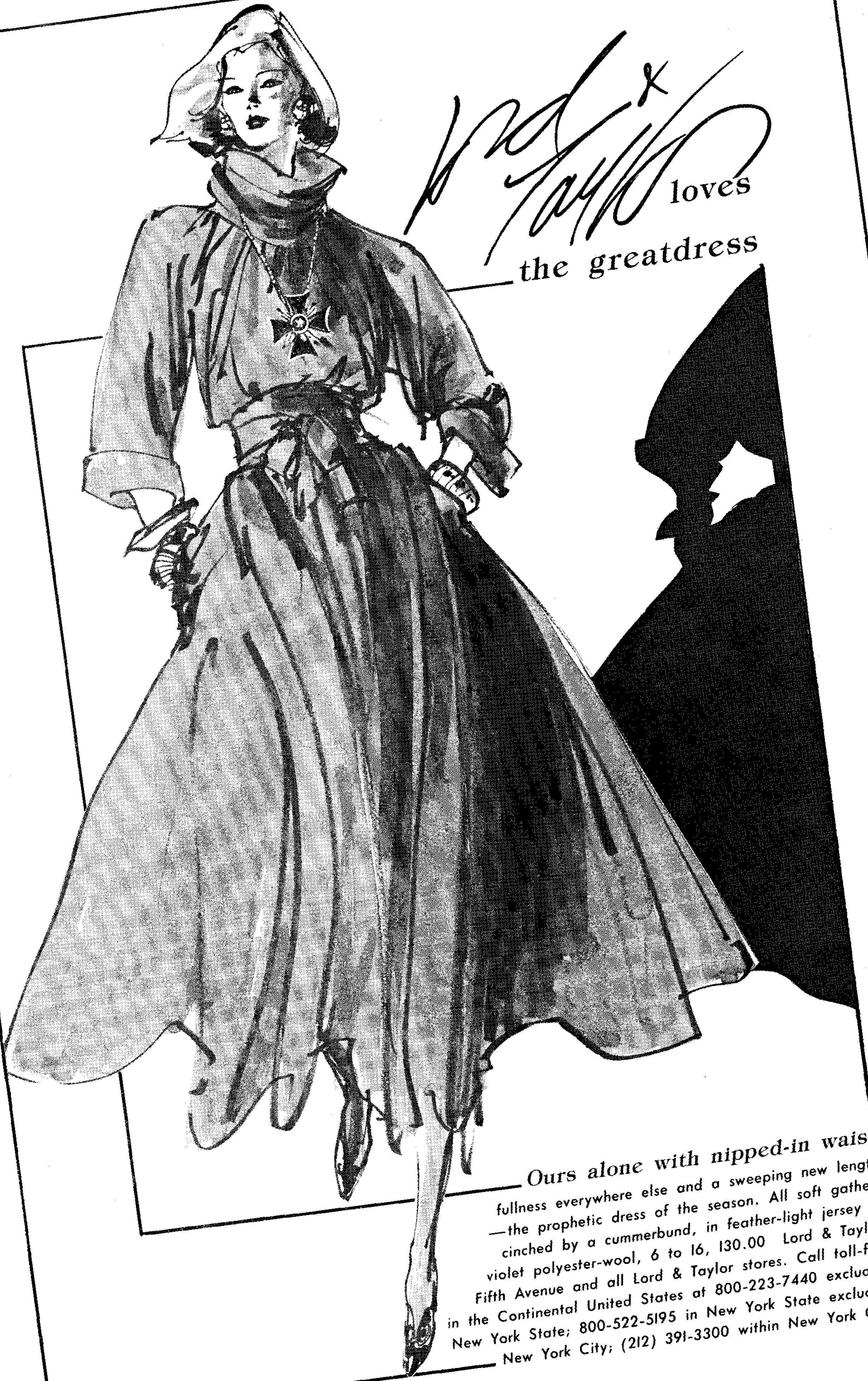

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Body Bags—A play by Tee Saralegui. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Mondays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Circle Repertory Company—A return engagement of Jim Leonard, Jr.,'s play **the diviners,** with Stephanie Gordon, Jack Davidson, and Elizabeth Sturges. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 23.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in

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the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

The Little Foxes—Lillian Hellman's pitiless melodrama of 1939 has survived to become a stunning vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. Also on hand are Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes at the

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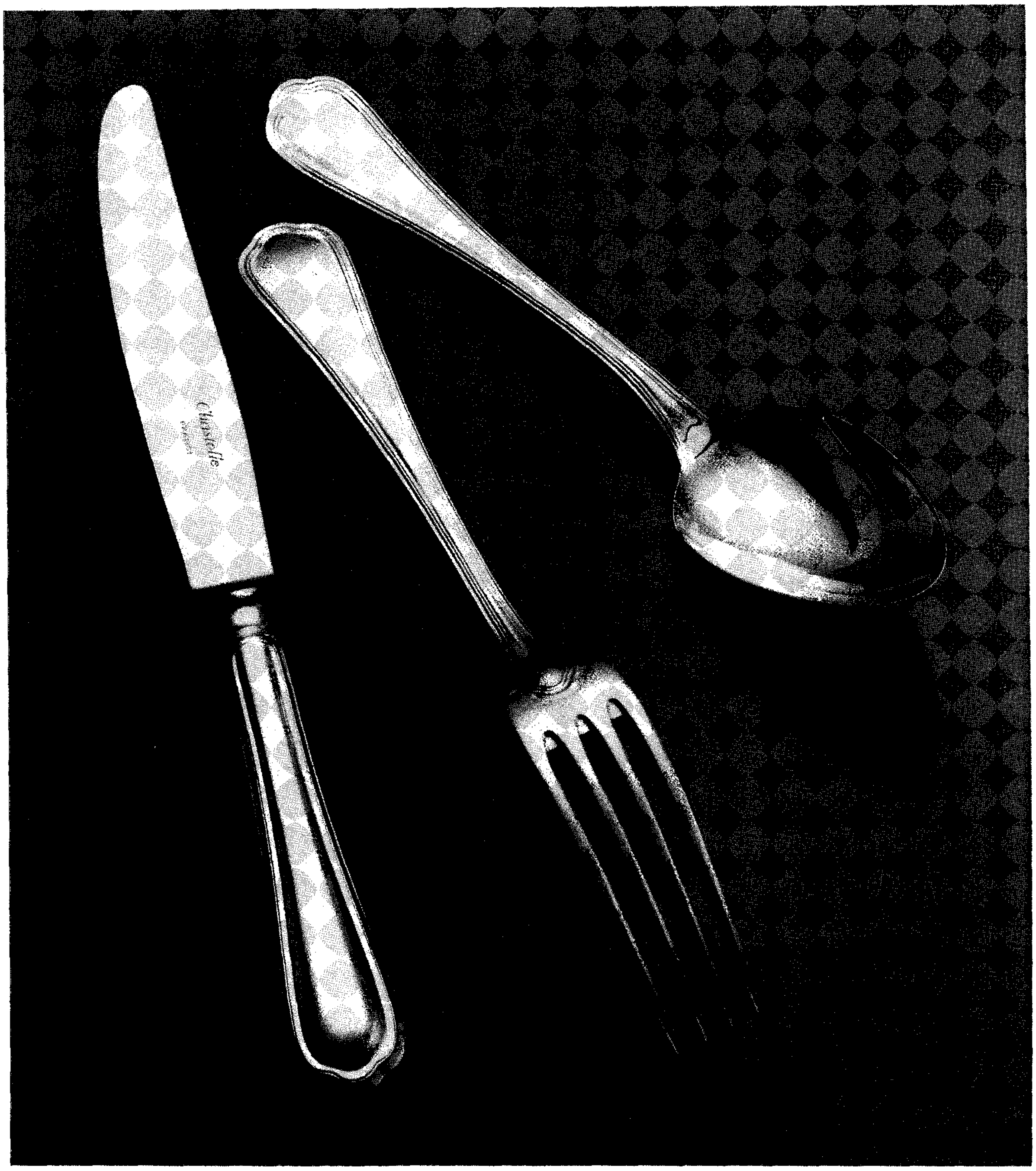

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Uris on Sunday, Aug. 9, and will reopen at the Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550, on Wednesday, Aug. 12.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steal Away—A play by Ramona King. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 9.)

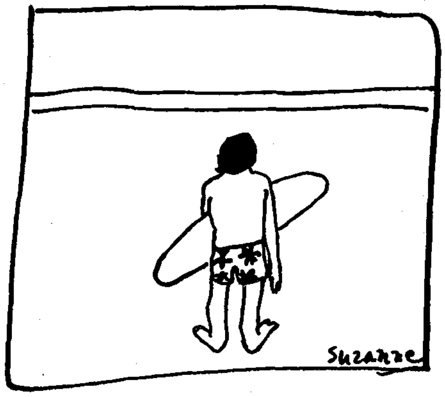
The Supporting Cast—A comedy by George Furth, with Hope Lange, Sandy Dennis, Jack Gilford, Betty Garrett, and Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews Wednesday, Aug. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 6. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylicia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 9.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **barnum:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **children of a lesser god:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dancin':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a day in hollywood / a night in the ukraine:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,848 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fifth of july:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **morning's at seven:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **one mo' time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sugar babies:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **they're playing our song:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Victor Garber and Marsha Skaggs. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Ice Show—"World on Ice": Linda Fratianne is joined by a Disney menagerie on blades. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 1:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Pianist **jaki byard** will be at the helm of a trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, **barry harris** will cruise in with a bassist. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. **dardanelle,** a wily mainstream-jazz pianist, is also a wonderful singer who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She just plays and sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here with bassist **george duvivier** through Saturday, Aug. 8. Sunday, Aug. 9, will belong to clarinettist Rick Hardeman's trio; and Monday, Aug. 10, to singer Pamela Shaw. On Tuesday, Aug. 11, the **widespread depression quartet** will move in for a five-night visit. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, Aug. 6, drummer **art blakey** and his Class of '81 **jazz messengers** and drummer **joe morello's** quintet; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, two nights of topnotch Latin jazz with pianist **eddie palmieri's** band and alto saxophonist **paquito d'rivera's** quintet; Wednesday, Aug.

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12, **CLAUDE BOLLING** on jazz piano, with flutist **RANSOM WILSON** ("Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano") and then with guitarist **ALEXANDRE LAGOYA** ("Concerto for Classical Guitar and Jazz Piano"); Thursday, Aug. 13, De Danann, an Irish folk band; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, drummer **BILLY COBHAM** and his jazz-rock band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a fine hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), Ella's accompanist for years, and a beautiful duo player, works with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Aug. 8, and then with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Monday, Aug. 10. On Sunday, Aug. 9, **LARRY WILLIS**, who has been a pianist with Jackie McLean, Stan Getz, Kai Winding, and Blood, Sweat & Tears, will be present. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, the always lively pianist and the star of a running National Public Radio show in which she interviews and performs with other pianists, leads her trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD** lives on Martha's Vineyard, but he's summering in New York. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become about as respectable as a navy-blue silk tie with tennis racquets on it, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 5, Shmoozebusters, the Nationals, the Spigots, the Feds, and Metropolis; Friday, Aug. 7, the Windows, the Kelvins, and the Boogles; and Saturday, Aug. 8, Jo Marshall, the Times, and Blue Fyre. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is here singing her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes" (1951), "5-10-15 Hours" (1952), and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" (1953)—in addition to creditable versions of standards like "Skylark" and "Here's That Rainy Day." She's accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. Mondays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE**, a singer-pianist who has no faults, performs at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 5, Father Charlie Coen, an Irish folk musician, and the Derby Ram, a trio that performs British folk tunes; Saturday, Aug. 8, banjoist Tony Trischka's band; Sunday, Aug. 9, guitarists John Miller and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, Aug. 12, the Derby Ram; and Saturday, Aug. 15, the Reel World String Band, a five-woman outfit from Kentucky. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, eight-fifteen on Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

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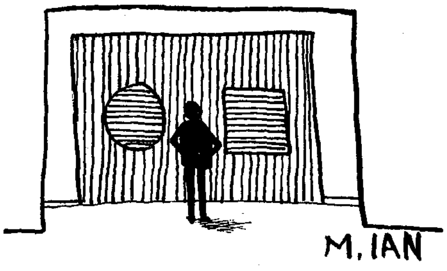
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Aug. 9, trombonist Wayne André will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Strenuous, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** performs with his Unit through Sunday, Aug. 9. On Tuesday, Aug. 11, **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, the flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, will bring in a quintet that will feature bassist-vocalist **SLAM STEWART**. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Aug. 5, pianist **ANDY LA VERNE** and vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS**; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 6-8, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**; Monday, Aug. 10, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and guitarist **TED DUNBAR**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 11-12, singer Jann Parker with pianist **RON BURTON'S** quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 13-15, singer Anita Moore. On Sundays, **CLAUDIO RODITI**, a clean, crisp trumpeter, heads a Brazilian-jazz combo. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, singer Stephanie Nakasian is accompanied by Mr. O'Brien from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is working at the dining-room piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays belong to bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY**. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.



Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Jazz-funk organist **CHARLES EARLAND** will head up a sextet on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8; on the following Friday and Saturday (Aug. 14-15), tenor saxophonist **BILL BARRON** and his little brother Kenny—**KENNY BARRON** to jazz-piano enthusiasts—will perform with bassist **RUFUS REID** and drummer **BEN RILEY**. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays, there is dancing to recorded jazz from eight until midnight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The piano-bass duos: **JIMMY ROWLES** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Aug. 8; and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON** beginning Tuesday, Aug. 11. The Sunday and Monday slots are filled by singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY**. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 5, singer Johnny Paycheck; Thursday, Aug. 6, Louisiana swamp-rock master **DR. JOHN**; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 9-10, blues singer **JOHN LEE HOOKER**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 11-12, rock and blues by **NRBQ**; and Thursday, Aug. 13, **VASSAR CLEMENTS**, the Nashville fiddling institution. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. Sally Kellerman is the singer through Saturday, Aug. 8; beginning Monday, Aug. 10, long white gloves, a microphone wrapped in a white handkerchief, and **HILDEGARDE** (who else?) will be in evidence. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 5, Artifax; Thursday, Aug. 6, New Race, Hot Kapers, and Nekron 99; Friday, Aug. 7, B-Girls and Rattlers; and Saturday, Aug. 8, the Offs and Science. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays at one piano, and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG**, who is responsible for two of the high points in Miss Dearie's repertory—"Peel Me a Grape" and "I'm Hip"—sings and plays at another piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a sextet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Aug. 5, Solar Caravan; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 6-8, singer **CISSY HOUSTON**, whose set list is virtually a celebration of sixties soul music; Tuesday, Aug. 11, bassist **JERRY JEMMOTT'S** reggae band, which has R. & B. roots that are crystal clear and which features guitarist **ARLEN ROTH**; Wednesday, Aug. 12, singer Alfie Capers; Thursday, Aug. 13, Bash; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, again **CISSY HOUSTON**. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVUE**, which comprises **HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM**, **JOHN HERALD**, **PAT ALGER**, and other adroit musicians who play Overlook Mountain/Esopus Creek music; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 13-15, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MC GHEE**, who will play, sing, hoot, stamp, and chuckle the way they've played, sung, hooted, stamped, and chuckled for decades. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**, who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **PANAMA FRANCIS**, who played drums for Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, Dinah Shore, and scores of rock-and-roll performers, is leading his **SAVOY SULTANS**, who make it virtually impossible not to want to Lindy Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Friday, Aug. 7, Ice House; Saturday, Aug. 8, the Shirts and Fats Deacon & the Dumbwaiters; Tuesday, Aug. 11, jazz and jazz-rock with flutist Bobbi Humphrey, vibraharpist Roy Ayers, tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE**, singer Jean Carn, and pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH**; Wednesday, Aug. 12, the Greg Kihn Band and Junk Rock; Thursday, Aug. 13, soul singer and saxophonist **JUNIOR WALKER** and his latest crop of All Stars; Friday, Aug. 14, Killing Joke; and Saturday, Aug. 15, the Revillos. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, Laura Waterbury, and Susan Bigelow are singing in the King Cole Room in the tribute of the month, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Aug. 5, singer Marilyn Redfield and a quartet; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 6-9, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, saxophonist **BOB BERG**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**; Monday, Aug. 10, composer, arranger, and alto saxophonist Ed Palermo's well-rehearsed, young sixteen-piece band; Tuesday and Wednesday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 11-12, Yosio (Chin) Suzuki and a combo that will include saxophonist DAVE LIEBMAN, trumpeter TOM HARRELL, and pianist ANDY LA VERNE. Music from ten.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Pianist PATTI BOWN is the performer here on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A lineup of good jazz in a knotty-pine room. Alto saxophonist and singer EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON started out with Milt Larkins' Houston-based territorial band in the late thirties, and he has been a main keeper-of-the-flame blues shouter ever since. Mr. Vinson performs "Juice Head Baby," "Alimony Blues," and the other twelve-bar melodramas that he's sung over the years through Saturday, Aug. 8. On Tuesday, Aug. 11, drummer CHICO HAMILTON, another crafty, bluesy showman and jazz musician, will bring in his quintet for five nights. Sundays and Mondays are claimed by Lip Service, a quartet led by pianist Mark Minchello. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesday, Aug. 5, *the* Chicago blueswoman, KOKO TAYLOR; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 6-8, blues singer and guitarist JOHNNY COPELAND; and Wednesday, Aug. 12, B. Willis Smith & the Urbations. Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the UPTOWN HORNS, which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but not unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 5, Hooters and Lucky Strike; Thursday, Aug. 6, Little Jeff Purchase and It's the Hendersons; and Friday, Aug. 7, DNA and Dancing Cigarettes. Music every night but Sunday, usually after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN leads a trio from nine, and on Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter and composer WOODY SHAW is here with his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 9; on Tuesday, Aug. 11, tenor saxophonist WARNE MARSH and pianist SAL MOSCA will co-pilot their quartet through some Lennis Tristano-inspired music. Mondays are MEL LEWIS big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-9, trombonist and sometime vocalist DICKY WELLS and his group; Monday, Aug. 10, saxophonist Percy France's quartet; Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 12-14, trumpeter DOC CHEATHAM; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 15-16, tenor saxophonist GEORGE KELLY and his Jazz Sultans. Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer JO JONES. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Foghat and White Snake—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Aug. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

New York Folk Festival—At FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 9:30: The Babylon Dance Band, Mark Johnson & the Wild Alligators, and the Noise. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 9:30 and midnight: Tony Bird and Pepe Castillo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 9:30 and midnight: George Gerdes and Andy Breckman. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 9:30 and midnight: David Amram & Friends and Tubby the Tuba Dixieland Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 9:30 and midnight: Rosalie Sorrels, Suzanne Vega, and John Guth. . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 9:30 and midnight: John Hammond and Paula Lockheart. . . . TOWN HALL, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Aug. 14, at 7 and 10:30: Buffy Sainte-Marie, Odetta, Meg Christian, and Diane Lindsay. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 7: Richie Havens, Tom Paxton, and the Song Project. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 1: The Halkias Family, Zev Feldman, and Andy Statman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8: The Woodstock Mountain Revue, the Persuasions, and Christine Lavin. (For information about tickets, call 753-9132.)

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Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10: The Charli Persip-Gerry La Furn Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 10: Dave Katz & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, at 10: Ray Drummond, George Coleman, Ronnie Mathews, and Al Foster. . . . ¶ Sundays at 8: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 10: Jim McNeely quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, at 10: Louis Hayes quartet, featuring Frank Strozier. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 5-6, at 9: Grace Jones and Eddie Murphy. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, at 9: Roy Orbison. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 10, at 9: The Neville Brothers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 9: Burning Spear. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 9: Savoy Brown. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30 and 11:30: Kris Kristofferson, with Billy Swan. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 14-16, at 9: Alice Cooper and Spider. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Videotapes—A video setup that shows, one after another, tapes by eight painters, sculptors, photographers, and musicians—Robert Cumming, Brian Eno, Charles Frazier, Donald Lipski, Howardena Pindell, Judy Rifka, Allen Ruppersberg, and Irvin Tepper. Samples of their non-electronic works are also on view. Through Sept. 10. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

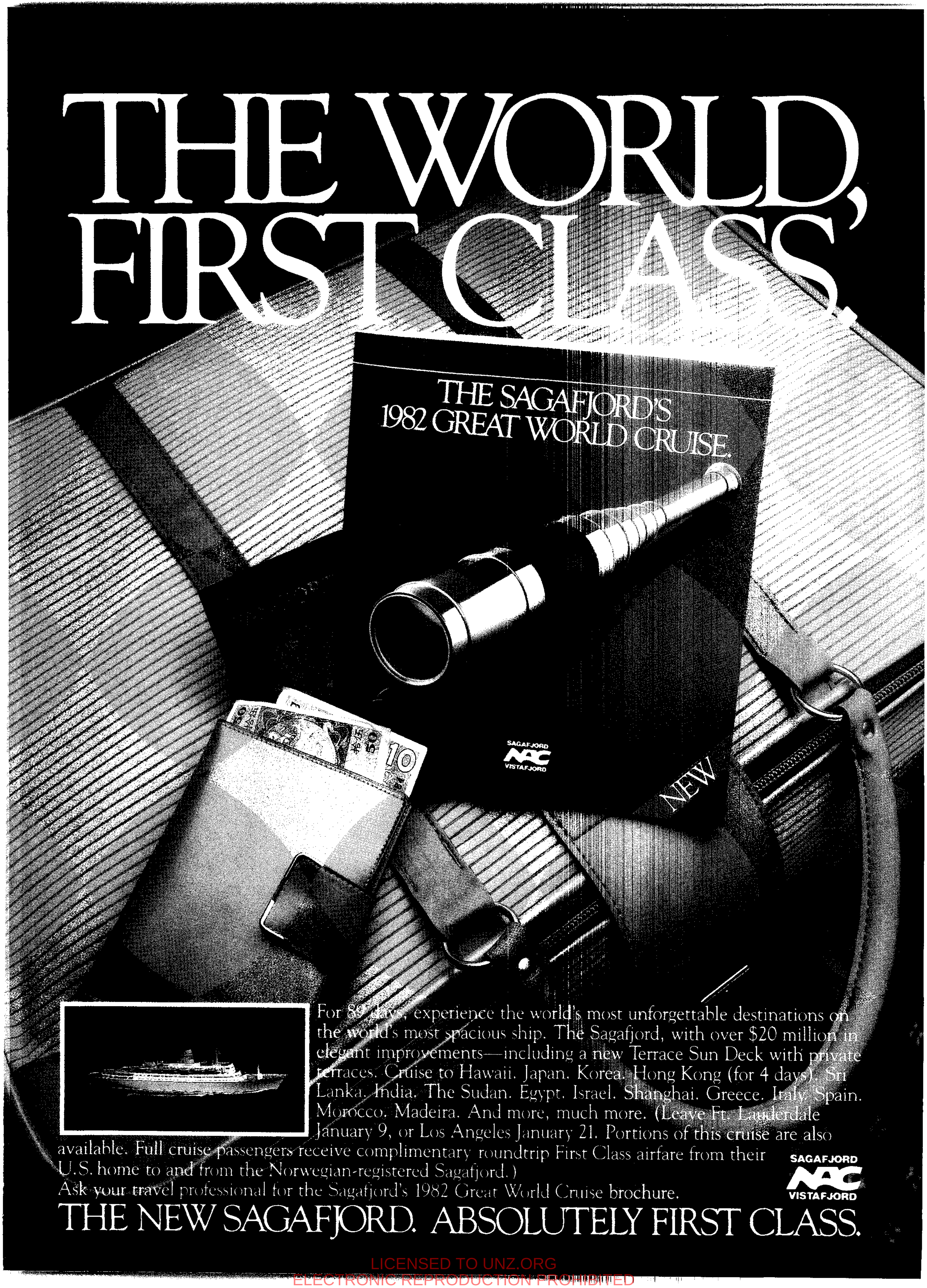
Group Shows—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The twentieth annual Old Master Print Exhibition features more than twenty etchings by Rembrandt and ten engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. The total number of works is more than three hundred. Through Aug. 21. . . . CDS GALLERY, 13 E. 75th St.: Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Sept. 4. . . . THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Works by thirteen young artists: colored pen-and-ink scenes of New Wave night clubs by Marc Lida, pastels of beach chairs by Nancy Ring, and figures by, among others, Baldo Diodato, Nachume Miller, and John Germain. Through Wednesday, Aug. 12. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alice Neel, Elaine de Kooning, Robert De Niro, and the watercolorist Richard Segalman, who has also been trying his hand at pastels lately (peonies, recumbent cows), are among the gallery regulars in the summer show. Through Sept. 1. . . . JACOBSON, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: ACA, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ACQUAVELLA, 18 E. 79th St. . . . PAM ADLER, 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ALEXANDER, 20 W. 57th St. . . . BORGENICHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . CRISPO, 41 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St. . . . FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . FRUMKIN, 50 W. 57th St. . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GLADSTONE, 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . HEIDENBERG, 50 W. 57th St. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St. . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St. . . . WEINTRAUB, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A hundred and twenty-five photographs—nudes, landscapes, portraits, still-lifes—the majority printed by the artist's son Cole. Through Aug. 21. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Nearly ninety black-and-white photographs of the South by eleven contemporary photographers: Mardi Gras parades by Lyle Bongé, industrial landscapes by John McWilliams, masked figures by Ralph Eugene Meatyard, rural landscapes by Sally Mann. . . . ¶ An exhibit of enlarged prints made by Alexander Alland from Jacob Riis's original glass-plate negatives. The negatives date from 1888 to 1898. Both shows through Sunday, Aug. 9. (Daily, 11 to 5.) . . . LIGHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent work by twelve photog-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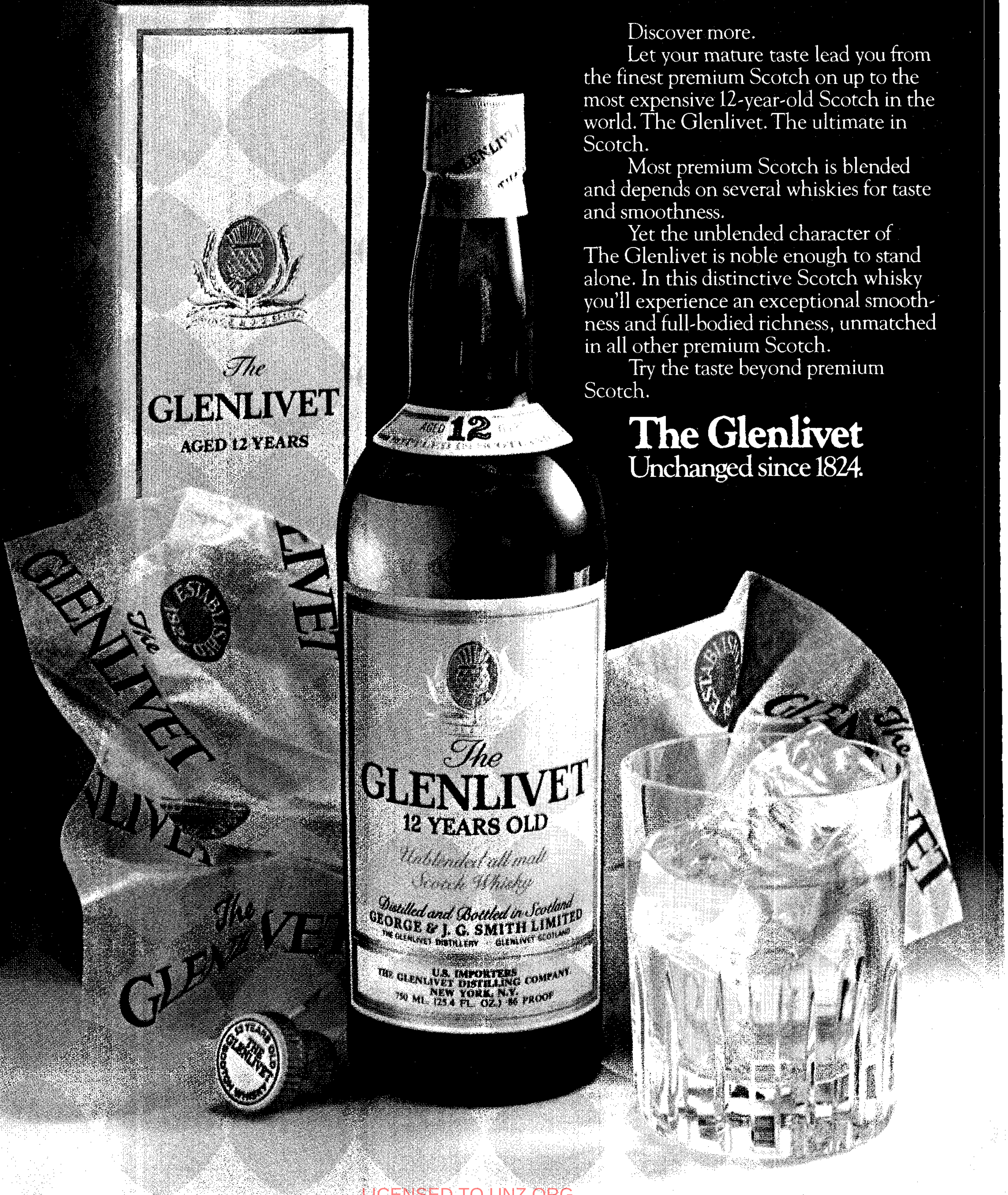
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raphers. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PHOTOGRAPH,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Nineteenth-century photographs: twenty by Charles Hugo (including several portraits of his father, Victor), twenty-five plates from John Thomson's book "Street Life in London" (1877), ten by Lady Lucy Bridgeman (centering on family servants), and one or two works each by Atget, Fox Talbot, others. Through Friday, Aug. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Josef Albers, Constantin Brancusi, Walter Gropius, and other painters, sculptors, and architects meet on common ground in a show of their photographs. Most date from the twenties and thirties. Through Friday, Aug. 14. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died on July 1. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Tuesday, Aug. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ Nineteen watercolors by Winslow Homer, twenty by John Singer Sargent, and a single painting each by a number of contemporary Americans, all from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ A survey of recent Korean drawing. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) All three through Sept. 7.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Sunday, Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A painting (circa 1860) of New York Harbor, which shows trellised gardens in the foreground, and a 1730 portrait of Mrs. Wynant Van Zandt holding a striped tulip are two works in an exhibition called "The Gardens, Meadows, and Forests of New York State and Province." Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 5: James Conlon conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Heinz Holliger, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8: James Conlon directing the orchestra in an all-Mozart program that includes the Requiem, with Andras Schiff, piano; Kathleen Battle, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 10, and Wednesday, Aug. 12: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 11: A program of chamber music from the Marlboro Music Festival. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13: Alexander Schneider and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Mr. Luvisi; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Richard Goode, piano, and Mr. Stoltzman. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

PEKING OPERA—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of traditional Chinese opera by the Shanghai Peking Opera Troupe, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Aug. 12 (a benefit performance); Thursday, Aug. 13; and Saturday, Aug. 15, all at 8: "Lancing the Chariots," "The Four Scholars," and "Secret Missive/Slaying of the Mistress." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: "Blocking the Horse," "Chase Under the Moonlight," and "Secret Missive/Slaying of the Mistress." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 7: Misha Dichter in an all-Liszt piano recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with the Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting, with Mr. Dichter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Mozart program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Joel Cohen conducting the Boston Camerata in a program of music of the French Renaissance. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in a Debussy-Saint-Saëns-Ravel program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Rimsky-Korsakov program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Hiroshi Wakasugi conducting a Webern-Mozart-Mahler program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: André Previn conducting a Berlioz-Stravinsky-Ravel program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Paula Robison, flute, and Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 5:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 5:30: Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 22. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Moussorgsky program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Robert Irving conducting a program of ballet music by Dvořák, Delius, and Ravel, with dancers Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: Theo Alcantara conducting a Ravel-Montoya-Dvořák program, with Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:15: Charles Dutoit conducting a Falla-Mendelssohn-Tchaikovsky program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by John Denver on Sunday, Aug. 9, at 8:15; by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band on Monday, Aug. 10, at 8:15; and by Chuck Mangione, on Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of music by Barber, Mozart, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff, with Susan Starr, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Sergiu Comissiona conducting a program of music by Weber, Beethoven, Debussy, and André Previn (première), with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Robert Shaw conducting an all-Brahms program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:15: Mitch Miller conducting an all-Gershwin program. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '81—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un Soupçon:* THURSDAY, AUG. 6, AT 8: Bertolt Brecht's satirical comedy "Man Is Man," in a musical adaptation by Robert Dennis; "Sally and Marsha," a play by Sybille Pearson; and "My Astonishing Self," a one-man show that has Donal Donnelly portraying George Bernard Shaw. . . . FRIDAY, AUG. 7, AT 8: The Los Angeles Ballet. . . . AT 8:30: "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . AT 9 AND 11: Teddy Wilson, piano. . . . SATURDAY, AUG. 8, AT 3: The Los Angeles Ballet, "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . AT 8: The Los Angeles Ballet. . . . AT 8:30: "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . AT 9: Teddy Wilson. . . . AT 10: The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . AT 11: *Teddy Wilson.* . . . SUNDAY, AUG. 9, AT 3: "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . AT 3:30: A poetry reading by Roscoe Lee Browne and Anthony Zerbe. . . . AT 7:30: The Los Angeles Ballet. . . . AT 8: "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . AT 10: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Ann Marie De Angelo, Julian Montaner, Nancy Raffa, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-15: Dance Plus II. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Toronto (exhibition game), Friday, Aug. 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 4:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 10-11, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 24. The DeWitt Clinton, Thursday, Aug. 6; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 8; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 9; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 8, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Washington. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8, from Sunday, Aug. 9, through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby's, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition hours: Friday, Aug. 7, and Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 10-11, from 10 to 5; Wednesday, Aug. 12, from 10 to noon.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HENRY IV, PART I, with John Vickery, Mandy Patinkin, and Kenneth McMillan. The second of two plays presented this summer. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Wednesdays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Lawrence Foster will conduct the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN, the Bronx, Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Friday, Aug. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ James Conlon *will conduct the final program:* CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Queens, Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8. . . . SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8.

Central Park Mall—Art Miller's quintet. (Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 7:30.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in the last in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 5-7, and Sunday, Aug. 9, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, Aug. 5: David Bromberg and Peter Rowan. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 8-9: Pat Benatar, with Billy Squier. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12: The Specials and the Go-Go's. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14: Joan Jett and the Blackhearts and the Coasters. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15: Arlo Guthrie and Shenandoah. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. JAZZ AND POP: Benefit concerts—Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8: The Taylor Family (James, Alex, Kate, Livingston, and Hugh). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30: Dave Brubeck and Herbie Mann. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . ¶ Free concerts—Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Expedition. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, at 8: Darius Brubeck's Gathering Forces. . . . BLUEGRASS: Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8: John Herald and Horse Country. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8: Del McCoury and the Dixie Pals. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

Washington Square Park—Harvey Estrin conducting the Y Studio Orchestra in a jazz program. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Opening performances of a three-week festival that includes music (jazz, classical, and bluegrass), dance, experimental theatre, Hispanic specials, mime, children's theatre, and so on. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Tuesday, Aug. 11, clowns, magicians, steel bands, and jugglers at 11, and Opening Day Celebration, with Mayor Koch plus the Unity Cultural Workshop's production of "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope" at noon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, the Youseff Yancy Consort presenting "Music for Children" at 11, the David (Fathead) Newman quintet at 12:15, and the Riverside Shakespeare Company production of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" at 5:30. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, four bluegrass bands at noon, and the Bent Mountain Band, with Mike Seeger at 5:30. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, mimes, clowns, jugglers, and acrobats at noon; the Rock Steady Crew and the Dynamic Rockers at 2:30; *and the Rhythm Lite* Productions Review at 5:30. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Tuesday, Aug. 11, Count Basie and his orchestra at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, the Limbs Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, the Reel World String Band, the Carroll County Ramblers, and other bluegrass bands at 8:15. (Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of DAMN YANKEES, with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—"The World of Wall Street: Tycoons and Tickertape," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 9, starting on the steps of City Hall, Broadway and Park Row, at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Wednesday, Aug. 12, *after midnight, when, if the weather is at all* coöperative, an average of one meteor a minute may be visible.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 5: "Winter Kills" (†); and "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978; directed by Ted Post), with Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson.
Aug. 6-7: "Big Wednesday" (1978; John Milius), with Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt, and Gary Busey; and "Foxes." (†)
Aug. 8-9: "Honeysuckle Rose." (†)
Aug. 10: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 11: "An Enemy of the People" (1977; George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Aug. 5: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith; and "Girl Crazy." (†)
Aug. 6-7: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†) and "A Damsel in Distress." (†)
Aug. 8-9: "Shall We Dance" (†) and "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938; George Marshall), with Zorina, Bobby Clark, and the Ritz Brothers.
Aug. 10-11: "An American in Paris" (†) and "Lady Be Good." (†)
Aug. 12-13: "Cabin in the Sky" (†) and "The Sky's the Limit." (†)
Aug. 14-15: "A Star Is Born" (†) and "The Wizard of Oz." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 6: "Stripes" (†); and "First Family" (Buck Henry), with Gilda Radner and Bob Newhart.
Aug. 7-13: "For Your Eyes Only" (†) and "Hair." (†)
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From Aug. 7: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Endless Love." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

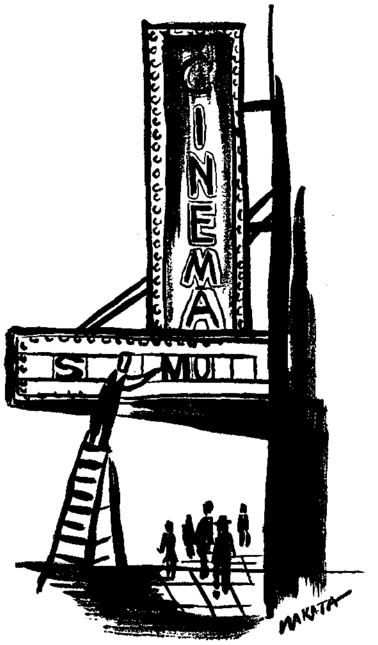
Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "S.O.B." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 2: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Stripes." (†) Aug. 7-13: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. From Aug. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 6: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 7: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 6: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Aug. 7-13: "Stripes." (†)
From Aug. 14: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 13: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
From Aug. 14: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Wolfen" (directed by Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Atlantic City." (†) From Aug. 7: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 6: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From Aug. 7: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 6: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979; Bernard Shakey), a documentary about Neil Young.
Aug. 7-9: "The Last Waltz" (†); and "No Nukes" (1980), a concert film.
Aug. 10-13: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash; and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a concert film.
From Aug. 14: "The Uprising" (Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 6: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).
From Aug. 7: "Beatlemania—The Movie" (Joseph Manduke).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"S.O.B." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "New York, New York." (†) From Aug. 12: "Sherlock Jr." (†) and three Buster Keaton shorts—"One Week" (1921), "Paleface" (1921), and "The High Sign" (1920).
Theatre 2: "Heart to Heart" (Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.
Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English). From Aug. 12: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztoff Zanussi; in Polish).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Dragonslayer." (†)
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson). From Aug. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Superman II." (†) From Aug. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 13: "Blow Out." (†) From Aug. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Aug. 7: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 2: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 6: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios. From Aug. 7: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 6: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From Aug. 7: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 3: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 4: "Clash of the Titans" (directed by Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 5: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)
Theatre 6: "S.O.B." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 6: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
From Aug. 7: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From Aug. 7: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 6: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman. From Aug. 7: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 6: "Dragonslayer." (†) From Aug. 7: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From Aug. 7: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.
Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stripes." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Endless Love." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 5: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Aug. 6: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
Aug. 7: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
Aug. 8: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Aug. 9: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Aug. 10: "Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano.
Aug. 11: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita; and "Samurai Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 12: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allegret), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.
Aug. 13: "The War at Home" (1980; Glenn Silber and Barry Alexander Brown), a documentary. Mr. Brown will be present at about 9:45.
Aug. 14: "Hair." (†)
Aug. 15: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 5: "Destroy, She Said" (1970; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale; and "La Musica" (1966; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Robert Hossein and Delphine Seyrig.
Aug. 6: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian, a Soviet-Japanese coproduction).
Aug. 7-9: "India Song" (1975; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Delphine Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale.
Aug. 10: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Aug. 11: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
Aug. 12: "The Seven Samurai." (†)
Aug. 13: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
Aug. 14: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Aug. 15: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 6: "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant; and "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson.
Aug. 7-8: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotton, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Aug. 9-11: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
Aug. 12-13: Two different programs of erotic films.
Aug. 14-15: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Summer and Smoke." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 8: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Aug. 9-11: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers"

(1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

Aug. 12-15: "Peeping Tom" (1960; Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 8: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney.

Aug. 9-11: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

Aug. 12-15: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Resurrection." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Aug. 5: "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Daybreak" (1931; Jacques Feyder), with Ramon Novarro, Helen Chandler, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Aug. 6-8: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Aug. 9-11: "Red Dust" (†); and "The White Sister" (1933; Victor Fleming), with Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lewis Stone, and Louise Closser Hall.

Aug. 12-14: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "The Wet Parade" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Jimmy Durante.

From Aug. 15: "The Wizard of Oz" (†); and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and Walter Slezak.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Aug. 6: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Aug. 7-8: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970; Billy Wilder), with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page; and "Fedora" (1979; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Marthe Keller, and Hildegard Knef.

Aug. 9-11: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†); and "Love and Death" (1975), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Aug. 12-13: "Persona" (1967; Ingrid Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.

Aug. 14-15: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, and Leo G. Carroll; and "I Confess." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 8: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Aug. 9-10: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Circus." (†)

Aug. 11-12: "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Aug. 13-15: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "It Should Happen to You." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 5: "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Donkey Skin" (1975; Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Aug. 6: "A Modern Hero" (1934; G. W. Pabst), with Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, and Marjorie Rambeau; and "The House on 56th Street" (1933; Robert Florey), with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and Gene Raymond.

Aug. 7-8: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. McLeod), with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "Once Upon a Honeymoon" (1942; Leo McCarey), with Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, and Walter Slezak.

Aug. 9: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Aug. 10: Animated films from the Fleischer studio, featuring Koko the Clown, Superman, Betty Boop, Popeye, and the Bouncing Ball Sing-a-longs.

Aug. 11: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" (†) and "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother." (†)

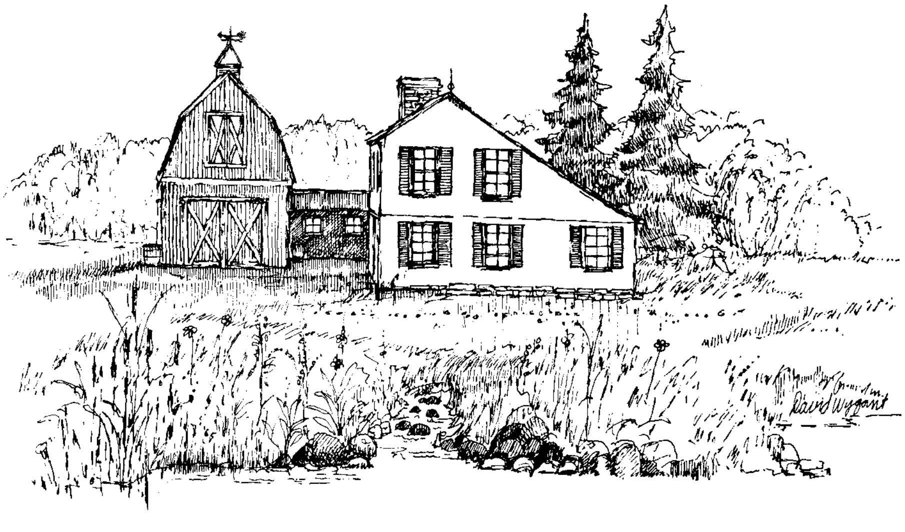
Aug. 12: "Sacco and Vanzetti" (1971; Giuliano Montaldo), with Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte; and "Winterset." (†)

Aug. 13: "British Agent" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Kay Francis, Leslie Howard, Irving Pichel, and J. Carroll Naish; and "Mission to Moscow" (1943; Michael Curtiz), with Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka.

Aug. 14-15: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 5: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Lar-



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go" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, and Claire Trevor.

Aug. 6: "The Wizard of Oz" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Aug. 7: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

Aug. 8-9: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Aug. 10: "Pépé le Moko" (†) and "Rules of the Game." (†)

Aug. 11: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

Aug. 12: "The Misfits" (†); and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Aug. 13: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†); and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Aug. 14: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†) and "Shadow of the Thin Man." (†)

From Aug. 15: "The Lady Eve" (†) and "Palm Beach Story." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films from India: Aug. 6 at 2:30: "The Journey of Dr. Kotnis" (1946; directed by V. Shantaram; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 6 at 6 and Aug. 7 at 2:30: "Chandralekha" (1948; S. S. Vasan; in Tamil, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 7 at 6: "Two Acres of Land" (1953; Bimal Roy; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 8 at 2:30: Five reels of "Diamond Queen" (1933; Homi Wadia; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 8 at 5: "The Vagabond" (1951; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Diamond Queen." . . . Aug. 9 at 5: "The Vagabond." . . . Aug. 10 at 2:30: "Two Acres of Land." . . . Aug. 10 at 6 and Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Paper Flower" (1959; Guru Dutt; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 11 at 6 and Aug. 13 at 2:30: "The Thirsty One" (1957; Guru Dutt; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 13 at 6 and Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Mister 420" (1955; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 14 at 6: "The Cloud-Capped Star" (1960; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 15 at 1: "Kalpana" (1948; Uday Shankar; with dance narrative). . . . Aug. 15 at 4: "Mother India" (1957; Mehboob Khan; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: Aug. 7 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . Aug. 8-9 at noon: "Regeneration" (1915; Raoul Walsh; a silent film). . . . Aug. 10-11 at noon: "Board and Care" (Ron Ellis) and "Get It Together" (Richard A. Miner). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through Aug. 9: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937) is showing daily at 1, and "Human Movement," a program of eleven short films, is showing daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 11: "Pinocchio" (1940) will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and "Virtuoso Scenes," a program of ten short films, will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother (1975)—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he shows poor judgment, and he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea—Holmes' bringing in his insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson, to help on a case involving Queen Victoria's state secrets—has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. There's no mystery, and since you can't have a parody of a mystery without a mystery, there's no comic suspense. And Wilder, keeping his eye on his responsibilities as a director, loses his performing rhythm. A vaudeville number is disconcertingly like the specialty number in Mel Brooks's "Young Frankenstein" (which Wilder co-wrote and starred in) and calls attention to the general similarity between the two films. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, Leo McKern, and Roy Kinnear. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form, and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Art; Aug. 10-11.)

Arthur—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

Blow Out—What happens seems to go right to your head. It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 13.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Art; Aug. 12-13.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (Regency; Aug. 9-10.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best debonair songs ("A Foggy Day," "Things Are Looking Up," "I Can't Be Bothered Now"). Dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Art; Aug. 6-7.)

Dragonslayer—It's like reading a fairy tale that has the mixture of happiness and trauma to set your imagination whirling; the fire-breathing dragon—scaly, winged, huge—is more mysterious, probably, than any we could have imagined for ourselves. The setting is Britain during the Dark Ages. Ralph Richardson is Ulrich the Sorcerer, who receives a delegation from the remote Kingdom of Urland, which has been ravaged by the monster. The sorcerer's apprentice (Peter MacNicol) goes forth to face the dragon, but he's just a kid who's in over his head. Ulrich and the dragon are the two great antagonists in this movie—probably the only movie in which Richardson shows the full, magnificent balminess that has marked his recent stage appearances. In the terms this film sets, it succeeds almost completely. The producer, Hal Barwood, and the director, Matthew Robbins, wrote the script. With Caitlin Clarke as Valerian, Peter Eyre as the King, Chloe Salaman as the princess, John Hallam as Tyrian, and Sydney Bromley as Old Hodge. (7/13/81) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 6.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phe-

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nomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Gemini, and Criterion Theatres.)

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no boy had ever suffered so much for love. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of leches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to the loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." (34th St. East, Gemini, and Rivoli.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Olympia Quad 1; Aug. 9-11.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews State; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 7-13. . . . ¶ New Yorker, and Embassy; starting Aug. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 14.)

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Foxes (1980)—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 6-7.)

Girl Crazy (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Art; Aug. 5).

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 7-13. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 14.)

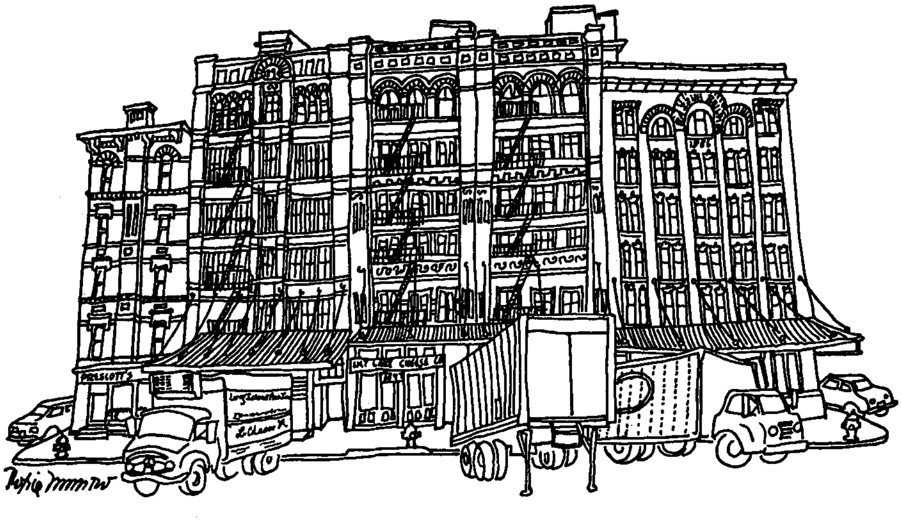
History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 6.)

Honeysuckle Rose (1980)—The film seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing; he plays Buck Bonham, a country-and-Western singer, a regional idol who has never quite attained national success. Buck loves travelling in his tour bus with his backup band; life on the road is the answer to his restlessness. As Buck's wife of fifteen years, Dyan Cannon (who sings in a good torchy blues voice) is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it. The songs (by Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, and others) have a lot of energy, and the music and the imagery move together. Though the film has no big dramatic conflicts, in its loose, non-linear way it has more going on than most movies, though what's going on is understated and sometimes a little screwed up, with story points undeveloped or left dangling. The story is "Intermezzo" out West, with Amy Irving as the young musician who is in love with Buck. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Also with Slim Pickens, Charles Levin, Joey Floyd, Priscilla Pointer, and a guest appearance by Emmylou Harris. Cinematography by Robby Müller; music supervised by Richard Baskin; the almost nonexistent script is credited to three writers; many others reportedly worked on it, too. (8/18/80) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 8-9.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Olympia Quad 1; Aug. 14-15.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. The heroine, who yearns for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name—Gladys Glover—in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon, in his film début) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. There are also appearances by Constance Bennett, Ilka Chase, and Wendy Barrie as themselves. (Regency; Aug. 13-15.)

Lady Be Good (1941)—A dispensable plot about the tribulations of a married songwriting team, but some classic numbers by the Gershwins ("Fascinating Rhythm," "Hang On to Me," and the great title song) and by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens ("You'll Never Know"), as well as the slightly sickening Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern effort, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The cast includes Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Virginia O'Brien, Robert Young, and



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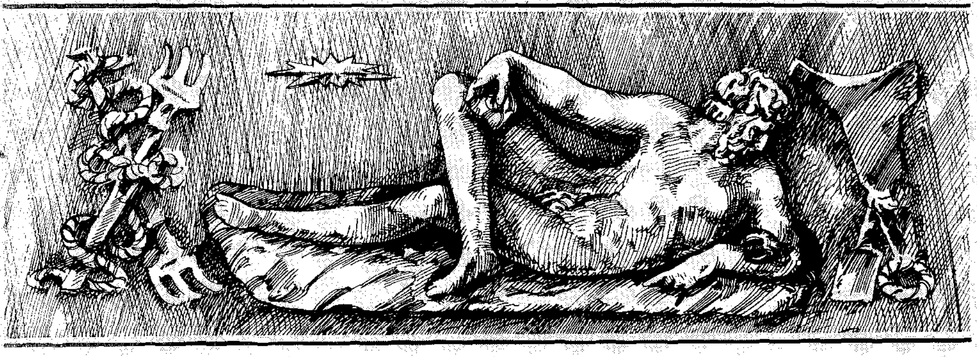

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Lionel Barrymore. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Art; Aug. 10-11.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 15.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 7-9.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal-in-the-wrong-way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay (from a story he'd published in *Esquire*) about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before; the film has an uncomfortable element of fake psychodrama—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand-rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. Much publicity attended the making of the film (in Nevada); it was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions required of him, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. At a final cost of four million dollars, it was one of the most expensive black-and-white movies made up to that time. The score is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Russell Metty. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 13.)

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New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 11.)

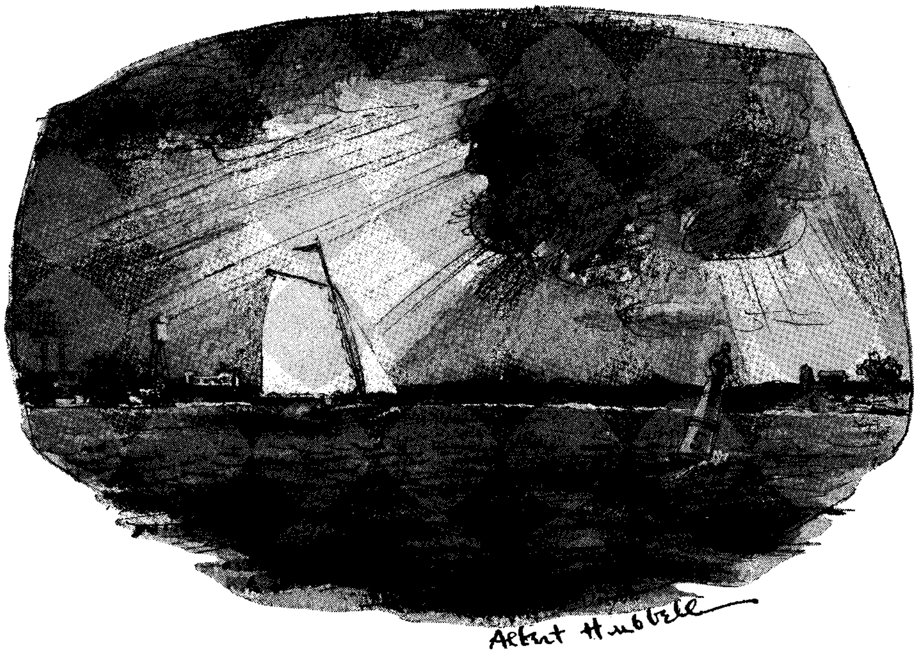
Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 15.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, Line Noro, Saturnin Fabre, and Charpin. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time commissioner of the Paris police. (The American version was remade as a musical, "Casbah," in 1948.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama from M-G-M, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers cool, ladylike Mary Astor. Harlow is immensely likable, delivering her zingy wisecracks with a wonderful kind of dirty good humor, and Gable is at that early peak in his career when he is so sizzlingly sexual that it seems both funny and natural for the two women to be fighting over him. M-G-M remade the film in 1953 as "Mogambo," with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't



Albert Hubbell

bring much heat to it. The original was directed by Victor Fleming in a racy, action-packed style, from a script by John Lee Mahin, based on Wilson Collison's story. With Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. ("Red Dust" was also recycled in 1940 as "Congo Maisie.") (Mini Cinema; Aug. 9-11.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 12-15.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. This is the full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Art; Aug. 8-9.)

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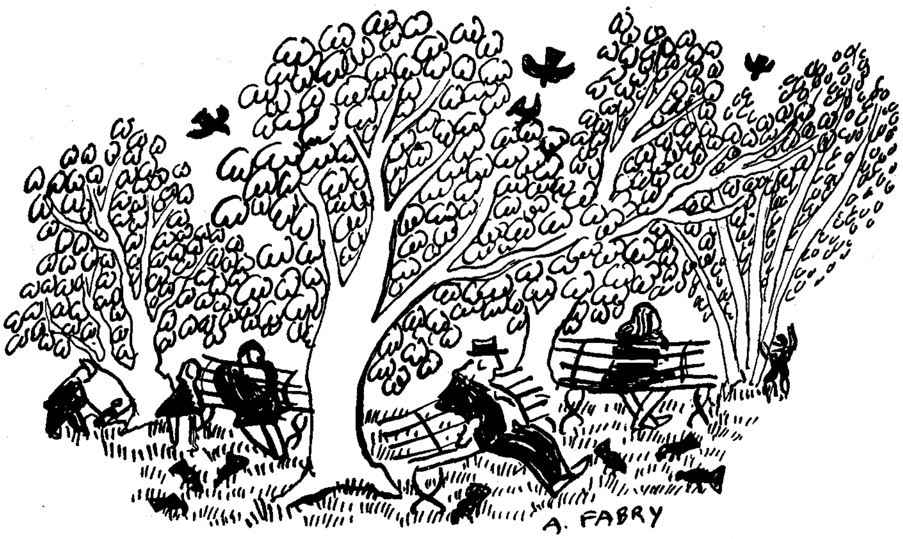
Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Lincoln Plaza; starting Aug. 12.)

The Sky's the Limit (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Art; Aug. 12-13.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts; he's snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Coronet, Festival, and Criterion Theatres.)



A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tearjerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Art; Aug. 14-15.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Olympia Quad, and National. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Loews New York; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 7-13.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out that it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling. Perhaps the best reason to see "Summer and Smoke" is to appreciate Williams' rewritten version, "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale." (Cinema Village; Aug. 14-15.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and

Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 13.)

The Thin Man Goes Home (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Robert Riskin and Dwight Taylor did the writing; Karl Freund did the cinematography. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14.)

Winter Kills (1979)—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 5.)

Winterset (1936)—Maxwell Anderson's most famous verse drama—a blend of "Romeo and Juliet" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case—was widely held to be the supremely eloquent last word on the unconquerable soul of man. Burgess Meredith, who mastered the cadences for Broadway, made his first screen appearance as Mio, giving fine voice and excellent interpretation to the soaring banalities that one might—in a romantic mood—mistake for poetry. Even with Anderson's poetics slightly trimmed by the adapter, Anthony Veiller, the play is still in a grand manner that just won't do on the screen. But there are fine moments in the performances, and there's something childishly touching in the florid dramatic effects. With Edward Ellis as Judge Gaunt, Margo as Miriamne, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock Estrella, Stanley Ridges as Shadow, Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras, Paul Guilfoyle as Garth Esdras. It's a clue to Anderson's popularity at the time that the actors have been forever identified with the characters they play here. Also with Mischa Auer, Myron McCormick, and John Carradine. Directed by Alfred Santell. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Art; Aug. 14-15. . . . ¶ Mini Cinema; starting Aug. 15.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" on a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Art; Aug. 6-7.)

Zorro, the Gay Blade—A wonderful giddy farce. If you could combine the screen images of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Peter Sellers, the result might be pretty close to the slinky, self-mocking George Hamilton as Zorro. This gleaming-eyed Zorro, with his idiotic leering grin and his idiosyncratic Spanish accent, and Paco (Donovan Scott), his plump, Teddy-bear servant, set out to help the people of old Los Angeles, who are being taxed to death by the villainous Esteban (that actory actor Ron Leibman, sporting a thick head of hair and a full beard, and giving a rambunctious, likable performance). Directed by Peter Medak, from Hal Dresner's script, this is the kind of farce at which you laugh so hard that when something misfires it's just a little rest. With Brenda Vaccaro (doing a Madeline Kahn), Lauren Hutton, James Booth, and Clive Revill. (7/27/81) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

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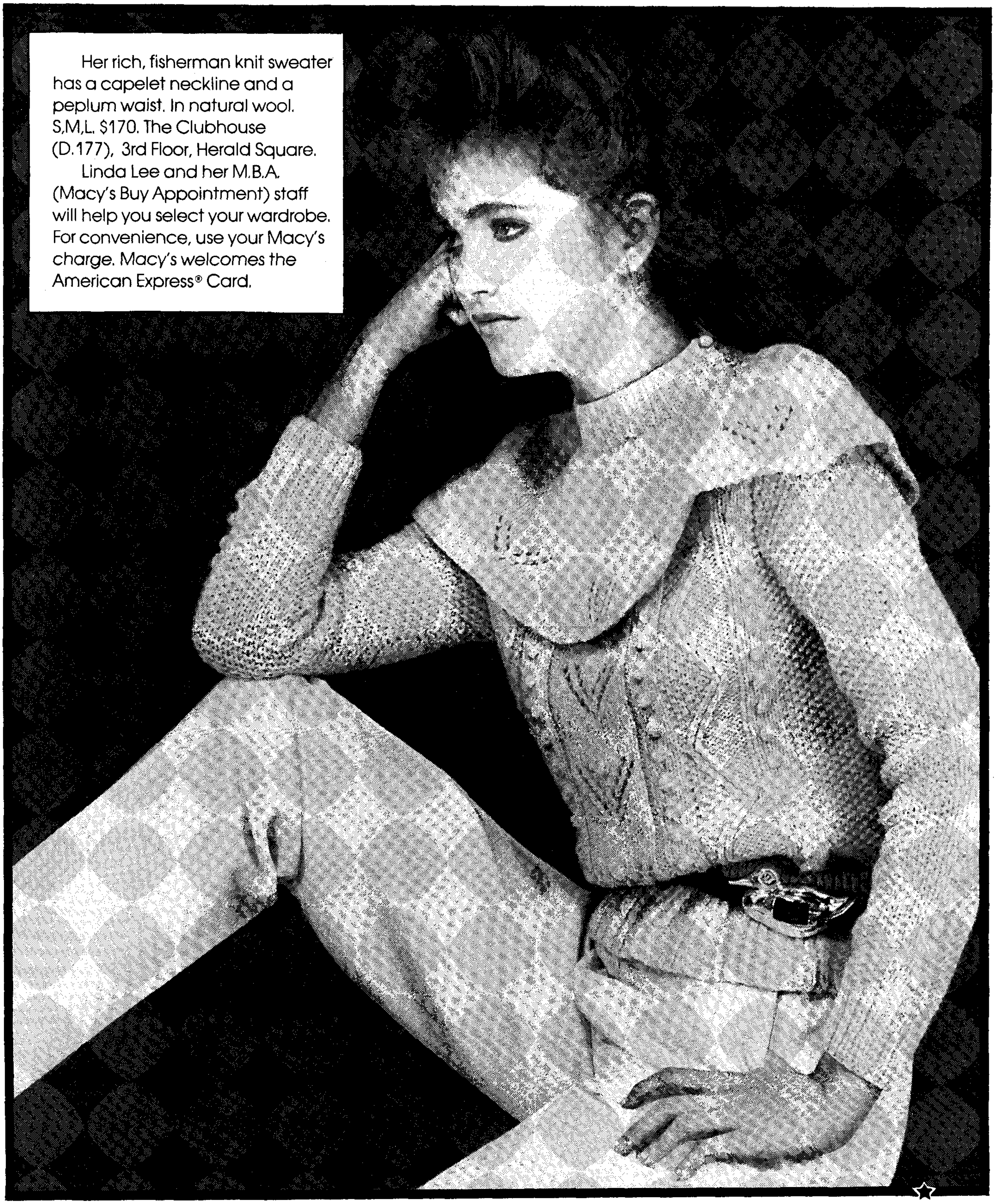

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New York

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN artist friend who lives in SoHo writes:

I recently read an article in the Home section of the *Times* called "Making a Studio Feel Spacious," which said that people who live in one-room apartments in Manhattan are hiring architects, decorators, and contractors and paying between fifteen and eighteen thousand dollars to create "the illusion that there's more rather than less space . . . that there's more going on than actually is, and . . . that there's somewhere to go to." Let me say, as a longtime studio occupant, that you can obtain all these effects for a lot less than fifteen thousand dollars. For example:

If you customarily sit in a certain chair, arrange your décor as follows: Put three grapefruit in a bowl near your elbow. On a table farther away, put a dish with three lemons. Beyond this, at maximum distance, put a small saucer with three yellow sour balls. (Total cost: $2.19.)

Buy a couple of potted palms. Peering through the fronds adds an air of discovery to whatever you're looking at, no matter how near or how familiar. ($24.)

Keep your phone in a place as far away as possible. Suppose you are in bed. The phone rings in the bathroom. Good! Now you have somewhere to go. In addition, you will have to choose: Direct route or scenic route? The path around the coffee table, past the floor lamp, over the hassock, around the TV, and right at the yucca plant? Or the swing to the south, between the palm trees, past the window, with its view of the great city, over the Moroccan camel saddle, and north at the fish tank? The persistent ringing of the phone while you plan this trip will make you feel "there's more going on than actually is," and the caller, in turn, may think that you are at the far end of a twelve-room apartment.

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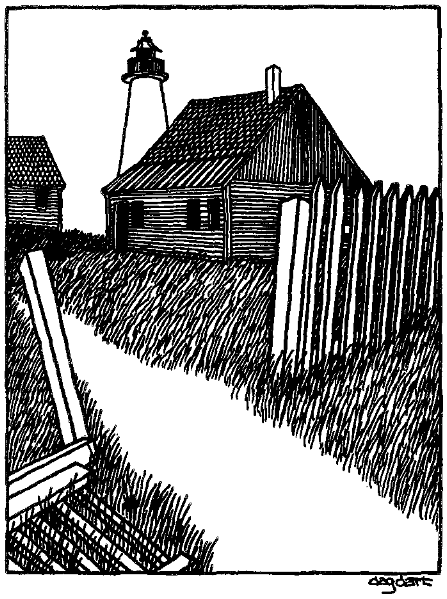
Voices

GREEN leaves and shade are usually the main thing about Tompkins Square Park on a hot Sunday, but on one recent hot Sunday, as rows of marchers strode in at the west gate of the square, the first thing they saw was a larger-than-life-size papier-mâché figure of the late Archbishop Oscar Romero, of El Salvador, standing a little off the path, in a niche under arching trees, one hand raised in benediction. The figure, with a placard on its chest reading "They can kill me, but not the voice of the people," had been carried at the head of a long parade—a march in solidarity with the Central American and Caribbean regions—that had started out at Thirty-seventh Street, at the Salvadoran and Guatemalan Missions to the United Nations, had come down Park Avenue to Thirty-fourth, had cut across to Second, and had shouted and sung its way down the shimmering asphalt of Second Avenue to St. Marks Place, where it turned to the east and made for the park.



As the marchers came in through the gate, narrowing ranks and trying not to jostle, their voices, hoarse by now, got louder, and they kept up their various chants for a final fifty yards along the main path (we heard one group handclapping a syncopated salsa rhythm in time to the words "*¡Nicaragua venció! ¡El Salvador vencerá!*"), while dipping successive banners to miss low-hanging branches, until they reached a wide clearing near the Tenth Street entrance. Then they fanned out all over the place, in groups of ten or so or in twos and threes, hanging their banners and signs on fences and trees and going to tables that had been set up earlier that morning or heading for the band shell at the Seventh Street end of the park, where a program of speeches and music was just getting under way. The rest of the day was to be taken up with a Solidarity Fair, to celebrate the second anniversary of the overthrow of the Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza and to protest United States intervention in the region. Weather reports had said "Sunday: rain"—this after a week-long spell of glaring heat. But the crowds at the band shell stood full in the sun—women in summer-festival dresses, men wearing T-shirts or *guayaberas* that reflected the strong light, small children whose smooth bare backs curved down into shorts—and there were no clouds. A thousand-watt haze hovered high in the sky. Young men and women crisscrossed the audience handing out newspapers and leaflets, which suddenly turned into fans; sheets of colorful printed paper waved back and forth, limp in the humid air, and we saw a woman in a green-and-white sundress who was skimming page 1 of a paper (*Claridad*) that handily shaded the face of a dark-haired child leaning back against her legs.

Onstage, in front of a backdrop of painted banners, a sort of living newspaper was being performed: each speaker had up-to-date information to give about El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Grenada, or Puerto Rico, with editorial comment, and all of it came out illustrated by a sandy-haired young man in blue, who was signing for the deaf. Though he spelled out a few words with his fingers, he turned most phrases into Marcel Marceau-like amplifications: when one speaker invoked the Nicaraguans' defeat of Somoza, a one-handed flurry of N-i-c-a-r-a-g-u-a-n-s took hold of S-o-m-o-z-a bodily, as if he were week-old peelings wrapped in newsprint; "defeat" was when the signer, using both hands, palms down, flung the imaginary bundle away to the right—a gesture of impatient distaste. "Destabilization" looked as it sounded—and it was one word that was heard and seen a lot. Another was "self-determination." From time to time, the signer took a second-long break to applaud.

The loudspeakers carried clear across the park, into every patch of shade; clusters of attentive people sat under trees here and there, while others wandered along the park paths, with abstracted looks on their faces—listening expressions—and thought nothing of suddenly clapping or calling out agreement, even a block or two away from the main crowd around the band shell. A woman's peaceful, teacherly voice—it belonged to a Maryknoll sister—fell distinct and ringing into the humid air: "Pope John Paul II has said, 'It is the practice of peace that leads to peace,' and as the United States government becomes more fixed in its determination to define United States interests in terms of military might . . . at the expense of the denial of the world's poor, more and more people are finding it necessary to distinguish between their allegiance to their country and allegiance to the Gospel." We were standing, half-listening, half-browsing, at a table of literature even with Ninth Street when she said that, and we heard behind us a deep, relieved-sounding sigh; when we turned, we saw a young man in his twenties with his eyes shut and a thrilled, sad smile on his face, and nodding, as if he were making a long-shot wish before blowing out candles.

Interspersed with the news were music and dancing and poetry reading, celebratory but insistent. Grupo Nicarauac, made up of two men, one Nicaraguan and one Ecuadorian, and two North American women, sang folk songs filled with place names: Monimbó, Palacagüina—it seemed nearly every town in the nation had had a hand in the Sandinista victory. One of the women played a flute, leaning into it and concentrating on the foot-tapping rhythm from a drum beside her.

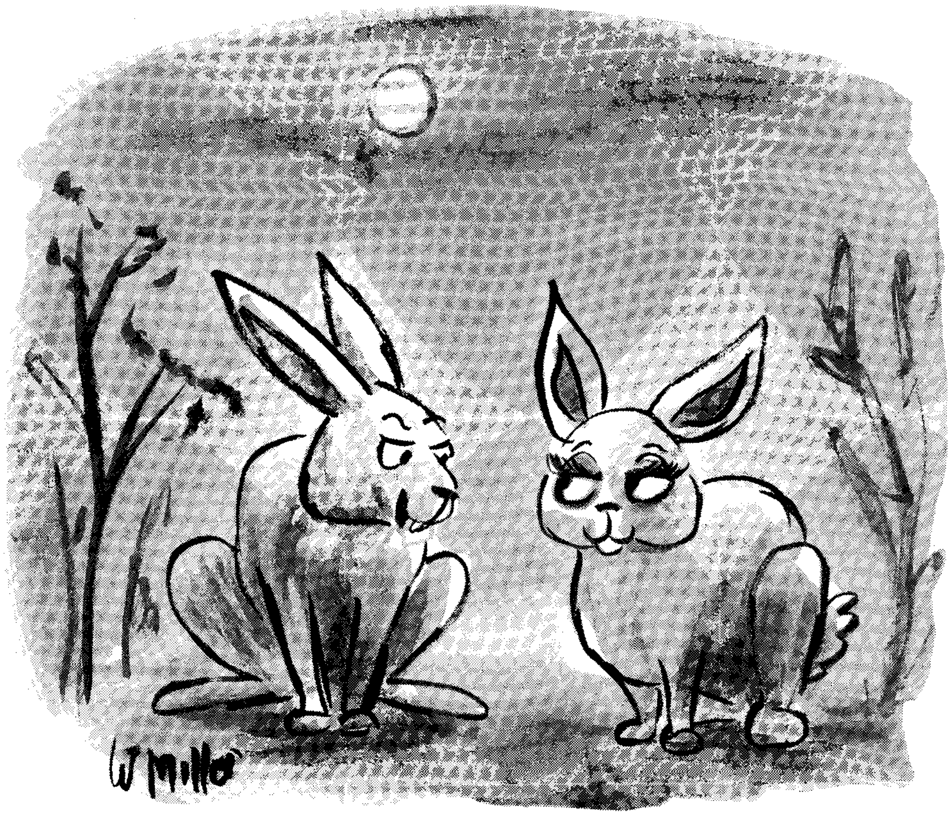
"*You're good people, Harry. And I'm good people.*"

The pathways of Tompkins Square Park are bordered by spiky wrought-iron fences, with some benches but few gates built into them, so that a person intending to make his way from *here* (the Grenadian tables, say) to *there* (maybe, when it got past lunchtime, the smoky barbecue of the Casa Nicaragua pavilion, where a red-and-white canopy, made of an Army-surplus parachute, was sharply visible through the trees) could spend a good quarter hour just wandering through the maze, given distractions. Tables of neatly stacked books, leaflets, posters, and T-shirts filled nearly all the space along the fences. Other stands, sandwiched in, offered iced drinks for sale, or fruit. Many of the benches had no backs and did service as stiles; we saw a couple lightly hoisting a child in a stroller up and over, onto a packed-earth path behind. They excused themselves to a man in a Guatemalan T-shirt who was sitting at one end of the bench leafing through a copy of the 1981 Nicaraguan economic program.

On the other side of the park, two middle-aged Nicaraguan women in pastel dresses, their black hair carefully styled, sat at a table piled with spools of red, green, and orange tickets—50¢, 75¢, $1—and doled them out to people standing in line for rice and beans, salad, and grilled meat. A few steps away, next to a tree where a taped-up sign said "CHUCHITOS (TAMALES) 75¢," a toddler slept in a canvas stroller, a Fisher-Price radio askew in his lap. A breeze came up through the heat, ruffling his hair, and his mother, who was busy removing the corn husk from a tamale, jerked her head toward him and smiled. "He finally gave out," she said, in Spanish. "A hot day like this . . ." At the tables along the fences, watermelon slices were going fast, and cups of apple juice, too.

It wasn't until after Baile Boricua, a Puerto Rican folk-dancing group, had performed that the first rain came down. There had been scattered applause when the dancers appeared: six men in loose white shirts and trousers, and six women in flouncing white cotton frocks, who wore colored turbans—orange, purple, salmon-pink, green—over their dark hair, milling around in the band shell, taking their positions. Then two men with drums sat down at one side and began to play. The women dancers sang as they went through a complicated chain of skipping steps, circling the stage, hands joined, then not. The singing was kindergarten-style—high-pitched, unaccompanied women's voices—but exactly in time and on key, and salsa. People from all over the park moved in to join the crowd on the plaza, and they watched the folk dance with unscholarly fascination: infants bounced around, syncopated, on their mothers' hips, men kept calling out what men call out when they're carried away, and the dancers danced until they were all dishevelled. A woman dancer's turban flew off as she flung herself forward into a step, then another turban went, and the intricate dance seemed made up on the spot. When they finally stopped, the crowd had been clapping, keeping time, for ages, but then applause came up like fireworks. A man's voice in the audience yelled out over the noise, "*¡Que viva Puerto Rico libre!*" And the crowd yelled back at once, "*¡Viva!*" A second later, he shouted, "*¡La marina norteamericana fuera de Vieques!*"—referring to the United States naval base on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, which has been a center of protest for some years. The crowd shouted back to him, "*¡Fuera!*"

The first bit of rain that fell was like spray from an open hydrant; people tipped their faces back and let themselves get wet. But when the rain began to take shape and groups at tables set about packing pamphlets, knots of people drifted off toward the exits. Over where another tentlike parachute was being furled—six or eight damp-haired men and women feinted at playing Maypole as they made neat skeins of the cords—we watched a young woman in a yellow T-shirt (silk-screened bombs from free-form helicopters colliding with a dove at the sketched words "U.S. OUT OF EL SALVADOR") gather herself to go. She bent down to pick up a sheaf of literature she'd been using as a cushion, and folded it carefully under her arm, then didn't seem to be in any hurry to get out of the park but stood listening to the voice of a Puerto Rican poet coming from the stage. When the poem ended, she gave a quick nod and left, as if she had just then finished sorting out the day and was sure that she got the point.

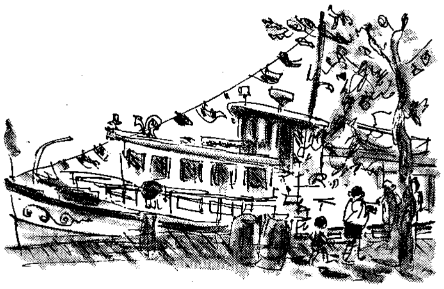


"Care to join me for a moonlight nibble on some crudités?"

• •

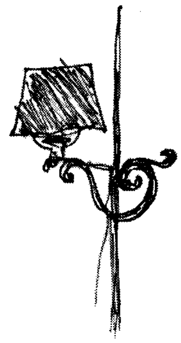
Rendezvous

IF, last Saturday, you'd started at the top—looking straight up into the sublime ice-cream scoop of flawless blue sky—and then lowered your gaze, you would have seen first the yards of a square-rigged ship, then treetops and widows' walks on old white buildings, then a lively jumble of hundreds of colored pennants flapping from the stays of forty or more boats, and, finally, the boats themselves—pre-1940 powerboats and sailboats with oiled decks, shiny brass, and impeccable white hulls—and a crowd of visitors, including us, streaming along the dockside where the boats were berthed, in observance of the Sixth Annual Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous at the Mystic Seaport Museum, in Mystic, Connecticut. Around noon, a picnic was taking place on the deck of the Flora, a fifty-three-foot oyster boat built in 1906. Suddenly, three men dropped their sandwiches, picked up banjos, and began to play; a fourth joined in on a piano near the bow. A few yards to port, two men on a small gray rubber life raft with an outboard motor putted by, surveying the pageantry from the Mystic River, free of charge. (The rest of us paid seven-fifty.) In addition to the powerboats on display, there were more than a dozen yawls, ketches, cutters, sloops, and schooners, and also boats from the museum's permanent collection—the square-rigger, a Gloucester fishing schooner, whaling boats, and assorted craft in between. The most awesome yacht was Southern Belle V (1929)—seventy-seven feet of old-time-capitalist go-to-hell elegance, featuring honeyed decks glazed like a Stradivarius, gleaming railings, a blinding-white hull, and shimmering brass fixtures (*Illus. A*).

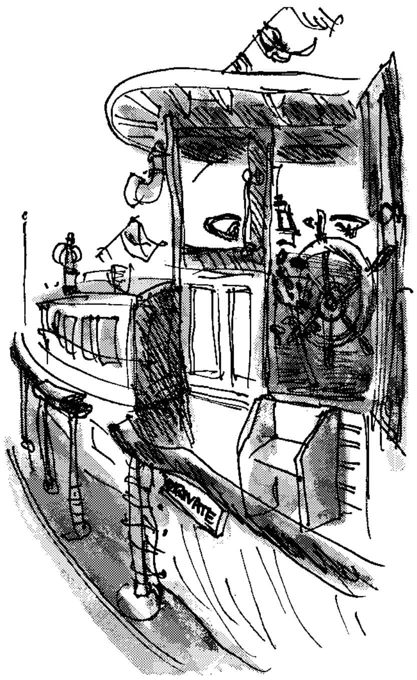


Illus. A

In a large shaded saloon aft of the pilothouse (but forward of the small lounge on the stern, and aft of the *other* saloon, *forward* of the pilothouse), there was nineteen-thirties bamboo furniture, wicker, and potted plants; well-dressed adults (owners? guests?) and well-behaved children drifted in and out of view, ascending and descending a staircase that led to cabins below. An old-fashioned bridge lamp was silhouetted against a large window (*Illus. B*), and a glass of rosé wine sat on a low table where a woman had left it—a delicate touch of color in the shaded room. We peered at the pilothouse (*Illus. C*). It had a large vertical wheel of brass and two smaller, horizontal wheels, and a flourishing plant. We wanted to climb up and see how it felt to take the helm, but there was a small white sign hanging from the curved rail. "PRIVATE," it said. We moved on.



Illus. B



Illus. C

Visiting Day

THE setting: Camp Na-Sho-Pa, in Bloomingburg, New York, a coeducational sleep-away camp attended by about four hundred children, mostly from the New York metropolitan area. Many nearby camps have folded in the past few years; Na-Sho-Pa is thriving.

The occasion: Visiting Day.

The time: The breakfast hour, two and a half hours before the scheduled start of Visiting Day.

First glimpse: Two heavyset people, not campers or staff members, standing astride big, black, expensive motorcycles by the entrance gate to the camp grounds. One of them, a man with a graying beard and longish hair, is engaged in conversation with a cute-looking girl camper of about twelve. He puts her on the back of his chopper. She is enthralled. Across the campus, the girls' head counsellor sees this and asks the program director, "Should we call the cops?" The P.D. shakes his head. "No. They're parents."

The program director: A wiry and compactly built man of forty named Jerry Leitman. He has thinning frizzy hair and thick tinted glasses, and he is dressed in a Camp Na-Sho-Pa T-shirt, tennis shorts, crew socks, and running shoes. Jerry is a phys.-ed. teacher at Martin Van Buren High School in Queens. He has been a camper, counsellor, and director at Camp Na-Sho-Pa over a span of twenty-five years. He ranges the camp grounds in a golf cart, meanwhile conducting a conversation with a person acres away by speaking through a bullhorn. He carries the bullhorn everywhere. He says he loves Visiting Day.

Hy Ozer, the girls' head counsellor, a fit-looking, more mature man, dressed in tennis whites: "To be honest, Visiting Day is my least favorite day of camp. It interrupts the flow. After the parents leave, there's a big down. It's like starting over again. The girls are a little more dramatic about it than the boys—especially if you're dealing with parents who have separated. The girls get very upset, and sometimes they milk it for all it's worth."

The thirteen-year-old boys (talking about the girls):

"The girls here are desperate."

"They don't know about your past reputation."

"It's not as deep a relationship as the ones at home."

"Sometimes they only last a few weeks."

"A few days."

"We meet the girls on the softball field at night. It's darkest there."

The fourteen-year-old girls (talking about the boys):

"The boys here are real princes."

"I don't agree. I think at home they get what they want without doing anything."

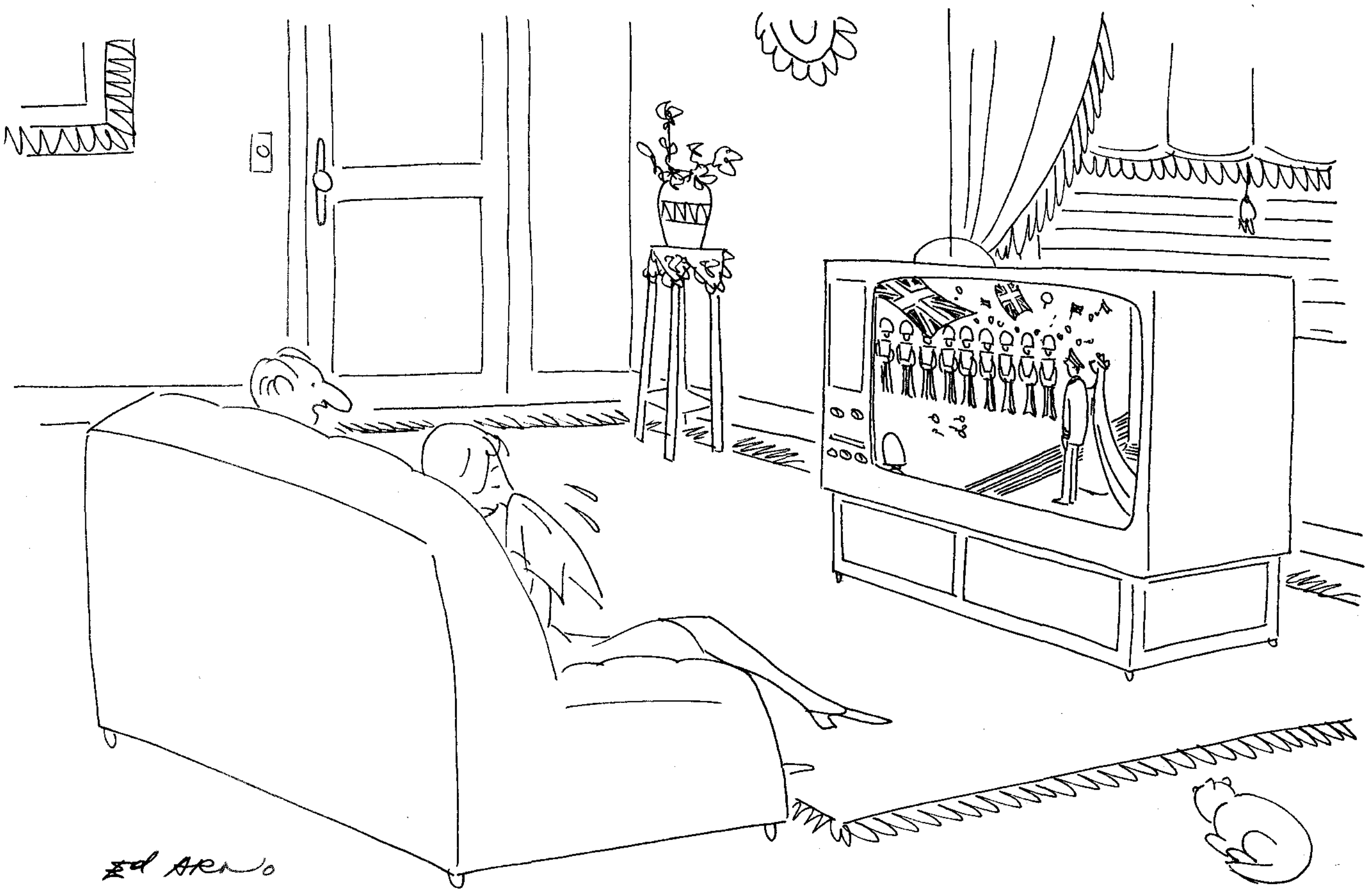
"You think you're in love—that's why you don't agree."

"The boys at home wear rock T-shirts and ripped-up jeans."

"Where do you live? In our town, that's considered a burnout. Everyone at home wears Jordache jeans."

"I think the boys here are nicer. They're not total babies. They don't have to work up to an image."

"I *know* my parents are going to give my boyfriend here the third degree. I just hope they don't pinch his cheek and say, 'Oh, he's so cute.' That's the worst thing they could



"Oh, for God's sake, Amy, are you going to bawl your head off at all the reruns, too?"

• •

do. Believe me, mine could do it."

"The worst thing my parents could do is call me by the nickname they know me by at home in front of my boyfriend here. I mean, I don't want him to know something *that* private."

The parents began to arrive in force an hour before the recommended time of 10:30 A.M. A sixty-second tape loop prepared by one of the camp owners to welcome the parents was broadcast over WNSP, the camp's carrier-current radio station, and it could be heard on 630 AM over the car radios as well as on the camp's public-address system by parents pulling into the parking lot down the hill from the main camp grounds. The parents emerged from their cars carrying stacks of boxes, loads of bags. They carried tiny portable television sets, stereo cassette recorders, hair dryers, hockey sticks, skates, portable fans, Styrofoam coolers, and food in every possible kind of container. Lots of dads wore Rugby shirts, the horizontal stripes bent into series of bright-colored arcs around their midsections. There were many young-looking moms weighted down by gold jewelry, stuffed Sportsacs, large sunglasses, and larger panama hats. Even the occasional grandma was dolled up, in a style that fell between Natalie Wood and Ethel Merman. They all waited at the foot of the hill for the camp's small yellow school bus to shuttle them up to the kids. The scene was reminiscent of the Friday-afternoon lineup for the Hampton Jitney.

On a lawn near the mess hall, the maintenance crew had set up a group of dining tables where parents and children could sit together and picnic. The camp's chef had prepared bag lunches (five hundred pounds of chicken), and there was coffee and cake (a hundred and ten pounds of cake). There would be plenty of leftovers. Most parents had brought their own food, and a few had brought hibachi stoves, so they could have a cookout. Within minutes of their arrival on campus, off came the foil, the plastic wrap, the wax paper, the rubber bands, the pop tops, the Tupperware covers, the screw-off caps, the cake-box string. Father-son softball game later. Mother-daughter volleyball game later. Swimming exhibition later. Talk with the counsellors later.

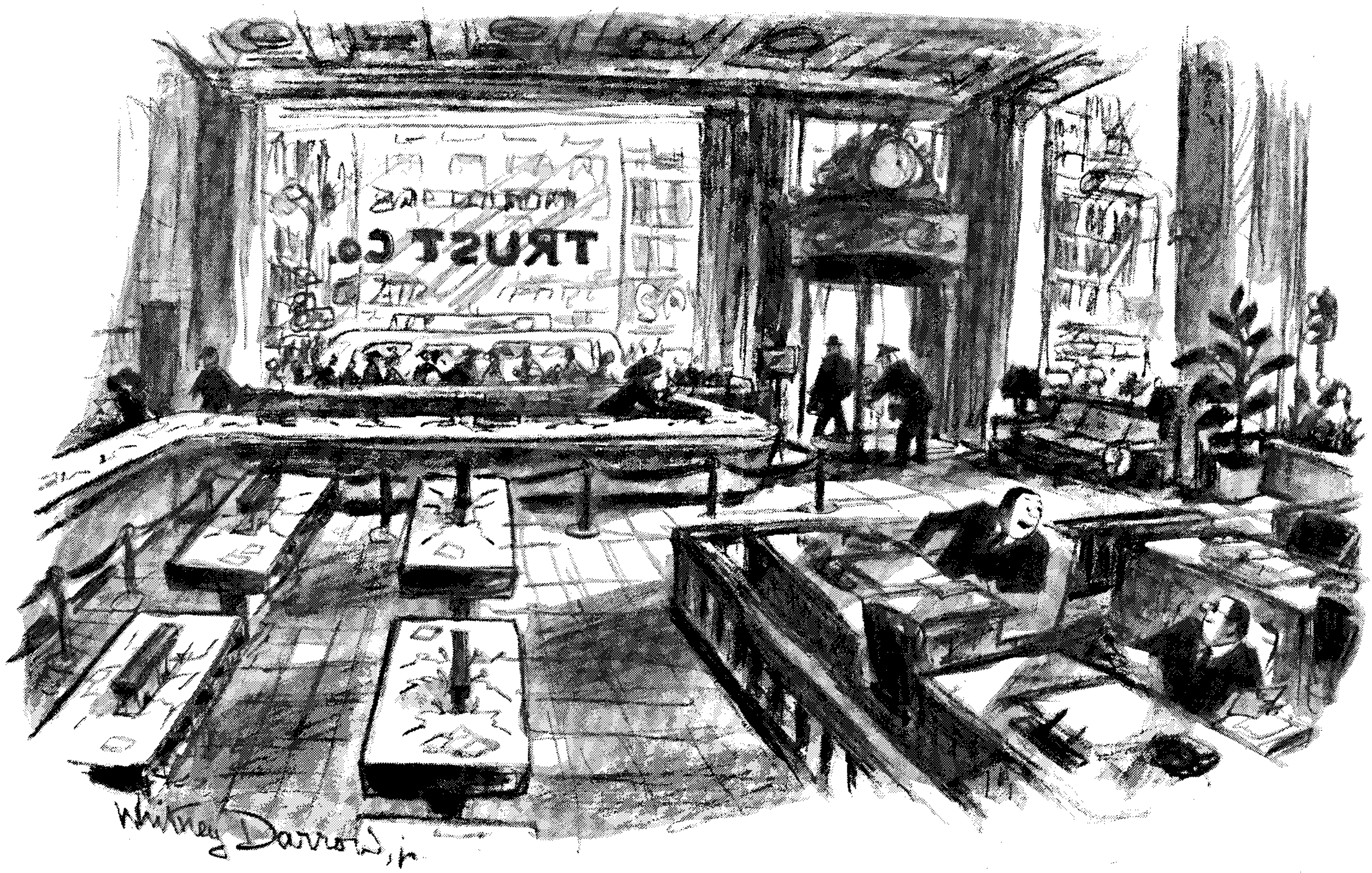
Around and about in the afternoon:

One father is speaking to another. Both are wearing tight T-shirts and several gold chains with snug-fitting designer jeans. "She misses us, she misses the dog, she'll live through it."

A mother and daughter are standing in a corner of the recreation hall. The mother is menacing the little girl with an ice-cream sandwich she has just bought at the canteen. "Will you tell me everything's all right? For three weeks I've been eating my insides out worrying about all those phone calls from you."

A mother is standing on a bunk porch with a counsellor. "My boy always sits at the end of the table, and the good food never reaches him. Can't you do something about the seating arrangement in the dining room?"

Wendy Kantor, group leader of the eleven-to-thirteen-year-old girls, an attractive redhead wearing pale-green



"*Your turn, Foster. I tidied up the pens yesterday.*"

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culottes and matching eyeshadow: "Some parents asked me, 'Why are the kids unhappy with the activities?' Well, some of my girls don't like the go-carts or the minibikes or horseback riding. Can you believe that? They're great activities. It's just that sometimes these girls do not feel like walking down the hill to get to the activities. Now, how do you explain *that* to parents?"

A British counsellor, who is at Camp Na-Sho-Pa, along with several other foreign counsellors, on a work-exchange program: "These children have an upbringing that's much different from what we know. In England, a child might see a Walt Disney movie in camp. Here they have video cassettes of '10' and 'The Jerk.' They're much more advanced in some respects, I'd say."

A boy and his father are playing tennis. After an impressive volley, the boy dumps a shot into the forecourt which the panting father can only watch. Says the kid, "Can we go to the mall now?"

A father and mother are standing with their son and daughter. "We heard much more griping from the girl's side," the father says. "But they're basically happy here. The main thing we hope they learn by going to camp is to compromise their likes and dislikes." The mother adds, "Besides, there are no kids at home in Great Neck during the summer."

A father and son are sitting together on a blanket, the father behind the son with his arms wrapped around the boy. The boy looks very happy with his father there. "When I went to summer camp," the father tells him, "my mother would send me chicken by U.P.S. every Saturday. She sent it frozen, but it didn't last too long. By the time it got to camp, it was actually pretty disgusting-looking. But you know your grandma—there was no stopping her."

Leo Greenfest, the swimming instructor, a friendly middle-aged man: "Today, the staff ate by going from one family to another—pastrami sandwich here, chicken there, lox there, cake over there. What a delightful Visiting Day!"

Beth Kotler, who is twelve, displays the bounty brought to her by her father: Charms lollipops, Twizzlers, two boxes of Bazooka bubble gum, Kool-Aid, a six-pack of Coke, Tid-Bit cheese crackers, Waverly wafers, Jif creamy peanut butter, a bag of pretzels, two bags of onion- and garlic-flavored potato chips, pizza-flavored crackers, Nabisco Corn Diggers, Wise Ridgies, Pringle's rippled potato chips, Wise onion-flavored rings, Bachman Jax (cheese corn twists), Burry Oxfords (cream sandwiches), Town House crackers, two boxes of Lipton's Cup-a-Soup, fourteen cans of Campbell's chicken-and-rice soup, three cans of string beans, and four cans of peas. "And he forgot the squirt cheese—can you believe it?" cries Beth. Squirt cheese is cheese in an aerosol can.

Final word from Hy Ozer, to the girls at the end of Visiting Day, after the parents have left. "I want to thank you for a successful Visiting Day," he says through a bullhorn as the girls gather outside the dining room for dinner. "I think it's clear that we're continuing the love-in spirit into the eighties, and I'm glad we showed that Na-Sho-Pa is a loving place."

ON WITH THE NEW IN FRANCE

THE new Minister of the Interior has announced that no more phones are being tapped. Mr. Police Commissioner, my phone is still being tapped. The tapper is Mlle. Delphine Véhicule, aged 43, living at No. 79 Avenue de la Dislocation de l'Empire Carolingien, Building D, Staircase Z, third floor, second door to the right, between the elevator and the hot-water pipes. The basic qualities of Mlle. Véhicule's character are envy and jealousy, and this, Mr. Commissioner, has led her to tapping. She usually calls at about ten o'clock at night. When I place the receiver to my ear, I hear a rhythmic tapping sound (I believe Mlle. Véhicule uses her fingernail) accompanied by light, regular breathing. Sometimes in the background can be heard vibrant echoes of the ten-o'clock news. Mr. Commissioner, Mr. Minister should remember his campaign promises. The best moment to arrest Mlle. Véhicule would be when she leaves the house at 7:45 in the morning on her way to work (floral displays). She takes the Métro when the weather is bad. Otherwise she takes the No. 96 bus.

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I am disappointed that the change has not been as thorough as I, as a voter, had a right to expect. Not only has my daughter failed her end-of-term examinations but martial music is still being performed at public ceremonies. Could not this aggressive heritage from an obsolete past be replaced by the recorded words of our great Humanists and Philosophers? I would be honored to offer to the nation a tape of Jean-Paul Sartre ordering lunch at La Coupole in November, 1960. Above the clatter of cutlery, much of it right-wing, his voice can be heard saying clearly and decisively, "Veal Marengo for two."

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What I am trying to say is that my clients, M. and Mme. Ambroise Ballon, were simply victims of a joke of their own making. On the night after the election, M. and Mme. Ballon made a lighthearted wager as to how many five-hundred-franc banknotes could be stuffed under the seats of an ordinary Mercedes. Mme. Ballon won the bet with the figure of thirty-three million. In the merriment of the hour, my clients forgot to remove the money from under the seats. Some time later, after that long rainy spell so injurious to agriculture and the vineyards of Burgundy, my clients decided to lunch somewhere in sunshine on the Swiss side of the border. For the rest, you have the biassed version of events as presented by the Public Prosecutor.

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In the last act of the ballet, La Marseillaise rises and mingles with Cod Fishermen of Brittany—"Unite! Unite!" (Berlioz orchestration)—while a large fishing net drops over the orchestra seats, symbolically holding the bourgeoisie captive. The balcony audience then throws chocolate minnows into the net as the entire company fills the stage and the dancers coöperate in hauling in the catch. The chocolate could then be distributed to the deserving, or eaten on the spot. I think this fulfills the spirit of your instructions: "Halt! No aesthetic delusions at this most proletarian hour!"

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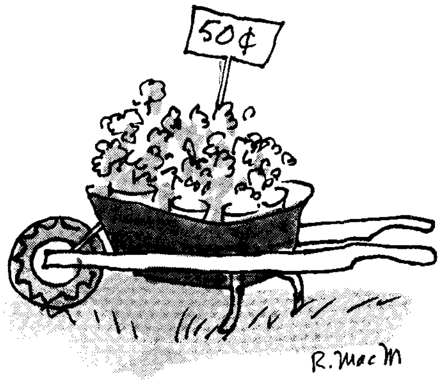
I noticed that while he was reading the news tonight, Firmin Roman-Fleuve deliberately mispronounced the name of the Minister for Wormwood Control. One could tell it was deliberate from the way Roman-Fleuve paused and looked in a conspiratorial way into the camera. My family and I are among the thousands who have been waiting twenty-three years for the establishment of disinterested wormwood control, and we wholly approve of Mme. Emeline Lune as Minister. Roman-Fleuve is an unwelcome reminder of the days when wormwood had virtually taken over our institutions, with the help of banks and to the detriment of small shareholders. As you may be thinking of making some necessary changes soon, we are sending along a video cassette of my brother-in-law reading some poems of his own composition.



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"Hope Undeferred" was commissioned in the heady days of the Popular Front, but the government of that time never got round to paying for it. By the time my late husband had completed his monumental group, three decades had gone by and the nation was in the grip of artistic reaction. The time has come to move the monument out of the studio and into the street. The center of the group is formed by three city Councillors with their arms linked. To the left, kneeling, is the figure of Veracity, who bears the features of the wife of one of the Councillors. On the right is the charming figure of the Socialist-Populist leader Apollinaire Crocus, portrayed as a child wearing a sailor suit. Crocus has his eyes fixed in wonder on a secular, Republican angel flying over the Councillors' heads and bearing a garland of grapes, apples, melons, and hops, signifying the four great regions of France. The clear gaze of the angel is particularly well rendered. All the figures in the monument are fully clothed. The most suitable niche for the monument might be opposite the Stock Exchange, as a reproach, or perhaps at the top of the staircase before the Sacré-Cœur, where it would act as a counterpoise to superstition. The group is made of plaster. The cost of casting it in bronze could be met by public subscription.

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Inter-Ministerial Note: Many new staff members are still lodged on a barge tied up to a quay forty kilometres from the Ministry. Melancholia caused by a feeling of Ministry rejection and an epidemic of septic-throat infection have sadly decimated this enthusiastic administrative unit; worse, creeping damp rot has rendered most of the files unreadable—particularly some valuable statistics on pet food. Our mortification may easily be imagined, as the Old Order had turned over the pet-food figures quite dry. I know that the Prime Minister has ordered the government to be "transparent," but if we could in just this one instance remain opaque, the Sub-Ministry (barge division) would be grateful. —MAVIS GALLANT

BEYOND THE PALE

WE always went to Ireland in June. Ever since the four of us began to go on holidays together, in 1965 it must have been, we had spent the first fortnight of the month at Glencorn Lodge Hotel, in County Antrim. Perfection, Dekko put it once, and none of us disagreed. It's a Georgian house by the sea, not far from the village of Ardbeag. It's quite majestic in its rather elegant way, a garden running to the very edge of a cliff, a long rhododendron drive, or avenue, as they say in Ireland. The English couple who bought the house in the early sixties, the Malseeds, have had to build on quite a bit but it's all been discreetly done, the Georgian style preserved throughout. Figs grow in the sheltered gardens, and apricots, and peaches in the greenhouses, which old Mr. Saxton presides over. He's Mrs. Malseed's father, actually. They brought him with them from Surrey, and their Dalmatians, Charger and Snooze.

It was Strafe who found Glencorn for us. He'd come across an advertisement in the *Lady* in the days when the Malseeds still felt the need to advertise. "How about this?" he said one evening at the end of the second rubber, and then read out the details. We had gone away together the summer before, to a hotel that had been recommended on the Costa del Sol, but it hadn't been a success, because the food was so appalling. "We could try this Irish one," Dekko suggested cautiously, which is what eventually we did.

The four of us have been playing bridge together for ages. Dekko, Strafe, Cynthia, and myself. They call me Milly, though strictly speaking my name is Dorothy Milson. Dekko picked up his nickname at school, "Dekko Deakin" sounding rather good, I daresay. He and Strafe were, in fact, at school together, which must be why we all call Strafe by his surname. Major R. B. Strafe he is, the initials standing for Robert Buchanan. We're of an age, the four of us, all in the early fifties: the prime of life, so Dekko insists. We live quite close to Leatherhead, where the Malseeds were before they decided to make the change from Surrey to County Antrim. Quite a coincidence, we always think.

"How *very* nice," Mrs. Malseed said, smiling her welcome again this year. Some instinct seems to tell her when guests are about to arrive, for she's rarely not waiting in the large low-ceilinged hall that always smells of flowers. She dresses beautifully—differently every day, and changing of course in the evening. Her blouse on this occasion was scarlet and silver, in stripes, her skirt black. This choice gave her a brisk look, which was fitting, because being so busy she often has to be a little on the brisk side. She has smooth gray hair, which she once told me she entirely looks after herself, and she almost always wears a black velvet band in it. Her face is well made up, and for one who arranges so many vases of flowers and otherwise has to use her hands she manages to keep them marvellously in condition. Her fingernails are varnished a soft pink, and her right wrist is always adorned by a small gold bangle, a wedding present from her husband.

"Arthur, take the party's luggage," she commanded the old porter, who doubles as odd-job man. "Rose, Geranium, Hydrangea, Fuchsia." She referred to the names of the rooms reserved for us: in winter, when no one much comes to Glencorn Lodge, pleasant little details like that are seen to. Mrs. Malseed herself painted the flower plaques that are attached to the doors of the hotel instead of numbers; her husband sees to redecoration and repairs.

"Well, well, well," Mr. Malseed said, entering the hall through the door that leads to the kitchen regions. "A hundred thousand welcomes," he greeted us in the Irish manner. He's rather shorter than Mrs. Malseed, who's handsomely tall. He wears Donegal-tweed suits and is brown as a berry, including his head, which is bald. His dark-brown eyes twinkle at you, making you feel rather more than just another hotel guest. They run the place like a country house, really.

"Good trip?" Mr. Malseed inquired.

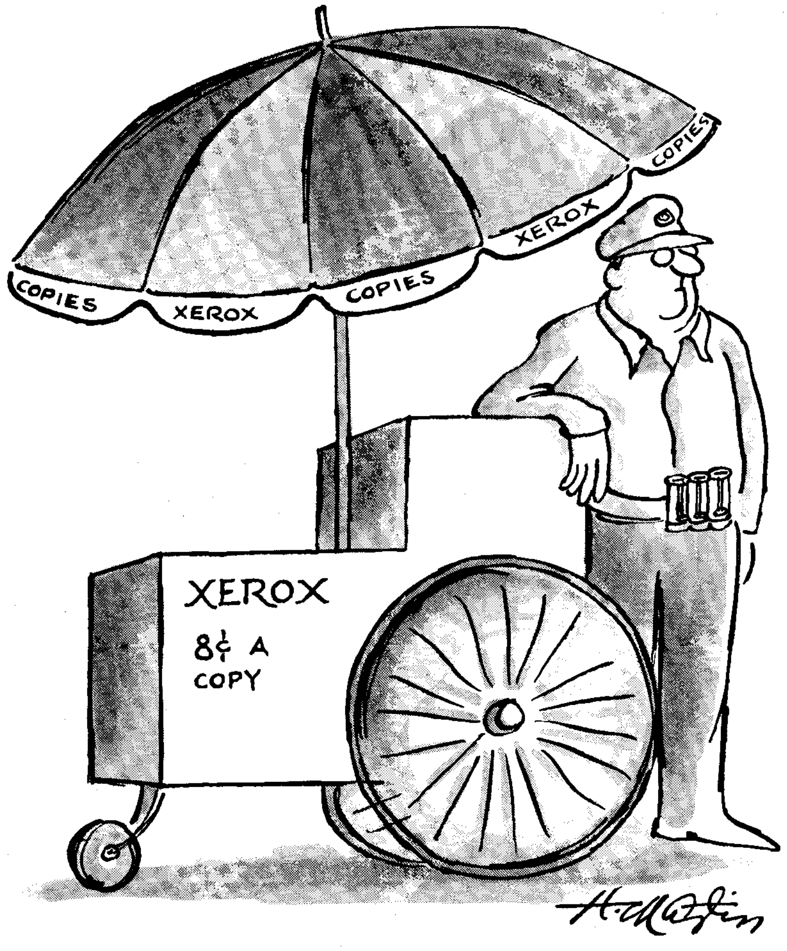
"Super," Dekko said. "Not a worry all the way."

"Splendid."

"The wretched boat sailed an hour early one day last week," Mr. Malseed said. "Quite a little band were left stranded at Stranraer."

Strafe laughed. Typical of that steamship company, he said. "Catching the tide, I daresay?"

"They caught a rocket from me," Mrs. Malseed replied good-humoredly. "A couple of old dears were due with us on Tuesday and had to spend the night in some awful



Scottish lodging house. It nearly finished them."

Everyone laughed, and I could feel the others thinking that our holiday had truly begun. Nothing had changed at Glencorn Lodge, all was well with its Irish world. Kitty from the dining room came out to greet us, spotless in her uniform. "Ach, you're looking younger," she said, paying the compliment to all four of us, causing everyone in the hall to laugh again. Kitty's a bit of a card.

Arthur led the way to the rooms called Rose, Geranium, Hydrangea, and Fuchsia, carrying as much of our luggage as he could manage and returning for the remainder. Arthur has a fisherman's beaten face and short gray hair. He wears a green baize apron, and a white shirt with an imitation-silk scarf tucked into it at the neck. The scarf, in different swirling greens that blend nicely with the green of his apron, is an idea of Mrs. Malseed's, and one appreciates the effort, if not at a uniform, at least at tidiness.

"Thank you very much," I said to Arthur in my room, smiling and finding him a coin.

Déjeuner sur l'Herbe

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WE played a couple of rubbers after dinner as usual, but not of course going on for as long as we might have, because we were still quite tired after the journey. In the lounge there was a French family—two girls and their parents—and a honeymoon couple, or so we had speculated during dinner, and a man on his own. There had been other people at dinner of course, because in June Glencorn Lodge is always full; from where we sat in the window we could see some of them strolling about the lawns, a few taking the cliff path down to the seashore. In the morning we'd do the same: we'd walk along the sands to Ardbeag and have coffee in the hotel there, back in time for lunch. In the afternoon we'd drive somewhere.

I knew all that because over the years this kind of pattern had developed. We had our walks and our drives, tweed to buy in Cushendall, Strafe and Dekko's fishing day when Cynthia and I just sat on the beach, our visit to the Giant's Causeway and one to Donegal perhaps, though that meant an early start and taking potluck for dinner somewhere. We'd come to adore County Antrim, its glens and coastline, Rathlin Island and Tievebulliagh. Since first we got to know it, in 1965, we'd all four fallen hopelessly in love with every variation of this remarkable landscape. People in England thought us mad of course: they see so much of the troubles on television that it's naturally difficult for them to realize that most places are just as they've always been. Yet coming as we did, taking the road along the coast, dawdling through Ballygalley, it was impossible to believe that somewhere else the unpleasantness was going on. We'd never seen a thing, or even heard people talking about incidents that might have taken place. It's true that after a particularly nasty carry-on a few winters ago we did consider finding somewhere else, in Scotland perhaps, or Wales. But, as Strafe put it at the time, we felt we owed a certain loyalty to the Malseeds and indeed to everyone we'd come to know round about, people who'd always been glad to welcome us back. It seemed silly to lose our heads, and when we returned the following summer we knew immediately we'd been right. Dekko said that nothing could be farther away from all the violence than Glencorn Lodge, and though his remark could hardly be taken literally I think we all knew what he meant.

"Cynthia's tired," I said, because she'd been stifling yawns. "I think we should call it a day."

"Oh, not at all," Cynthia protested. "No, please."

But Dekko agreed with me that she was tired, and Strafe said he didn't mind stopping now. He suggested a nightcap, as he always does; and as we always do also, Cynthia and I declined. Dekko said he'd like a Cointreau.

The conversation drifted about. Dekko told us an Irish joke about a drunk who couldn't find his way out of a telephone box, and then Strafe remembered an incident at school concerning his and Dekko's housemaster, A. D. Cowley-Stubbs, and the house wag, Thrive Major. A. D. Cowley-Stubbs had been known as Cows and often featured in our after-bridge reminiscing. So did Thrive Major.

"Perhaps I *am* sleepy," Cynthia said. "I don't think I closed my eyes once last night."

She never does on a sea crossing. Personally I'm out like a light the moment my head touches the pillow; I often think it must be the salt in the air, because normally I'm an uneasy sleeper at the best of times.

"You run along, old girl," Strafe advised.

"Brekky at nine," Dekko said.

Cynthia said good night and went, and we didn't remark on her tiredness, because as a kind of unwritten rule we never comment on one another. We're four people who play bridge. The

THE SUPREMES

In Ball's Market, after surfing till noon,
we stand in wet trunks, shivering
as icing dissolves off our sweet rolls
inside the heat-blued counter oven,
when they appear on his portable TV,
riding a float of chiffon as frothy
as the peeling curl of a wave.
The parade m.c. talks up their hits
and their new houses outside of Detroit
and old Ball clicks his tongue.
Gloved up to their elbows, their hands raised
toward us palm out, they sing
"Stop! In the Name of Love" and don't stop
but slip into the lower foreground.

Every day of a summer can turn,
from one moment, into a single day.
I saw Diana Ross in her first film
play a brief scene by the Pacific—
and that was the summer it brought back.
Mornings we paddled out, the waves
would be little more than embellishments:
lathework and spun glass
gray-green with cold, but flawless.
When the sun burned through the light fog,
they would warm and swell,
wind-scaled and ragged,
and radios up and down the beach
would burst on with her voice.

She must remember that summer
somewhat differently, and so must the two
who sang with her in long matching gowns,
standing a step back on her left and right,
as the camera tracked them
into our eyes in Ball's Market.
But what could we know, tanned white boys,
wiping sugar and salt from our mouths
and leaning forward to feel their song?
Not much, except to feel it
ravel us up like a wave
in the silk of white water,
simply, sweetly, repeatedly,
and just as quickly let go.

We didn't stop, either, which is how
we vanished, too, blowing apart like spray—
Ball's Market, my friends, and I.
Dredgers ruined the waves,
those continuous dawn perfections,
and Ball sold high to the high rises
cresting over them. His flight out of L.A.,
heading for Vegas, would have banked
above the wavering lines of surf.
He may have seen them. I have,
leaving again for points north and east,
glancing down as the plane turns.
From that height they still look frail and frozen,
full of simple sweetness and repetition.

—MARK JARMAN

* * *

companionship it offers and the holidays we have together are all part of that. We share everything: the cost of petrol, the cups of coffee or drinks we have; we even each make a contribution toward the use of Strafe's car, because it's always his we go on holiday in—a Rover it was on this occasion.

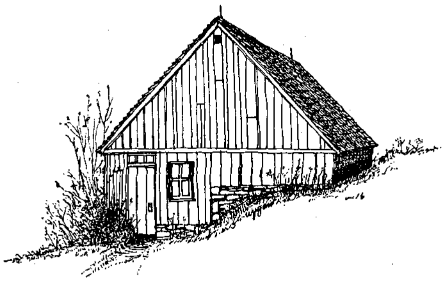
"Funny, being here on your own," Strafe said, glancing across what the Malseeds call the after-dinner lounge at the man who didn't have a companion. He was a red-haired man of about thirty, not wearing a tie, his collar open at the neck and folded back over the jacket of his blue serge suit. He was uncouth-looking, though it's a hard thing to say—not at all the kind of person one usually sees at Glencorn Lodge. He sat in the after-dinner lounge as he had in the dining room, lost in some concentration of his own, as if calculating sums in his mind. There had been a folded newspaper on his table in the dining room. It now reposed tidily on the arm of his chair, still unopened.

"Commercial gent," Dekko said. "Fertilizers."

"Good heavens, never. You wouldn't get a rep in here."

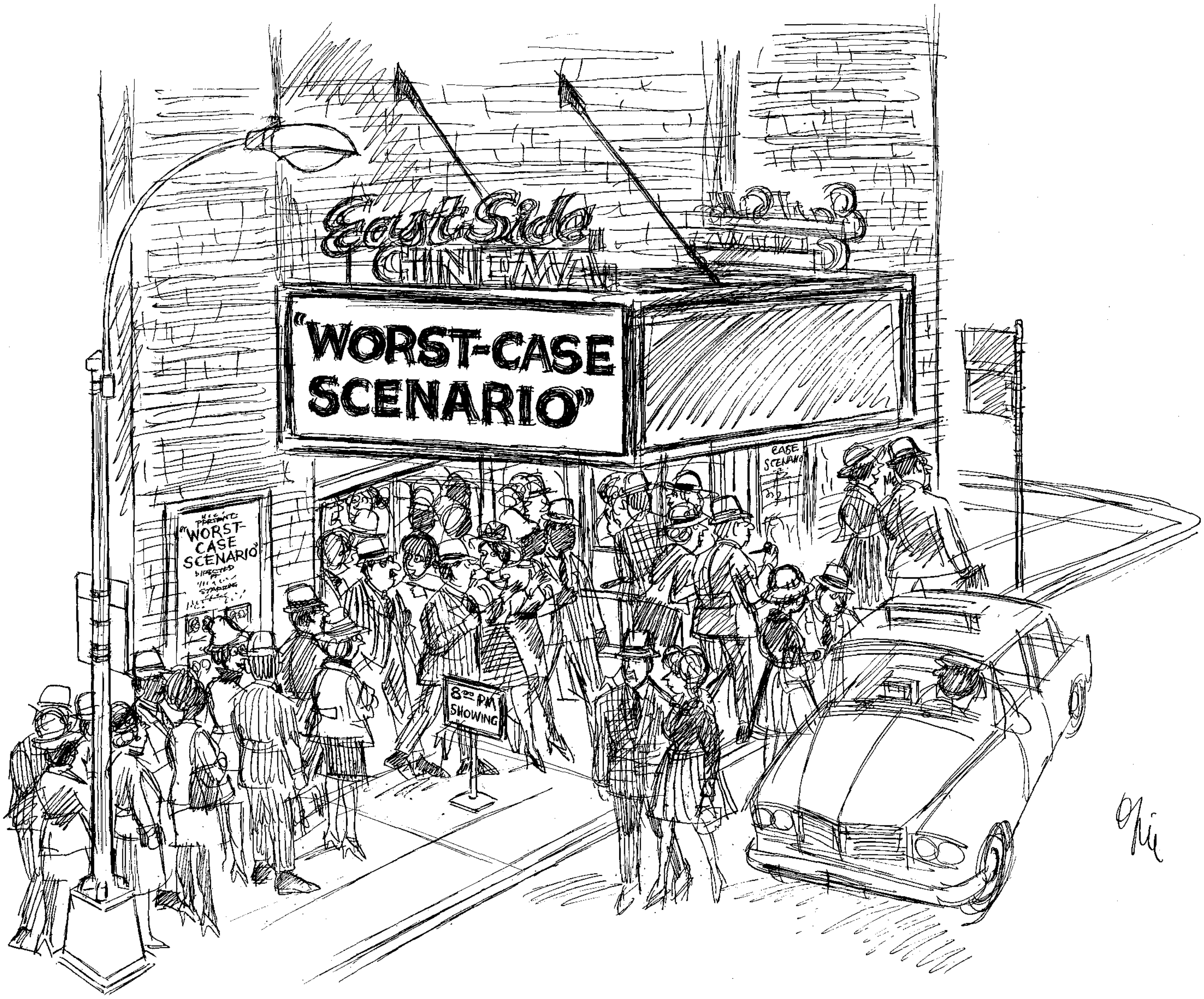
I took no part in the argument. The lone man didn't much interest me, but I felt that Strafe was probably right: if there was anything dubious about the man's credentials, he might have found it difficult to secure a room. In the hall of Glencorn Lodge there's a notice that reads: "We prefer not to feature in hotel guides, and we would be grateful to our guests if they did not seek to include Glencorn Lodge in the Good Food Guide, the Good Hotel Guide, the Michelin, Egon Ronay's, or any others. We have not advertised Glencorn since our early days, and prefer our recommendations to be by word of mouth."

"Ah, thank you," Strafe said when Kitty brought his whiskey and Dekko's Cointreau. "Sure you won't have something?" he said to me, although he knew I never did.



Strafe is on the stout side, I suppose you could say, with a gingery mustache and gingery hair hardly touched at all by gray. He left the Army years ago, I suppose because of me in a sense, because he didn't want to be posted abroad again. He's in the Ministry of Defense now.

I'm still quite pretty in my way, though nothing like as striking as Mrs. Malseed, for I've never been that kind of woman. I've put on weight, and wouldn't have allowed myself to do so if Strafe hadn't kept saying he can't stand a bag of bones. I'm careful about my hair, and unlike Mrs. Malseed I have it very regularly seen to, because if I don't it gets a salt-and-pepper look, which I hate. My husband, Ralph, who died of food poisoning when we were still quite young, used to say I wouldn't lose a single look in middle age, and to some extent that's true. We were still putting off having children when he died, which is why I haven't any. Then I met



Strafe, which meant I didn't marry again.

Strafe is married himself, to Cynthia. She's small and ineffectual, I suppose you could say without being untruthful or unkind. Not that Cynthia and I don't get on or anything like that—in fact we get on extremely well. It's Strafe and Cynthia who don't seem quite to hit it off, and I often think how much happier all round it would have been if Cynthia had married someone completely different, someone like Dekko in a way, except that that mightn't quite have worked out either. The Strafes have two sons, both very like their father, both of them in the Army. And the very sad thing is they think nothing of poor Cynthia.

"Who's that chap?" Dekko asked Mr. Malseed, who'd come over to wish us good night.

"Awfully sorry about that, Mr. Deakin. My fault entirely, a booking that came over the phone."

"Good heavens, not at all," Strafe protested, and Dekko looked horrified in case it should be thought he was objecting to the locals. "Splendid-looking fellow," he said, overdoing it.

Mr. Malseed murmured that the man had only booked in for a single night, and I smiled the whole thing away, reassuring him with a nod. It's one of the pleasantest of the traditions at Glencorn Lodge that every evening Mr. Malseed makes the rounds of his guests just to say good night. It's because of little touches like that that I, too, wished Dekko hadn't questioned Mr. Malseed about the man, because it's the kind of thing one doesn't do at Glencorn Lodge. But Dekko is a law unto himself, very tall and gangling, always immaculately suited, a beaky face beneath mousy hair in which flecks of gray add a certain distinction. Dekko has money of his own, and though he takes out girls who are half his age he has never managed to get around to marriage. The uncharitable might say he has a rather gormless laugh; certainly it's sometimes on the loud side.

We watched while Mr. Malseed bade the lone man good night. The man didn't respond but just sat gazing. It was ill-mannered, but this lack of courtesy didn't appear to be intentional: the man was clearly in a mood of some kind, miles away.

"Well, I'll go up," I said. "Good night, you two."

"Cheery-bye, Milly," Dekko said. "Brekky at nine, remember."

"Good night, Milly," Strafe said.

The Strafes always occupy different rooms on holidays, and at home also. This time he was in Geranium and she in Fuchsia. I was in Rose, and in a little while Strafe would come to see me. He stays with her out of kindness, because he fears for her on her own. He's a sentimental, good-hearted man, easily moved to tears: he simply cannot bear the thought of Cynthia with no one to talk to in the evenings, with no one to make her life round. "And besides," he often says when he's being jocular, "it would break up our bridge four." Naturally we never discuss her shortcomings or in any way analyze the marriage. The unwritten rule that exists between the four of us seems to extend as far as that.

He slipped into my room after he'd had another drink or two, and I was waiting for him as he likes me to wait, in bed but not quite undressed. He has never said so, but I know that that is something Cynthia would not understand in him, or ever attempt to comply with. Ralph, of course, would not have understood either; poor old Ralph would have been shocked. Actually it's all rather sweet, Strafe and his little ways.

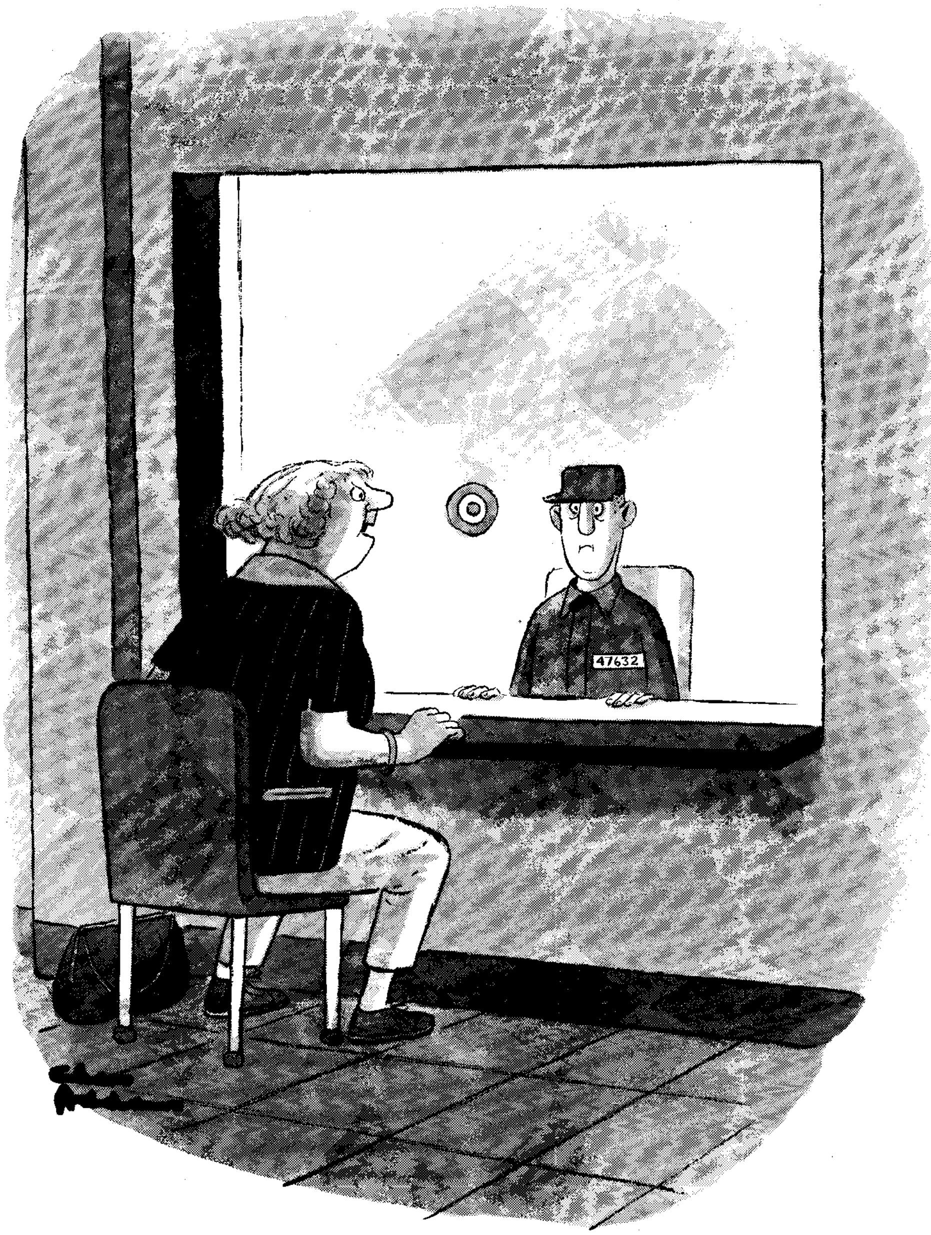
"I love you, dear," I whispered to him in the darkness, but just then he didn't wish to speak of love and referred instead to my body.

If Cynthia hadn't decided to remain in the hotel the next morning instead of accompanying us on our walk to Ardbeag, everything might have been different. As it happened, when she said at breakfast she thought she'd just potter about the garden and sit with her book out of the wind somewhere, I can't say I was displeased. For a moment I hoped Dekko might say he'd stay with her, allowing Strafe and me to go off on our own, but Dekko—who doesn't go in for saying what you want him to say—didn't. "Poor old sausage," he said instead, examining Cynthia with a solicitude that suggested she was close to the grave rather than just a little lowered by the change of life or whatever it was.

"I'll be perfectly all right," Cynthia assured him. "Honestly."

"Cynthia likes to mooch, you know," Strafe pointed out, which of course is only the truth. She reads too much, I always think. You often see her putting down a book with the most melancholy look in her eyes, which can't be good for her. She's an imaginative woman, I suppose you would say, and of course her habit of reading so much is often useful on our holidays: over the years she has read her way through dozens of Irish guidebooks. "That's where the garrison pushed the natives over the cliffs," she once remarked on a drive. "Those rocks are known as the Maidens," she remarked on another occasion. She has led us to places of interest that we had no idea existed: Garron Tower on Garron Point, the mausoleum at Bonamargy, the Devil's Backbone. As well as which, Cynthia is extremely knowledgeable about all matters relating to Irish history. Again she has read endlessly: biographies and autobiographies, long accounts of the centuries of battling and politics there've been. There's hardly a town or a village we ever pass through that doesn't have significance for Cynthia, although I'm afraid her impressive fund of information doesn't always receive the attention it deserves. Not that Cynthia ever minds; it doesn't seem to worry her when no one listens. My own opinion is that she'd have made a much better job of her relationship with Strafe and her sons if she could have somehow developed a bit more character.

We left her in the garden and proceeded down the cliff path to the shingle beneath. I was wearing slacks and a blouse, with the arms of a cardigan looped round my neck in case it turned chilly: the outfit was new, specially



"Burglars, con men, and swindlers all over the place, and I have to marry a lousy accessory after the fact."

bought for the holiday, in shades of tangerine. Strafe never cares how he dresses, and of course she doesn't keep him up to the mark: that morning, as far as I remember, he wore rather shapeless corduroy trousers, the kind men sometimes garden in, and a navy-blue fisherman's jersey. Dekko as usual was a fashion plate: a pale-green linen suit with pleated jacket pockets, a maroon shirt open at the neck, revealing a medallion on a fine gold chain. We didn't converse as we crossed the rather difficult shingle, but when we reached the sand Dekko began to talk about some girl or other, someone called Juliet, who had apparently proposed marriage to him just before we'd left Surrey. He'd told her, so he said, that he'd think about it while on holiday, and he wondered now about dispatching a telegram from Ardbeag: STILL THINKING. Strafe, who has a simple sense of humor, considered this hugely funny and spent most of the walk persuading Dekko that the telegram must certainly be sent, and other telegrams later on, all with the same message. Dekko kept laughing, throwing his head back in a way that reminds me of an Australian bird I once saw in a nature film on television. I could see this was going to become one of those jokes that would accompany us all through the holiday, a man's thing really, but of course I didn't mind. The girl called Juliet was nearly thirty years younger than Dekko. I supposed she knew what she was doing.

Since the subject of telegrams had come up, Strafe recalled the occasion when Thrive Major had sent one to A. D. Cowley-Stubbs: DARLING REGRET THREE MONTHS GONE LOVE ROWENA. Carefully timed, it had arrived during one of Cows' Thursday-evening coffee sessions. Rowena was a maid, known as the Bicycle, who had been sacked the previous term, and old Cows had something of a reputation as a misogynist. When he read the message, he apparently went white and collapsed into an armchair. Warrington P. J. managed to read it too, and after that the fat was in the fire. The consequences went on rather, but I never minded listening when Strafe and Dekko drifted back to their school days. I just wish I'd known Strafe then, before either of us had gone and got married.

We had our coffee at Ardbeag, the telegram was sent off, and then Strafe and Dekko wanted to see a man called Henry O'Reilly, whom we'd met on previous holidays, who organizes mackerel-fishing trips. I waited on my own, picking out postcards in the village shop that sells almost everything, and then I wandered down toward the shore. I knew that they would be having a drink with the boatman because a year had passed since they'd seen him last. They joined me after about twenty minutes, Dekko apologizing but Strafe not seeming to be aware that I'd had to wait, because Strafe is not a man who notices little things. It was almost one o'clock when we reached Glencorn Lodge and were told by Mr. Malseed that Cynthia needed looking after.

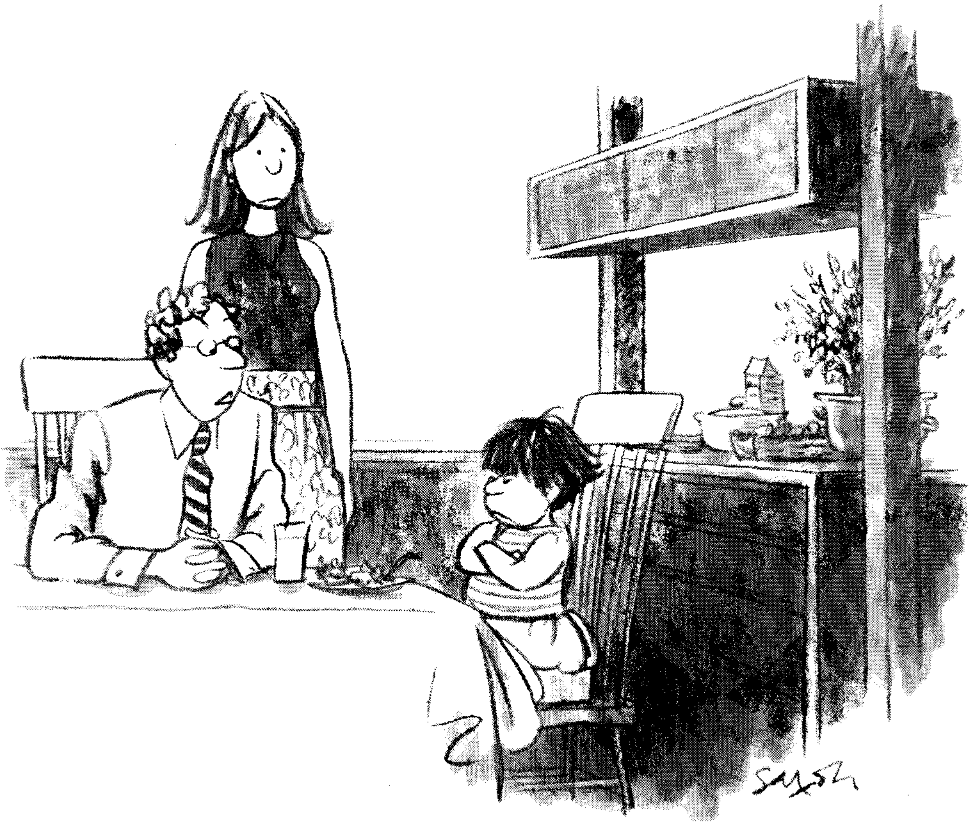
THE hotel, in fact, was in a turmoil. I have never seen anyone as ashen-faced as Mr. Malseed; his wife, in a forget-me-not dress, was limp. It wasn't explained to us immediately what had happened, because in the middle of telling us that Cynthia needed looking after, Mr. Malseed was summoned to the telephone. I could see through the half-open door of their little office a glass of whiskey or brandy on the desk and Mrs. Malseed's bangled arm reaching out for it. Not for ages did we realize that it all had to do with the lone man whom we'd speculated about the night before.

"He just wanted to talk to me," Cynthia kept repeating hysterically in the hall. "He sat with me by the magnolias."

I made her lie down. Strafe and I stood on either side of her bed as she lay there with her shoes off, her rather unattractively cut plain blue dress crumpled and actually damp from her tears. I wanted to make her take it off and slip under the bedclothes in her petticoat but somehow it seemed all wrong, in the circumstances, for Strafe's wife to do anything so intimate in my presence.

"I couldn't stop him," Cynthia said, the rims of her eyes crimson by now, her nose beginning to run again. "From half past ten till well after twelve. He had to talk to someone, he said."

I could sense that Strafe was think-



"Let's review the whole picture, Janine. You don't like milk. You don't like chicken. You don't like anything green. Now, you tell me, Janine—what does that leave us with?"

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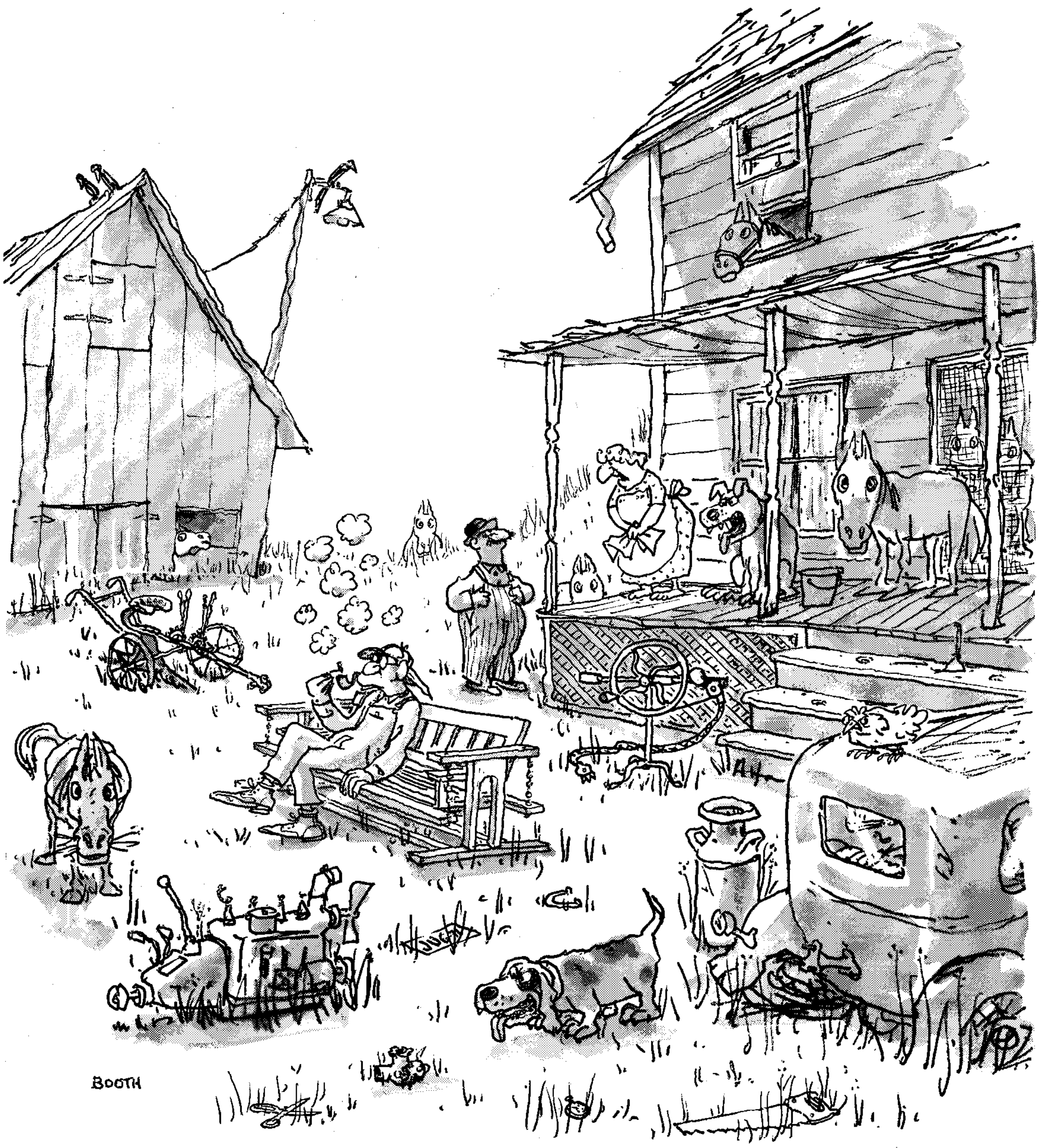


"Lots of folks say the Reagan program is going to make a clean sweep of all our problems right away, but Mr. Pudney has stated that it will be quite some time yet before we get things licked into shape."

• •

ing precisely the same thing I was: that the red-haired man had inveigled himself into Cynthia's company by talking about himself and had then put a hand on her knee. Instead of simply standing up and going away, Cynthia would have stayed where she was, embarrassed or tongue-tied, at any rate unable to cope. And when the moment came she would have turned hysterical. I could picture her screaming in the garden, running across the lawn to the hotel, and then the pandemonium in the hall. I could sense Strafe picturing that also.

"My God, it's terrible," Cynthia said.

"I think she should sleep," I said quietly to Strafe. "Try to sleep, dear," I said to her, but she shook her head, tossing her jumble of hair about on the pillow.

"Milly's right," Strafe urged. "You'll feel much better after a little rest. We'll bring you a cup of tea later on."

"My God!" she cried again. "My God, how could I sleep?"

I went away to borrow a couple of mild sleeping pills from Dekko, who is never without them, relying on the things too much in my opinion. He was tidying himself in his room but found the pills immediately. Strangely enough, Dekko's always sound in a crisis.

I gave them to her with water and she took them without asking what they were. She was in a kind of daze, one moment making a fuss and weeping, the next just peering ahead of her, as if frightened. In a way she was like someone who'd just had a bad nightmare and hadn't yet completely returned to reality. I remarked as much to Strafe while we made our way down to lunch, and he said he quite agreed.

"Poor old Cynth!" Dekko said when we'd all ordered lobster bisque and entrecôte béarnaise. "Poor old sausage."

You could see that the little waitress, a new girl this year, was bubbling over with excitement; but Kitty, serving the other half of the dining room, was grim, which was most unusual. Everyone was talking in hushed tones, and when Dekko said "Poor old Cynth!" a couple of heads were turned in our direction, because he can never keep his voice down. The little vases of roses with which Mrs. Malseed must have decorated each table before the fracas had occurred seemed strangely out of place in the atmosphere that had developed.

The waitress had just taken away our soup plates when Mr. Malseed hurried into the dining room and came straight to our table. The lobster bisque surprisingly hadn't been quite up to scratch, and in passing I couldn't help wondering if the fuss had caused the kitchen to go to pieces also.

"I wonder if I might have a word,

Major Strafe,” Mr. Malseed said, and Strafe rose at once and accompanied him from the dining room. A total silence had fallen, everyone in the dining room pretending to be intent on eating. I had an odd feeling that we had perhaps got it all wrong, that because we'd been out for our walk when it had happened all the other guests knew more of the details than Strafe and Dekko and I did. I began to wonder if poor Cynthia had been raped.

Afterward Strafe told us what occurred in the Malseeds' office, how Mrs. Malseed had been sitting there—slumped, as he put it—and how two policemen had questioned him. “Look, what on earth's all this about?” he demanded rather sharply.

“It concerns this incident that's taken place, sir,” one of the policemen explained in an unhurried voice. “On account of your wife—”

“My wife's lying down. She must not be questioned or in any way disturbed.”

“Ach, we'd never do that, sir.”

Strafe does a good County Antrim brogue, and in relating all this to us he couldn't resist making full use of it. The two policemen were in uniform, and their natural slowness of intellect was rendered more noticeable by the lugubrious air the tragedy had inspired in the hotel. For tragedy was what it was: after talking to Cynthia for nearly two hours the lone man had walked down to the rocks and been drowned.

WHEN Strafe finished speaking, I placed my knife and fork together on my plate, unable to eat another mouthful. The facts appeared to be that the man, having left Cynthia by the magnolias, had clambered down the cliff to a place no one ever went to, on the other side of the hotel from the sands we had walked along to Ardbeag. No one had seen him except Cynthia, who from the cliff top had apparently witnessed his battering by the treacherous waves. The tide had been coming in, but by the time old Arthur and Mr. Malseed reached the rocks it had begun to turn, leaving behind it the fully dressed corpse. Mr. Malseed's impression was that the man had slipped on the seaweed and accidentally stumbled into the depths, for the rocks were so slippery it was difficult to carry the corpse more than a matter of yards. But at least it had been placed out of view while Mr. Malseed hurried back to the hotel to telephone for assistance. He told Strafe that Cynthia had been most confused, insisting that the man had walked out among the rocks and then into the sea, knowing what he was doing.

Listening to it all, I no longer felt sorry for Cynthia. It was typical of her that she should so ridiculously have involved us in all this. Why on earth had she sat in the garden with a man of that kind instead of standing up and making a fuss the moment he'd begun to paw her? If she'd acted intelligently, the whole unfortunate episode could clearly have been avoided. Since it hadn't, there was no point whatsoever in insisting that the man had committed suicide when at that distance no one could possibly be sure.

“It really does astonish me,” I said at the lunch table, unable to prevent myself from breaking our unwritten rule. “What ever came over her?”

“It can't be good for the hotel,” Dekko commented, and I was glad to see Strafe giving him a little glance of irritation.

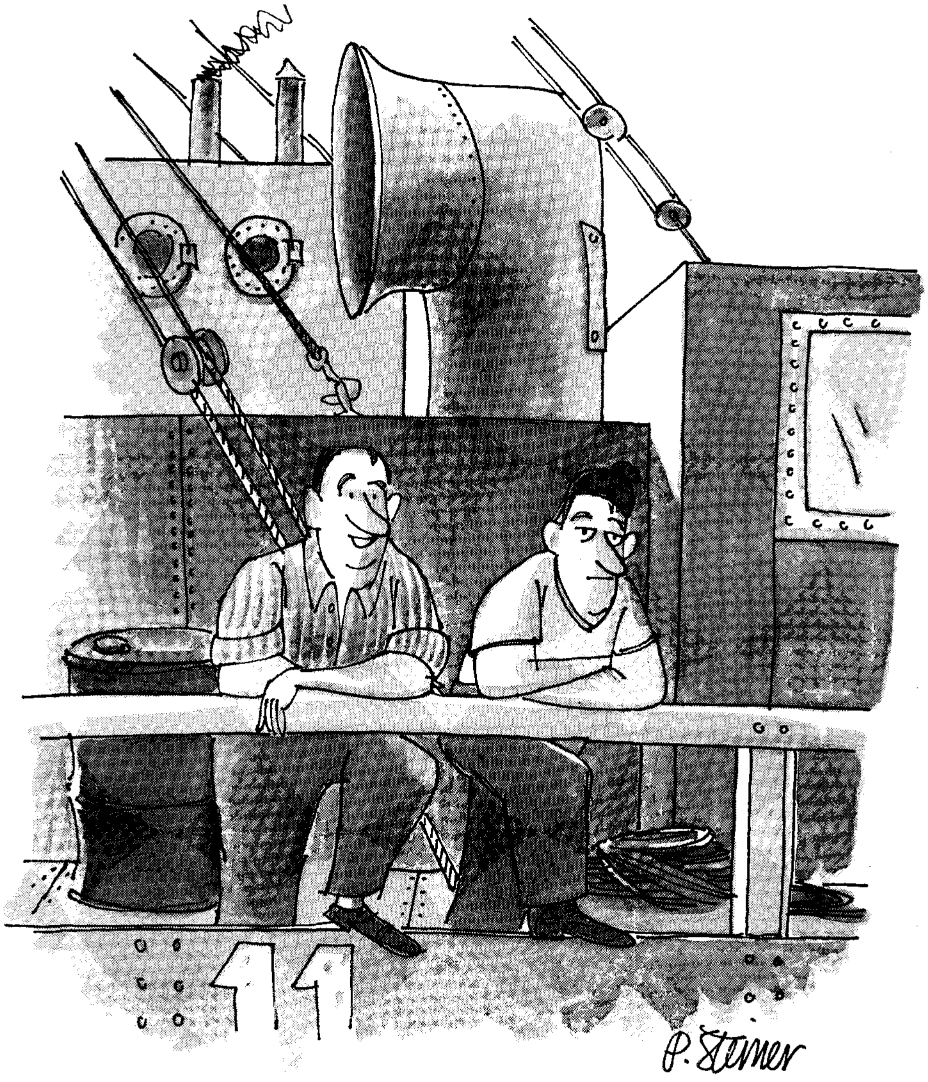
“It's hardly the point,” I said coolly.

“What I meant was, hotels occasionally hush things like this up.”

“Well, they haven't this time.” It seemed an age since I had waited for them in Ardbeag, since we were so amiably laughing over the effect of Dekko's telegram. He'd included his address in it so that the girl could send a message back, and as we'd returned to the hotel along the seashore there'd been much speculation between the two men about the form this would take.

“I suppose what Cynthia's thinking,” Strafe said, “is that after he'd tried something on with her he became depressed.”

“Oh, but he could just as easily have lost his footing. He'd have been on



“I love the texture of life aboard ship.”

edge anyway, worried in case she reported him."

"Dreadful kind of death," Dekko said. That was that, his tone suggested, the subject should now be closed, and so it was.

After lunch we went to our rooms as we always do at Glencorn Lodge, to rest for an hour. I took my slacks and blouse off, hoping that Strafe would knock on my door, but he didn't and of course that was understandable. Oddly enough I found myself thinking of Dekko, picturing his long form stretched out in the room called Hydrangea, his beaky face in profile on his pillow. The precise nature of Dekko's relationship with these girls he picks up has always privately fascinated me: was it really possible that somewhere in London there was a girl called Juliet who was prepared to marry him for his not inconsiderable money?

I slept and briefly dreamed. Thrive Major and Warrington P. J. were running the post office in Ardbeag, sending telegrams to everyone they could think of, including Dekko's friend Juliet. Cynthia had been found dead beside the magnolias and people were waiting for Hercule Poirot to arrive. "Promise me you didn't do it," I whispered to Strafe, but when Strafe replied, it was to say that Cynthia's body reminded him of a bag of old chicken bones.

Strafe and Dekko and I met for tea in the tea lounge. Strafe had looked in to see if Cynthia had woken, but apparently she hadn't. The police officers had left the hotel, Dekko said, because he'd noticed that their car wasn't parked at the front anymore. None of the three of us said, but I think we presumed, that the man's body had been removed from the rocks during the quietness of the afternoon. From where we sat I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Malseed passing quite briskly through the hall, seeming almost herself again. Certainly our holiday would be affected, but it might not be totally ruined. All that remained to hope for was Cynthia's recovery, and then everyone could set about forgetting the unpleasantness. The nicest thing would be if a jolly young couple turned up and occupied the man's room, exorcising the incident, as newcomers would.

The family from France—the two little girls and their parents—were chattering away in the tea lounge, and an elderly trio who'd arrived that morning were speaking in American accents. The honeymoon couple appeared, looking rather shy, and began to whisper and giggle in a corner. People who occupied the table next to ours in the dining room, a Wing Commander Orfell and his wife, from Guildford, nodded and smiled as they passed. Everyone was making an effort, and I knew it would help matters further if Cynthia felt up to a rubber or two before dinner. That life should continue as normally as possible was essential for Glencorn Lodge, the example already set by Mrs. Malseed.

Because of our interrupted lunch I felt quite hungry, and the Malseeds pride themselves on their teas. The chef, Mr. McBride, whom of course we've met, has the lightest touch I know with sponge cakes and little curranty scones. I was, in fact, buttering a scone when Strafe said, "Here she is."

And there indeed she was. By the look of her she had simply pushed herself off her bed and come straight down. Her blue dress was even more crumpled than it had been. She hadn't so much as run a comb through her hair, her face was puffy and unpowdered. For a moment I really thought she was walking in her sleep.

Strafe and Dekko stood up. "Feeling better, dear?" Strafe said, but she didn't answer.

"Sit down, Cynth," Dekko urged, pushing back a chair to make room for her.

"He told me a story I can never forget. I've dreamed about it all over again." Cynthia swayed in front of us, not even attempting to sit down. To tell the truth, she sounded inane.

"Story, dear?" Strafe inquired, humoring her.

She said it was the story of two children who had apparently ridden bicycles through the streets of Belfast, out into County Antrim. The bicycles were dilapidated, she said; she didn't know if they were stolen or not. She didn't know about the children's homes, because the man hadn't spoken of them, but she claimed to know instinctively that they had ridden away from poverty and unhappiness. "From the clatter and the quarrelling," Cynthia said. "Two children who later fell in love."

"Horrid old dream," Strafe said. "Horrid for you, dear."

She shook her head, and then sat down. I poured another cup of tea. "I had the oddest dream myself," I said. "Thrive Major was running the post office in Ardbeag."

Strafe smiled and Dekko gave his laugh, but Cynthia didn't in any way acknowledge what I'd said.

"A fragile thing the girl was, with depths of mystery in her wide brown eyes. Red-haired and freckled he was himself, thin as a rake in those days. Glencorn Lodge was derelict then."

"You've had a bit of a shock, old thing," Dekko said.

Strafe agreed, kindly adding, "Look, dear, if the chap actually interfered with you—"

GOLDEN RETRIEVER

Dew-soaked and bleary-eyed with the smells of the field,
He zigzags out of cheatgrass and wild roses
And fallen thistles, as gold, as ragged, his tongue
Lolling, nose high, his breath trailing a mist
Over the empty weed crowns as he drinks in
The whole morning at once, around his neck
A broken chain that follows him over hummocks,
By sunlight on the sheen of cobwebs binding
The dead spikelets of grass and their living stems,
And down through sedge and rushes along the creek,
And up among brambles and arches of blackberry
To disappear in the light-filled field again.
—David Wagoner

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"Why on earth should he do that?" Her voice was shrill in the tea lounge, edged with a note of hysteria. I glanced at Strafe, who was frowning into his teacup. Dekko began to say something, but broke off before his meaning emerged. Rather more calmly Cynthia said, "It was summer when they came here. Honeysuckle he described. And mother-of-thyme. He didn't know the name of either."

No one attempted any kind of reply—not that it was necessary, for Cynthia just continued.

"At school there were the facts of geography and arithmetic. And the legends of scholars and of heroes, of Queen Maeve and Finn Mac Cool. There was the coming of St. Patrick to a heathen people. History was full of kings and high-kings, and Silken Thomas and Wolfe Tone, the Flight of the Earls, the Siege of Limerick."

When Cynthia said that, it was impossible not to believe that the unfortunate events of the morning had touched her with some kind of madness. It seemed astonishing that she had walked into the tea lounge without having combed her hair, and that she'd stood there swaying before sitting down, that out of the blue she had started on about two children. None of it made an iota of sense, and surely she could see that the nasty experience she'd suffered should not be dwelt upon? I offered her the plate of scones, hoping that if she began to eat she would stop talking, but she took no notice of my gesture.

"Look, dear," Strafe said, "there's not one of us who knows what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about a children's story, I'm talking about a girl and a boy who visited this place we visit also. He hadn't been here for years, but he returned last night, making one final effort to understand. And then he walked out into the sea."

She had taken a piece of her dress and was agitatedly crumpling it between the forefinger and thumb of her left hand. It was dreadful really, having her so grubby-looking. For some odd reason I suddenly thought of her cooking, how she wasn't in the least interested in it or in anything about the house. She certainly hadn't succeeded in making a home for Strafe.

"They rode those worn-out bicycles through a hot afternoon. Can you feel all that? A newly surfaced road, the snap of chippings beneath their tires, the smell of tar? Dust from a passing car, the city they left behind?"

"Cynthia dear," I said, "drink your tea, and why not have a scone?"

"They swam and sunbathed on the beach you walked along today. They went to a spring for water. There were no magnolias then. There was no garden, no neat little cliff path to the beach. Surely you can see it clearly?"

"No," Strafe said. "No, we really cannot, dear."

"This place that is an idyll for us was an idyll for them too: the trees, the ferns, the wild roses near the water spring, the very sea and sun they shared. There was a cottage lost in the middle of the woods: they sometimes looked for that. They played a game, a kind of hide-and-seek. People in a white farmhouse gave them milk."

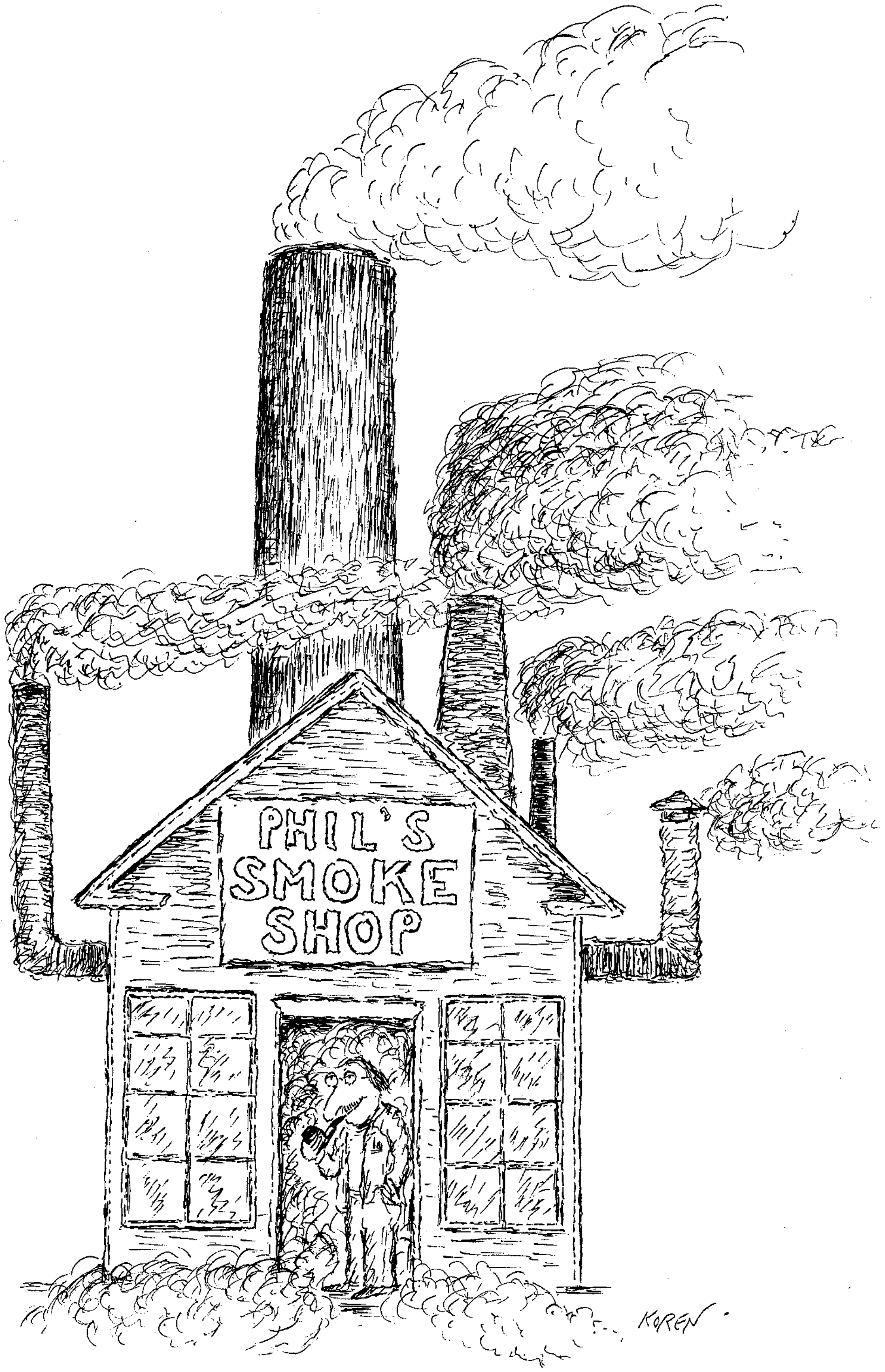
For the second time I offered Cynthia the plate of scones and for the second time she pointedly ignored me. Her cup of tea hadn't been touched.

Dekko took a scone and cheerfully said, "All's well that's over."

But Cynthia appeared to have drifted back into a daze, and I wondered again if it could really be possible that the experience had unhinged her. Unable to help myself, I saw her being led away from the hotel, helped into the back of a blue van, something like an ambulance. She was talking about the children again, how they had planned to marry and keep a sweetshop.

"Take it easy, dear," Strafe said, which I followed up by suggesting for the second time that she should make an effort to drink her tea.

"Has it to do with the streets they came from? Or the history they learned," she said, "he from his Christian Brothers, she from her nuns? History is unfinished in this island; long since it has come to a stop in Surrey."



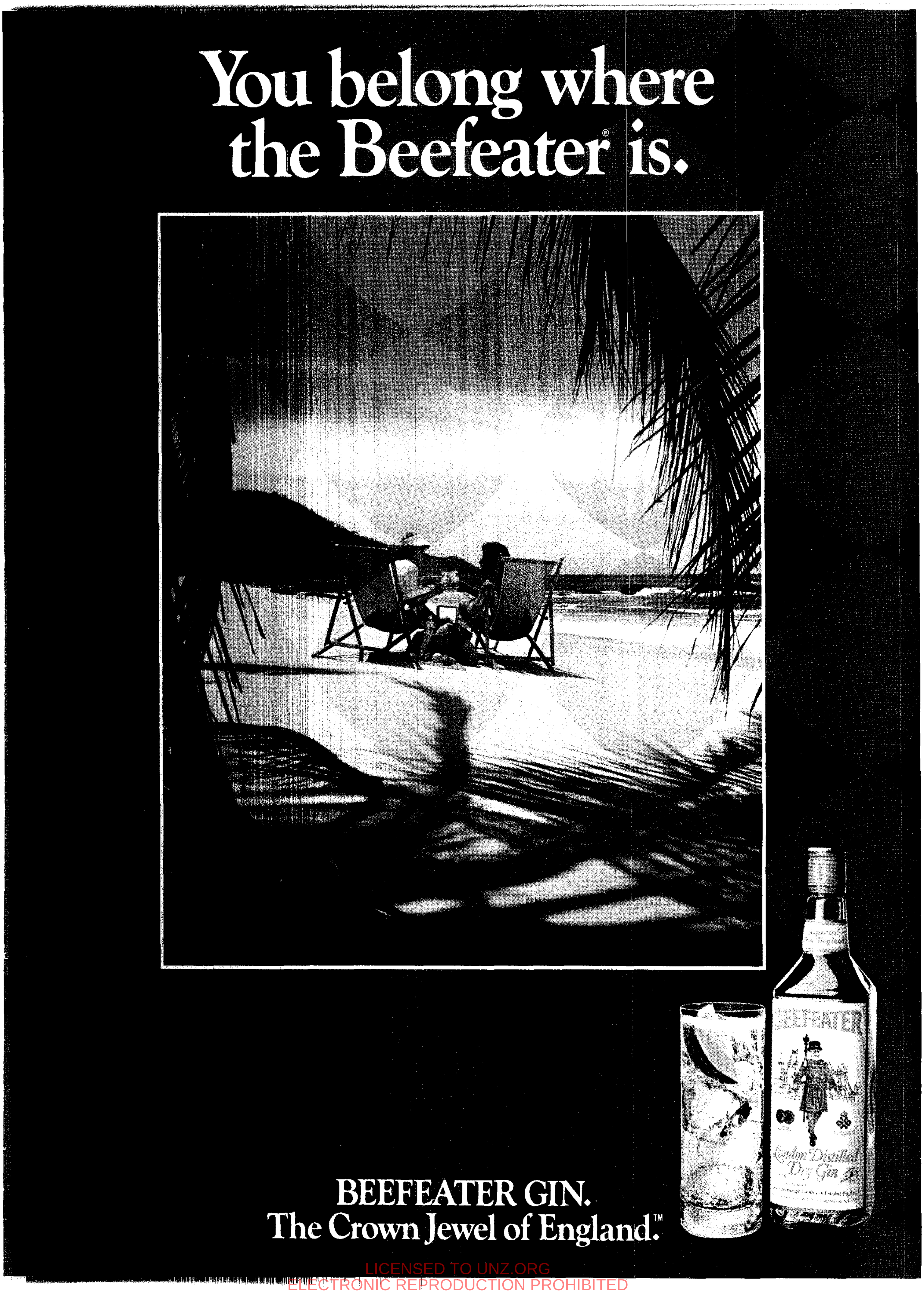
Dekko said, and I really had to hand it to him, "Cynth, we have to put it behind us."

It didn't do any good. Cynthia just went rambling on, speaking again of the girl being taught by nuns, and the boy by Christian Brothers. She began to recite the history they might have learned, the way she sometimes did when we were driving through an area that had historical connections. "Can you imagine," she embarrassingly asked, "our very favorite places bitter with disaffection, with plotting and revenge? Can you imagine the treacherous murder of Shane O'Neill the Proud?"

Dekko made a little sideways gesture of his head, politely marvelling. Strafe seemed about to say something but changed his mind.

Confusion ran through Irish history, Cynthia said, like convolvulus in a hedgerow. On May 24, 1487, a boy of ten called Lambert Simnel, brought to Dublin by a priest from Oxford, was declared Edward VI of all England and Ireland, crowned with a golden circlet taken from a statue of the Virgin Mary. On May 24, 1798, here in Antrim, Presbyterian farmers fought for a common cause with their Catholic laborers. She paused and looked at Strafe. Chaos and contradiction, she informed him, were hidden everywhere beneath nice-sounding names. "The Battle of the Yellow Ford," she suddenly chanted in a sing-song way that sounded thoroughly peculiar, "the Statutes of Kilkenny. The Battle of Glenmama, the Convention of Drumceat. The Act of Settlement, the Renunciation Act. The Act of Union, the Toleration Act. Just so much history it sounds like now, yet people starved or died while other people watched. A language was lost, a faith forbidden. Famine followed revolt, plantation followed that. But it was people who were stuck into the soil of other people's land, not forests of new trees; and it was greed and treachery that spread like a disease among them all. No wonder unease clings to these shreds of history and shots ring out in answer to the mockery of drums. No wonder the air is nervy with suspicion."

There was an extremely awkward silence when she ceased to speak. Dekko nodded, doing his best to be companionable. Strafe nodded also. I



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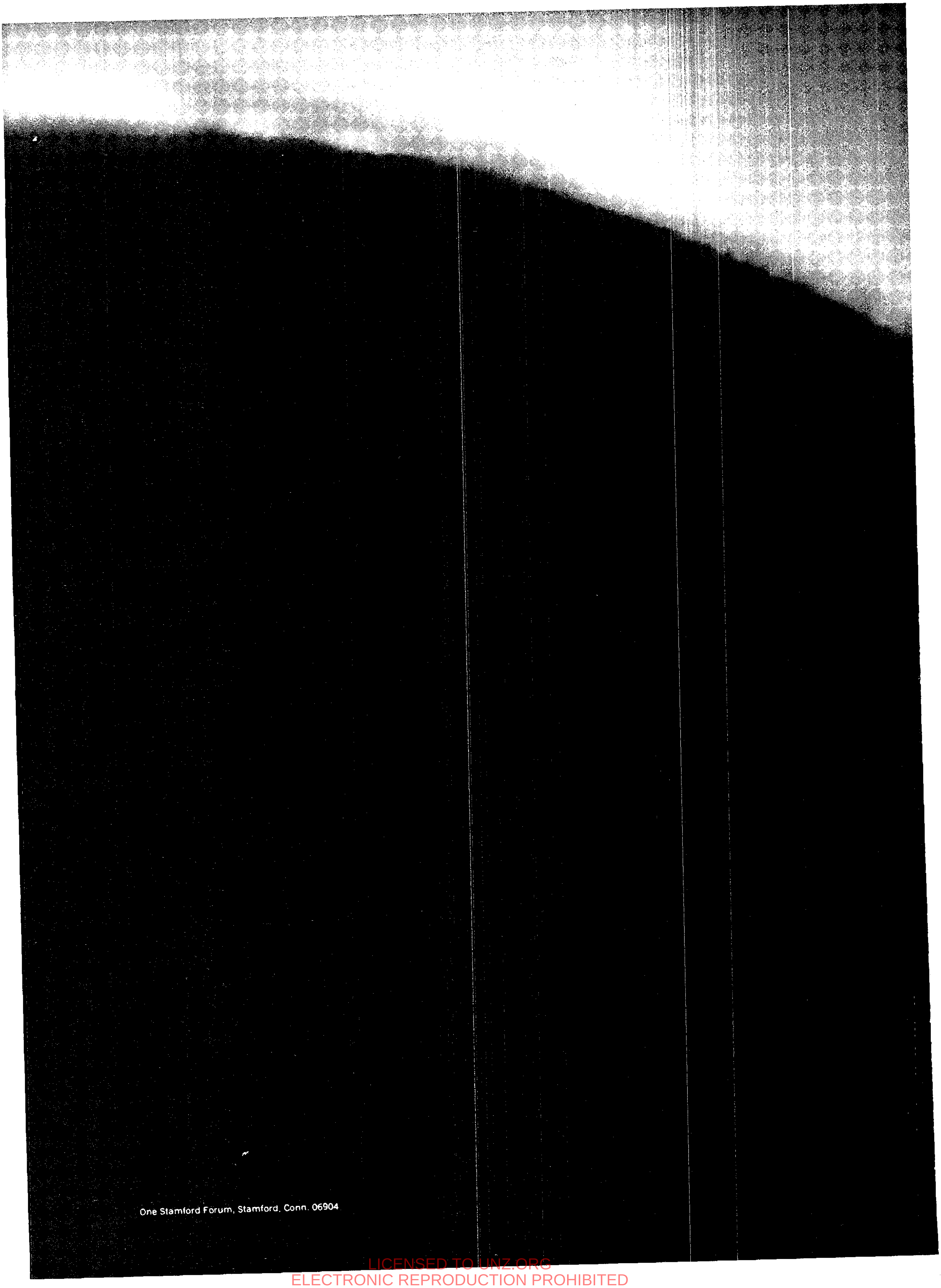

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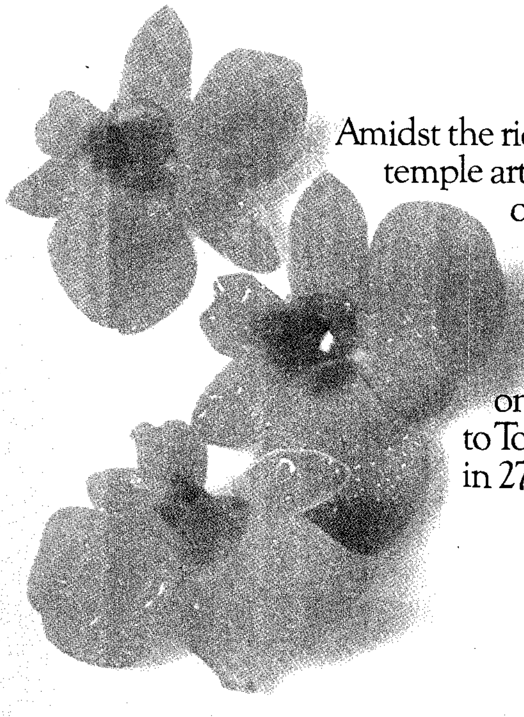

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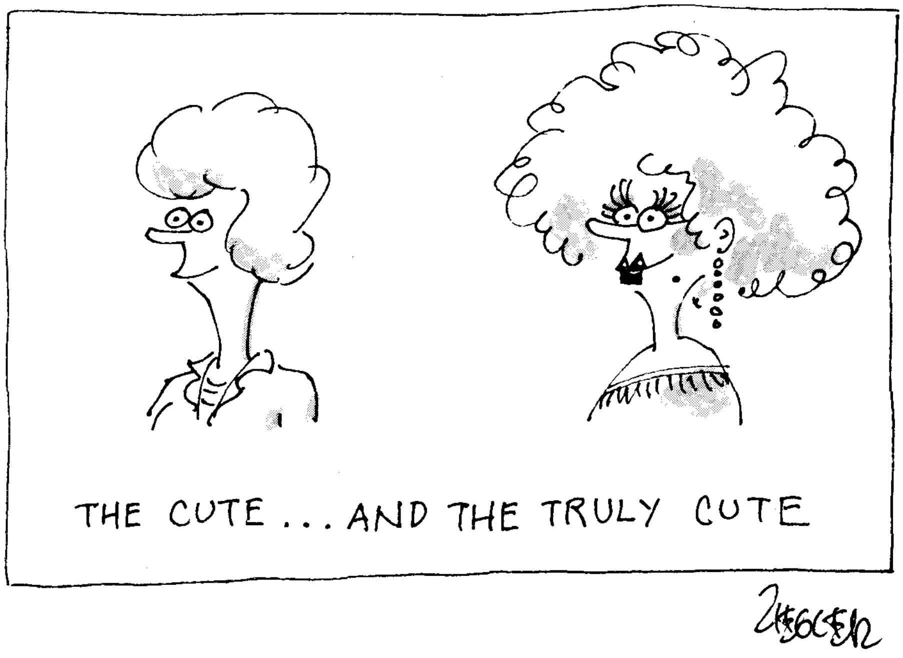

THE CUTE . . . AND THE TRULY CUTE
Ziegler

simply examined the pattern of roses on our teatime china, not knowing what else to do.

Eventually Dekko said, "What an awful lot you know, Cynth!"

"Cynthia's always been interested," Strafe said. "Always had a first-rate memory."

"Those children of the streets are part of the battles and the acts," she went on, seeming quite unaware that her talk was literally almost crazy. "They're part of the blood that flowed around those nice-sounding names." She paused and for a moment seemed disinclined to continue. Then she said, "The second time they came here, the house was being rebuilt. There were concrete mixers, and lorries drawn up on the grass, noise and scaffolding everywhere. They watched all through another afternoon and then they went their different ways: their childhood was over, lost with their idyll. He became a dockyard clerk. She went to London, to work in a betting shop."

"My dear," Strafe said very gently, "it's interesting, everything you say, but it really hardly concerns us."

"No, of course not." Quite emphatically Cynthia shook her head, appearing wholly to agree. "They were degenerate, awful creatures. They must have been."

"No one's saying that, my dear."

"Their story should have ended there, he in the docklands of Belfast, she recording bets. Their complicated childhood love should just have dissipated, as such love often does. But somehow nothing was as neat as that."

Dekko, in an effort to lighten the conversation, mentioned a boy called Gollsol, who'd been at school with Strafe and himself, who'd formed a romantic attachment for the daughter of one of the groundsmen and had later actually married her.

There was a silence for a moment; then Cynthia, without emotion, said, "You none of you care. You sit there not caring that two people are dead."

"Two people, Cynthia?" I said.

"For God's sake, I'm telling you!" she cried. "That girl was murdered in a room in Maida Vale."

Although there is something between Strafe and myself, I do try my best to be at peace about it. I go to church and take Communion, and I know Strafe occasionally does too, though not as often as perhaps he might. Cynthia has no interest in that side of life, and it rankled with me now to hear her blaspheming so casually, and so casually speaking about death in Maida Vale on top of all this stuff about history and children. Strafe was shaking his head, clearly believing that Cynthia didn't know what she was talking about.

"Cynthia dear," I began, "are you sure you're not muddling something up here? You've been upset, you've had a nightmare: don't you think your imagination, or something you've been reading—"

"Bombs don't go off on their own. Death doesn't just happen to occur in Derry and Belfast, in London and Amsterdam and Dublin, in Berlin and Jerusalem. There are people who are murderers: that is what this children's story is about."

A silence fell, no one knowing what to say. It didn't matter of course, because without any prompting Cynthia continued.

"We drink our gin with angostura bitters, there's lamb or chicken Kiev. Old Kitty's kind to us in the dining room and old Arthur in the hall. Flowers are everywhere, we have our special table."

"Please let us take you to your room now," Strafe begged, and as he spoke I reached out a hand in friendship and placed it on her arm.

"Come on, old thing," Dekko said.

"The limbless are left on the streets, blood spatters the car parks. 'Brits Out,' it says on a rock face, but we know it doesn't mean us."

I spoke quietly then, measuring my words, measuring the pause between each of them so that its effect might be registered. I felt the statement had to be made, whether it was my place to make it or not. I said, "You are very confused, Cynthia."

The French family left the tea lounge. The two Dalmatians, Charger and Snooze, ambled in and sniffed and went away again. Kitty came to clear the French family's tea things. I could hear her speaking to the honeymoon couple, saying the weather forecast was good.

"Cynthia," Strafe said, standing up, "we've been very patient with you, but really this is just becoming silly."

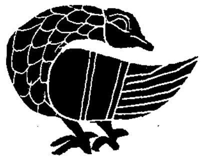
I nodded just a little. "I really think now—" I softly said, but Cynthia didn't permit me to go on.

"Someone told him about her. Someone mentioned her name, and he couldn't believe it. She sat alone in Maida Vale, putting together the mechanisms of her bombs: this girl who had laughed on the seashore, whom he had loved."

"Cynthia," Strafe began, but he wasn't permitted to continue either. Hopelessly, he just sat down again.

"Whenever he heard of bombs exploding he thought of her, and couldn't understand. He wept when he said that; her violence haunted him, he said. He couldn't work, he couldn't sleep at night. His mind filled up with images of her, their awkward childhood kisses, her fingers working neatly now. He saw her with a carrier bag, hurrying it through a crowd, leaving it where it could cause most death. In front of the moldering old house that had once been Glencorn Lodge they'd made a fire and cooked their food. They'd lain for ages on the grass. They'd cycled home to their city streets."

It suddenly dawned on me that Cynthia was knitting this whole fantasy out of nothing. It all worked backward from the moment when she'd had the misfortune to witness the man's death in the sea. A few minutes before, he'd been chatting quite normally to her, he'd probably even mentioned a holiday in his childhood and some girl there'd been: all of it would have been natural in the circumstances, possibly the holiday had even taken place at Glencorn. He'd said goodbye and then unfortunately he'd had his accident. As she was watching from the cliff edge, something had cracked in poor Cynthia's brain, she having always been a prey to melancholy. I suppose it must be hard having two sons who don't think much of you, and a marriage not offering you a great deal, bridge and holidays probably the best part of it. For some odd reason of her own she'd created her fantasy about a child turning into a terrorist. The violence of the man's death had clearly filled her imagination with Irish violence, so regularly seen on television. I wondered how it would have seemed to the poor creature if we'd been on holiday in Suffolk.



I could feel Strafe and Dekko beginning to put all that together also, beginning to realize that the whole story of the red-haired man and the girl was clearly Cynthia's invention. "Poor creature," I wanted to say, but did not do so.

"For months he searched for her, pushing his way among the people of London, the people who were her victims. When he found her she just looked at him, as if the past hadn't even existed. She didn't smile, as if incapable of smiling. He wanted to take her away, back to where they came from, but she didn't reply when he suggested that. Bitterness was like a disease in her, and when he left her he felt the bitterness in himself."

Again Strafe and Dekko nodded, and I could feel Strafe thinking that there really was no point in protesting further. All we could hope for was that the end of the saga was in sight.

"He remained in London, working on the railways. But in the same way as before he was haunted by the person she'd become, and the haunting was more awful now. He bought a gun from a man he'd been told about and kept it hidden in a shoebox in his rented room. Now and again he took it out and looked at it, then put it back. He hated the violence that possessed her, yet he was full of it himself: he knew he couldn't betray her with anything but death. Humanity had left both of them when he visited her again in Maida Vale."

To my enormous relief—and, I could feel, to Strafe's and Dekko's too—Mr. and Mrs. Malseed appeared beside us. Like his wife, Mr. Malseed had considerably recovered. He spoke in an even voice, clearly wishing to dispose of the matter. It was just the diversion we needed.

"I must apologize, Mrs. Strafe," he said. "I cannot say how sorry we are that you were bothered by that man."

"My wife is still a little dicky," Strafe explained, "but after a decent night's rest I think we can say she'll be as right as rain again."

"I only wish, Mrs. Strafe, you had made contact with my wife or myself when he first approached you." There was a spark of irritation in Mr. Malseed's eyes, but his voice was still controlled. "I mean, the unpleasantness you suffered might just have been averted."

"Nothing would have been averted, Mr. Malseed, and certainly not the horror we are left with. Can you see her as the girl she became, seated at a chipped white table, her wires and fuses spread around her? What were her thoughts in that room, Mr. Malseed? What happens in the mind of anyone who wishes to destroy? In a back street he bought his gun for too much money. When did it first occur to him to kill her?"

"We really are a bit at sea," Mr. Malseed replied without the slightest hesitation. He humored Cynthia by displaying no surprise, by speaking very quietly.

"All I am saying, Mr. Malseed, is that we should root our heads out of the sand and wonder about two people who are beyond the pale."

"My dear," Strafe said, "Mr. Malseed is a busy man."

Still quietly, still perfectly in control of every intonation, without a single glance around the tea lounge to ascertain where his guests' attention was, Mr. Malseed said, "There is unrest here, Mrs. Strafe, but we do our best to live with it."

"All I am saying is that perhaps there can be regret when two children end like this."

Mr. Malseed did not reply. His wife did her best to smile away the awkwardness. Strafe murmured privately to Cynthia, no doubt beseeching her to come to her senses. Again I imagined a blue van drawn up in front of Glencorn Lodge, for it was quite understandable now that an imaginative woman should go mad, affected by the ugliness of death. The garbled speculation about the man and the girl, the jumble in the poor thing's mind—a children's story, as she called it—all somehow hung together when you realized they didn't have to make any sense whatsoever.

"Murderers are beyond the pale, Mr. Malseed, and England has always had its pales. The one in Ireland began in 1395."

"Dear," I said, "what has happened has nothing whatsoever to do with calling people murderers and placing them beyond some pale or other. You witnessed a most unpleasant accident, dear, and it's only to be expected that you've become just a little lost. The man had a chat with you when you were sitting by the magnolias and then the shock of seeing him slip on the seaweed—"

"He didn't slip on the seaweed," she suddenly screamed. "My God, he didn't slip on the seaweed."

Strafe closed his eyes. The other guests in the tea lounge had fallen silent ages ago, openly listening. Arthur was standing near the door and was listening also. Kitty was waiting to clear our tea things, but didn't like to because of what was happening.

"I must request you to take Mrs. Strafe to her room, Major," Mr. Malseed said. "And I must make it clear that we cannot tolerate further upset in Glencorn Lodge."

Strafe reached for her arm, but Cynthia took no notice.

"An Irish joke," she said, and then she stared at Mr. and Mrs. Malseed, her eyes passing over each feature of their faces. She stared at Dekko and Strafe and last of all at me. She said eventually, "An Irish joke, an unbecoming tale: of course it can't be true. Ridiculous, that a man returned here. Ridiculous, that he walked again by the seashore and through the woods, hoping to understand where a woman's cruelty had come from."

"This talk is most offensive," Mr. Malseed protested, his calmness slipping just a little. The ashen look that had earlier been in his face returned. I could see he was beside himself with rage. "You are trying to bring some-

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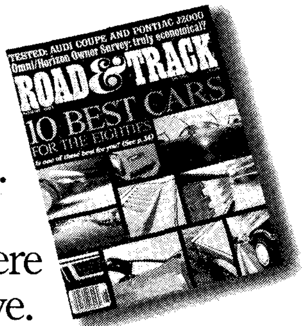

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10 BEST CARS
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The editors of Road & Track magazine were asked to come up with "10 best cars for the '80s."

They did it without thinking about categories.

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And surprisingly enough, when the results were in, the ten best cars weren't the ten most expensive.

What wasn't surprising, at least to us, was that the Saab 900 Turbo was on *every* editor's list.

We could go into long speculation as to why, complete with technical details and a list of past accomplishments. But we'd rather just quote the editors, who said, "We have all enjoyed its sporting characteristics on the road."

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thing to our doorstep which most certainly does not belong there."

"On your doorstep they talked about a sweetshop: Cadbury's bars and different-flavored creams, nut-milk toffee, Aero and Crunchie."

"For God's sake pull yourself together," I clearly heard Strafe whispering, and Mrs. Malseed attempted to smile. "Come along now, Mrs. Strafe," she said, making a gesture. "Just to please us, dear. Kitty wants to clear away the dishes. Kitty!" she called out, endeavoring to bring matters down to earth.

Kitty crossed the lounge with her tray and gathered up the cups and saucers. The Malseeds, naturally still anxious, hovered. No one was surprised when Cynthia began all over again by crazily asking Kitty what she thought of us.

"I think, dear," Mrs. Malseed began, "Kitty's quite busy really."

"Stop this at once," Strafe quietly ordered.

"For sixteen years, Kitty, you've served us food and cleared away the teacups we've drunk from. For sixteen years we've played our bridge and walked about the garden. We've gone for drives, we've bought our tweed, we've bathed as those children did."

"Stop it," Strafe said again, a little louder. Bewildered and getting red in the face, Kitty hastily bundled china onto her tray. I made a sign at Strafe, because for some reason I felt that the end was really in sight. I wanted him to retain his patience, but what Cynthia said next was almost unbelievable.

"In Surrey we while away the time, we clip our hedges. On a bridge night there's coffee at nine o'clock, with macaroons or petits fours. Last thing of all we watch the late-night news, packing away our cards and scoring pads, our sharpened pencils. There's been an incident in Armagh, one soldier's had his head shot off, another's run amok. Our lovely Glens of Antrim, we all four think, our coastal drives: we hope that nothing disturbs the peace. We think of Mr. Malseed, still busy in Glencorn Lodge, and Mrs. Malseed finishing her flower plaques for the rooms of the completed annex."

"Will you for God's sake shut up!" Strafe suddenly shouted. I could see him struggling with himself but it didn't do any good. He called Cynthia a bloody spectacle, sitting there talking rubbish. I don't believe she even heard him.

"Through honey-tinted glasses we love you and we love your island, Kitty. We love the lilt of your racy history, we love your earls and heroes. Yet we made a sensible pale here once, as civilized people create a garden, pretty as a picture."

Strafe's outburst had been quite noisy and I could sense him being ashamed of it. He muttered that he was sorry, but Cynthia simply took advantage of his generosity, continuing about a pale.

"Beyond it lie the bleak untouchables, best kept as dots on the horizon, too terrible to contemplate. How can we be blamed if we make neither head nor tail of anything, Kitty, your past and your present, those battles and Acts of Parliament? We people of Surrey: how can we know? Yet I stupidly thought, you see, that at least the tragedy of two children could be understood. He didn't discover where her cruelty had come from because perhaps you never can: evil breeds in a mysterious way. That's the story the red-haired stranger passed on to me, the story you huddle away from."

Poor Strafe was pulling at Cynthia, pleading with her, still saying he was sorry.

"Mr. Strafe," Mr. Malseed tried to say, but got no further. To my horror Cynthia abruptly pointed at me.

"That woman," she said, "is my husband's mistress, a fact I am supposed to be unaware of, Kitty."

"My God!" Strafe said.

"My husband is perverted in his sexual desires. His friend, who shared his school days, has never quite recovered from that time. I myself am a pathetic creature who has closed her eyes to a husband's infidelity and his mistress's viciousness. I am dragged down Memory Lane, back to the days of Thrive Major and A. D. Cowley-Stubbs: mechanically I smile. I hardly exist, Kitty."

There was a most unpleasant silence, and then Strafe said, "None of that's true. For God's sake, Cynthia," he suddenly shouted, "go and rest yourself!"

Cynthia shook her head, and continued to address the waitress. She'd had a rest, she told her. "But it didn't do any good, Kitty, because hell has invaded the paradise of Glencorn, as so often it has invaded your island. And we, who have so often brought it, pretend it isn't there. Who cares about children made into murderers?"

Strafe shouted again. "You fleshless ugly bitch!" he cried. "You bloody old fool!" He was on his feet, trying to get her onto hers. The blood was thumping in his bronzed face, his eyes had a fury in them I'd never seen before. "Fleshless!" he shouted at her, not caring that so many people were listening. He closed his eyes in misery and in shame again, and I wanted to reach out and take his hand, but of course I could not. You could see the Malseeds didn't blame him, you could see them thinking that everything was ruined for us. I wanted to shout at Cynthia too, to batter the silliness out of her, but of course I could not do that. I could feel the tears behind my eyes, and I couldn't help noticing that Dekko's hands were shaking. He's quite sensitive behind his jokey manner, and had quite obviously taken to heart her statement that he had never recovered from his school days. Nor had it been pleasant hearing myself described as vicious.

"No one cares," Cynthia said in the same unbalanced way, as if she hadn't just been called ugly and a bitch. "No one cares, and on our journey home we shall all four be silent. Yet is the truth about ourselves at least a beginning? Will we wonder in the end about the hell that frightens us?"

Strafe still looked wretched, his face deliberately turned away from us. Mrs. Malseed gave a little sigh and raised the fingers of her left hand to her cheek, as if something tickled it. Her husband breathed heavily. Dekko seemed on the point of tears.

Cynthia stumbled off, leaving a silence behind her. Before it was broken, I knew she was right when she said we would just go home, away from this country we had come to love. And I knew as well that neither here nor at home would she be led to a blue van that was not quite an ambulance. Strafe would stay with her because Strafe is made like that, honorable in his own particular way. I felt a pain where my heart is, and again I wanted to cry. Why couldn't it have been she who had gone down to the rocks and slipped on the seaweed or just walked into the sea, it didn't matter which. Her awful rigmarole hung about us as the last of the tea things were gathered up—the earls who'd fled, the famine, and the people planted. The children were there too, grown up into murdering riffraff.

—William Trevor

sea whisper
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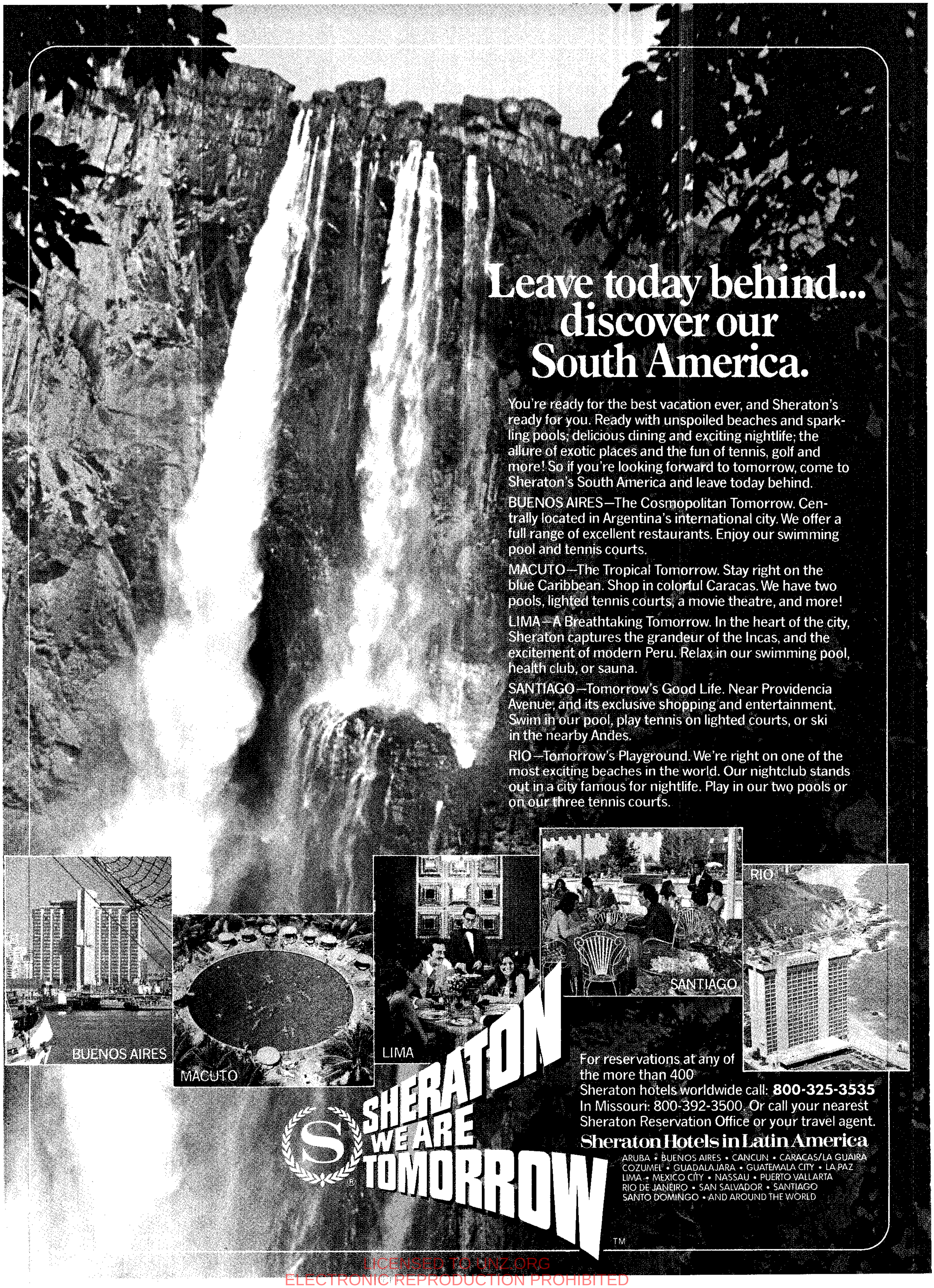

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LETTER FROM PAKISTAN

THE driver of the cab I got into outside the Karachi Intercontinental Hotel opened his eyes wide when I told him my destination—70 Clifton.

"You know who lives there?" I asked.

"Everybody knows," he replied. "It's Mr. Bhutto's house."

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was hanged in the courtyard of the central jail of Rawalpindi early on the morning of April 4, 1979. Two years later, the ghost of the former Prime Minister still haunts Pakistan. His name leads all the rest in the nearly constant discussion of the dramatic twists and turns that have marked this country's recent history: the secession of East Pakistan to become Bangladesh, in 1971; the losing war against India which accompanied that event; the turning away from the American alliance toward the Islamic world; and, with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the emergence of Pakistan as a front-line state in the Big Power struggle for the Persian Gulf and its environs.

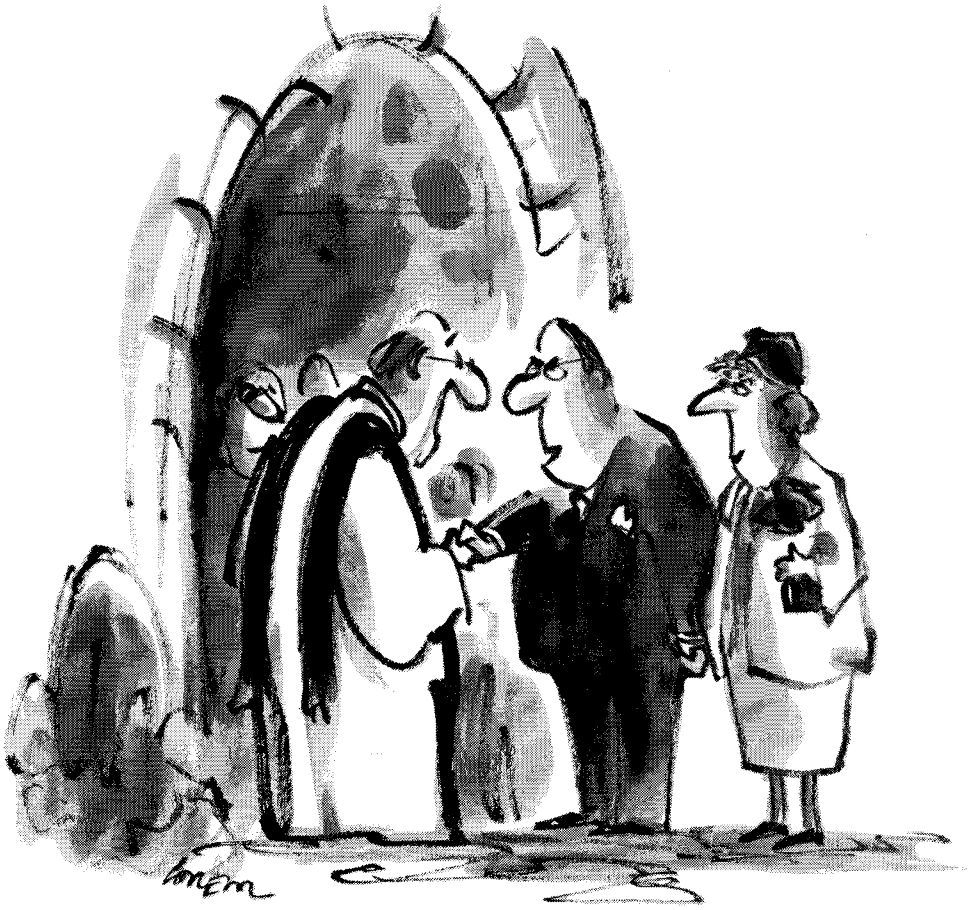
Bhutto's widow and daughter have taken over his Pakistan People's Party, or P.P.P., and become leading figures in opposition to the man who deposed him, General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq. In February, they launched, with leaders of eight other parties, a Movement for the Restoration of Democracy, to press for an end to martial law, the ouster of General Zia as President, and the holding of new elections. There followed a series of violent demonstrations against the regime, culminating in the hijacking of a Pakistani airliner to Afghanistan and then to Syria by a group calling itself Al-Zulfikar and working with Bhutto's son Murtaza. Shortly thereafter, I went to 70 Clifton, to visit Bhutto's daughter, Benazir.

The Bhutto residence in Karachi is a spacious suburban villa that reflects the bizarre condition of the rich almost everywhere, and especially in Pakistan. On the outside, it is plain and heavily guarded. On the inside, it is lavishly furnished with old carpets from Persia, modern furniture from Europe, and handsomely bound books from all over the world. Benazir, a tall, slim woman of twenty-eight, with flashing eyes and a spitfire air, received me in a small anteroom off the main hall. She wore a green silk dress, bracelets and pendant earrings of gold, and, around her neck, a silver chain.

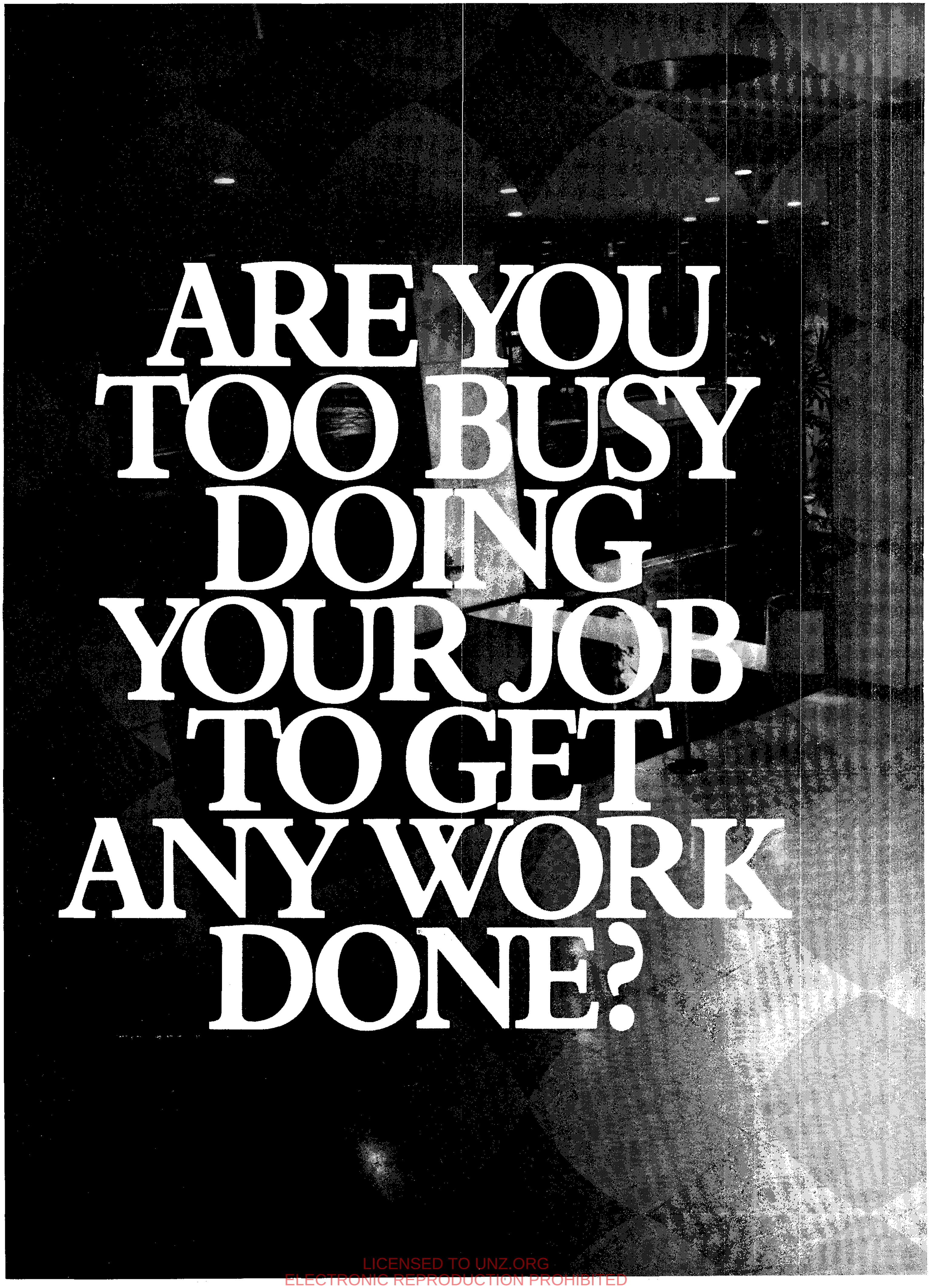
Before I could say anything, she began, in a distinctly upper-class-English accent, a rushing monologue of welcome. It was a great occasion for her to see a foreigner from the press. As a student at Radcliffe and then at Oxford, she had bathed herself in public affairs. "I read all the papers and all the magazines. I listened to the radio and watched the television. Now I am starved. The press is censored, and so are the radio and the television. I wouldn't know anything about what's going on in the world if it weren't for the BBC and the *International Herald Tribune*."

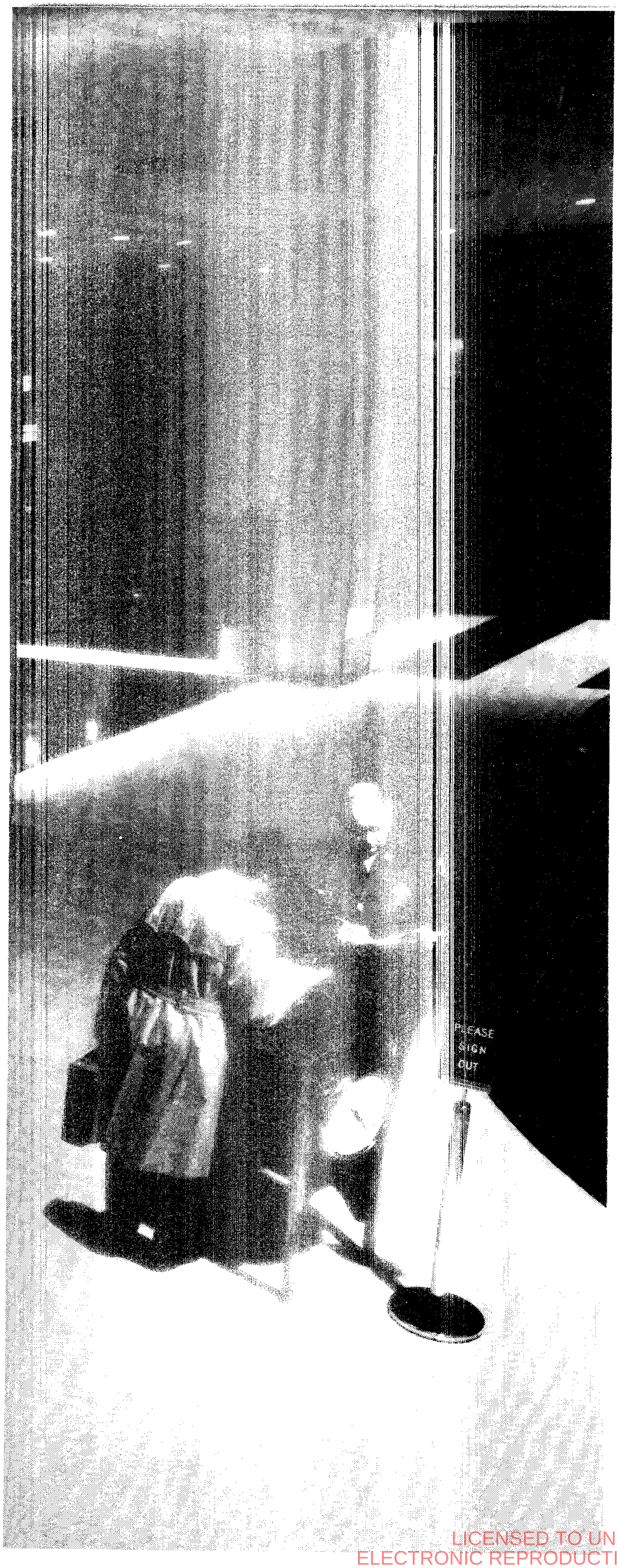
I asked her to define the state of affairs prevailing between the opposition and the government of General Zia. She said, "It goes back to a problem of national identity. We created Pakistan in 1947, to avoid being subject to Hindu discrimination against Muslims in India. Even then, many people predicted that the country could not last, because of regional and ethnic tensions. East Pakistan was separated from West Pakistan by a thousand miles of Indian territory. The Punjab, in the middle of West Pakistan, is different in language and in customs from the three other provinces here—Sind, Baluchistan, and the North-West Frontier Province. Right at the start, our national leader, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, died, and his lieutenant, Liaquat Ali Khan, was assassinated. Their party, the Muslim League, collapsed. Then came a downward slide, and military intervention under General Ayub Khan. He limited democracy and kept others out of power. But he became the victim of his own power base. The Army is not a national institution in Pakistan. It comes mainly from the Punjab, and a little of it from the North-West Frontier. It was Ayub's concentration on advancing Punjabi interests that caused the tragedy of East Pakistan splitting away, and led to Ayub's downfall.

"My father and the P.P.P. tried to encompass provincialism. He was a Prime Minister elected by voters in all four provinces. He replaced the Army, which had maintained a kind of colonial rule. He established provincial ministries and provincial assemblies. But the Punjabi interest, working



"Just between us, Doctor, how much of that stuff is cast in cement?"


ARE YOU
TOO BUSY
DOING
YOUR JOB
TO GET
ANY WORK
DONE?



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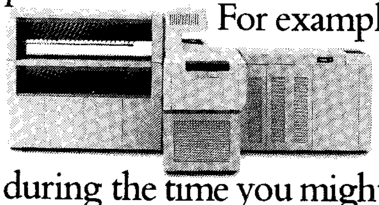

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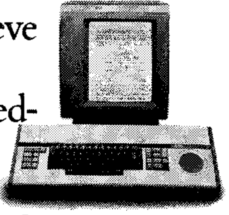

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through the Army, took revenge. My father was deposed and arrested by General Zia, a Punjabi. He was tried in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. Every witness against him was a Punjabi. Most of the Supreme Court justices were Punjabis. So his murder inflamed provincial disaffection.

“Standing alone, we in the P.P.P. cannot succeed in resistance. We tried and failed in 1977, when my father was deposed, and in 1978, when he was tried, and in 1979, when he was executed. The martial law was too strong; the guns were too powerful. What we require is a broad civilian front, a coalition of political forces right and left. It is not easy to put together. There are differences with the other parties about the trial of the Prime Minister. They were lukewarm about charging Zia with murder. But we could all agree on the proposition that whoever was with Zia was an enemy of the people. So we got together and, on February 5th, produced the declaration for the Restoration of Democracy. We called for another meeting in Lahore on February 27th and then a series of demonstrations, beginning on March 2nd. We wanted a gradual buildup of protests—people’s hit-and-run tactics—from the right and the left, and from all parts of the provinces. We thought the forces around Zia in the Army would realize the need for change and make him go. But the students did not understand the timetable. They moved too quickly.”

I asked her about the hijacking. She backed away. “It is not connected with our party,” she said. “Our party is very worried by this incident. I don’t know who did it or why. I suppose if people are convinced that political actions won’t work they try actions they think will work.”

I asked her whether her brother was connected with the hijacking and had, as news accounts indicated, met with the hijackers in Afghanistan. She said, “People criticize my brother for not coming back to Pakistan. But why should he come back? I lost my father. Do I also want to lose my brother? He lives in London and sometimes in the United Arab Emirates. He visits Turkey often. He has a girlfriend there. I have asked him if he goes to Afghanistan. He said no. I believe my brother.”

I asked her what she thought about the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and how the Afghan affair might be settled. She said, “My father tried to foster an Afghanistan that was friendly to Pakistan and capable of resisting Soviet pressure. He followed a ‘forward policy.’ He financed and trained bands of Afghan Muslims to oppose Russia in their own country. We in the P.P.P. protested against the original Communist coup in Afghanistan, back in 1978. We protested against the Soviet-Afghanistan treaty that followed. But the United States did nothing. The United States in effect said that Afghanistan was in the Russian sphere of interest. The United States flashed the green light. The Soviet invasion of 1979 would never have happened if the Americans had stood firm before. Now the bands trained under my father have become the Afghan rebels. They are setting up sanctuaries in Pakistan, and there are border incursions. There is a danger that Pakistan will become embroiled with the Russians. The best way out is a political solution. Let the Russians withdraw. Let their puppet government fall. Let somebody else come in. But if you try for a military solution, then Russian action against Pakistan will come next.”

As I prepared to depart, I asked her about the strength of the Zia regime and the possibilities for coöperation with the United States against the Russians in Afghanistan. She said, “If the United States gives aid to Zia, it will be making a great mistake. Zia is very shaky. He is criticized in every drawing room and every factory, by every party and by every movement. The right attacks him and the left attacks him. He says he does not represent the Army only but also Islam. But ninety-five per cent of the country is already Muslim. Who is it he’s trying to convert?”

AFTER that visit, I planned to return to the house at 70 Clifton, to speak further with Benazir Bhutto, and to see her mother, Begum Nusrat Bhutto, who had been ill when I called. But a few days later both Bhutto women were arrested, under the provisions of martial law. To check Benazir’s story, I turned to a group of colleagues at *Dawn*, the major English-language newspaper in Karachi. The paper is published under heavy censorship, with Army officers working in the editorial rooms and approving, by signature, every page, every headline before each edition goes to press. The journalists insisted that I not mention their names, and even then they talked reluctantly. They said that General Zia’s base was the Army, and that without Army support he would fall. The Army remained a professional military organization, and the senior officers still cherished many of the traditions taken over from the old Indian Army of the British raj. As professionals, the top generals had little taste for messy political struggle—especially if it involved putting soldiers into the streets to smash the faces of other Pakistani citizens with rifle butts. The tactic of the Bhutto opposition was to organize disturbances that would bring the Army into the streets. The theory was that the senior officers, repelled by clashing with civilians, would force Zia to quit. That was how Ayub Khan was shoved out, in 1969. But the journalists at *Dawn* doubted whether the tactic could work.

For one thing, they said that in Pakistan, as in most other Third World countries, at least some high-ranking soldiers had acquired a taste for politics in the form of baksheesh. Corruption was notorious—in the drug traffic, in the construction business, and in the administration of justice. A particularly noxious form had developed around the movements of workers from Pakistan to the oil states of the Persian Gulf. Thousands of Pakistanis went annually to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the Arab Emirates. Karachi, as the main point of departure, was thriving on the trade. Though much of the traffic was legal, many workers were smuggled abroad without passports or working papers. Port and customs officials participated in the racket, and big payoffs went to the military men in charge of the civil administration under martial law. Almost all the dirty business was kept quiet. But on February 2nd an American naval vessel—the U.S.S. Niagara Falls—came into Karachi Harbor. It brought with it the terrible tale of the motor launch Al-Mairaj. The Al-Mairaj had sailed from Karachi Harbor on January 10th with seventy-three Pakistani passengers, who were being ferried without papers from Pakistan to jobs in Dubai. Several miles out, the engines broke down, and efforts to row to safety failed. A week after the sailing, a passenger died. In the next fortnight, at least forty-seven

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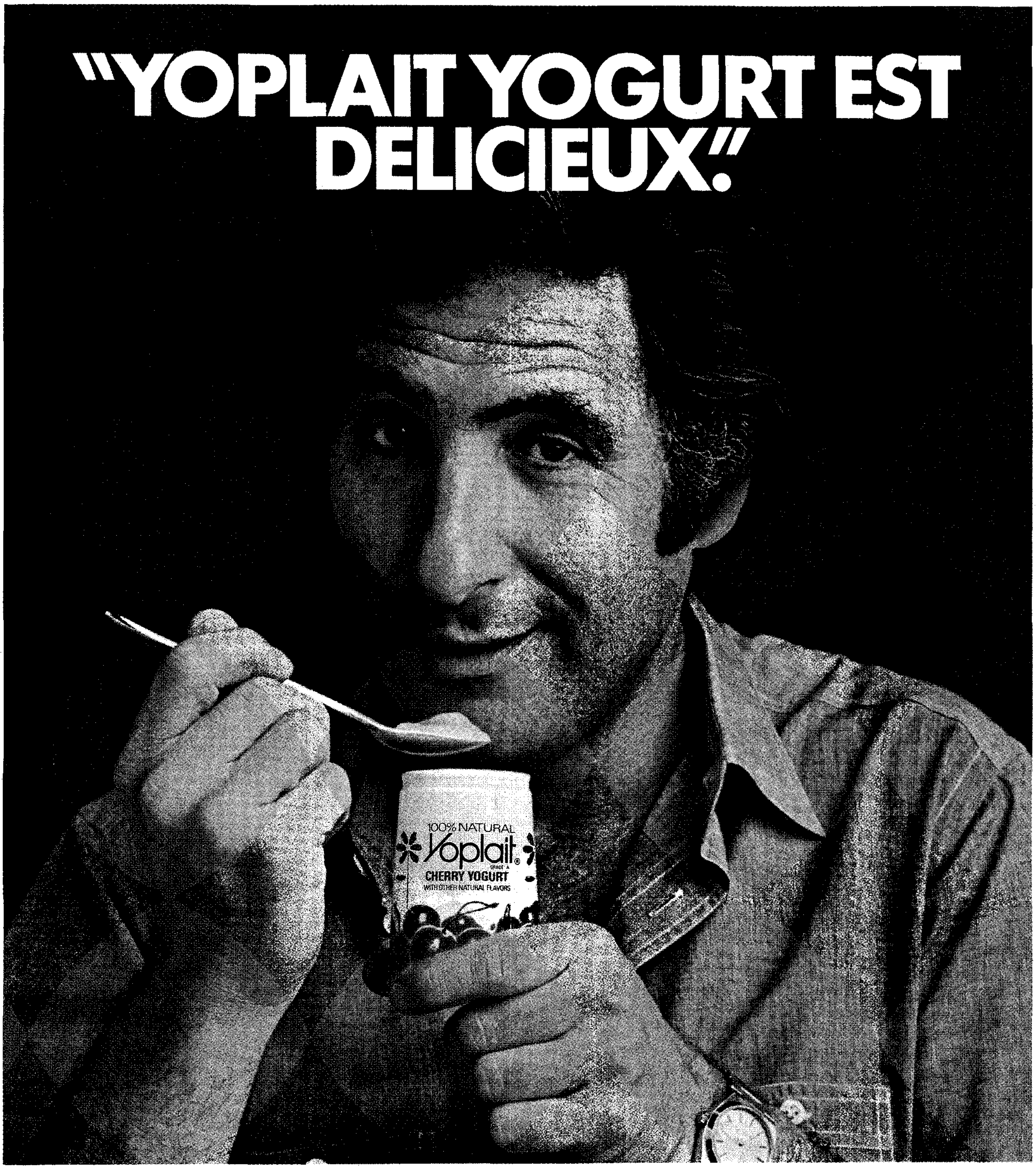
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other passengers perished. On February 1st, when the Niagara Falls sighted the drifting launch and picked up the survivors, virtually everybody on board was nearly unconscious. One crew member had been thrown overboard. The survivors were taken to a hospital, and the news leaked out. But the journalists at *Dawn* were convinced that if it had not been an American ship that rescued them the whole affair would have been hushed up.

APART from the military's growing appetite for the sweets of power, the journalists at *Dawn* cited divisions among former supporters of the Bhutto leadership and problems with the students, especially the students who were aggressively pro-Islam. I made arrangements to see people deemed representative of both groups.

Kamal Azfar, a forty-three-year-old lawyer, is a former Bhutto associate who has become disaffected. Mr. Azfar met me at the Sind Club, a sprawling set of white buildings in the center of Karachi, whose ample grounds and spacious rooms, with rattan furniture and slowly twirling ceiling fans, recalled a dozen other clubs I had visited in former strongholds of British colonialism, from Cairo to Singapore. Mr. Azfar sounded even more British than Benazir Bhutto. He had been to Balliol, and immediately began talking of various contemporaries and dons. I steered the talk back to Pakistan and the struggle against General Zia.

He said, "The political history of Pakistan is a story of arrested development. The original leaders of Pakistan were mainly *mohajir*—migrants who came from India at the time of Partition. They had lived in cities and were almost all professional people. Once here, they teamed up with the civil service and the military to rule the country. But local society in Pakistan is largely rural and feudal. The feudal landlords in Sind and Baluchistan and the North-West Province and the Punjab had been pro-British, and had opposed independence and Partition. Naturally, they were discredited in the early years of the country's existence. But they made a comeback—particularly after the loss of East Pakistan tarnished the reputation of the military. Bhutto was the scion of a feudal family from the Sind. He was, in a sense, our first national leader with deep local roots. He was like Nehru in India and Sukarno in Indonesia and Nasser in Egypt—all people he admired. But the settlers and the soldiers had held office first, and he didn't come to power until more than twenty years after the country was founded. He felt he had to do everything at once. He tried to add to his feudal support the backing of the urban workers, so he designed a socialist program for the P.P.P. But he went much too fast in trying to nationalize everything. I remember Chou En-lai came from China to visit in the early seventies. He told Bhutto he should wait to consolidate his rule before driving out the national bourgeoisie. Bhutto wouldn't listen. By 1975, he was completely dependent on the support of the feudal landlords. By 1977, he had around him only a clique of sycophants. He thought of himself as a Rousseauistic figure, an expression of the 'general will.'

"Probably the P.P.P. would have won the elections that year by a narrow majority, but Bhutto overplayed his hand. He rigged the vote and won a big victory. Too big. Many of his allies among the landlords were beaten. They fought him, and brought the Muslim students into the streets. The Army at first tried to suppress the troublemakers. But when it became messy, Zia, the Army chief of staff, removed Bhutto and put him on trial. Bhutto fought back all the way. He never saw the need to compromise. He went to his death thinking he could force Zia to retreat.

"Now the P.P.P. is a party of revenge. The two Bhutto women seek power in order to settle scores. The leaders of the other parties who joined with them against Zia made a cynical bargain. They supported Zia in the past, and have now allied themselves with the P.P.P. to gain exoneration for the death of Bhutto. But they are not prepared to go all the way against Zia. So it is hard to see how the opposition can stick together. Either it will snowball or it will melt.

"Zia could make it melt. He has many assets. The Army is behind him. He emphasizes Islam to win the support of the Muslim student groups. It also pays off economically. Karachi is doing well on trade with the Persian Gulf states. Already you can see how much better off we are than Calcutta or Cairo. With a strong economic-aid program, we could become the first successful big city in the Third World. But Zia doesn't know how to plan ahead or marshal assets. Three times now, he has said he would hold elections, and three times he has called the elections off. A local joke is that the initials of his main title—Chief Martial Law Administrator—really stand for Cancel My Last Announcement. With the opposition divided and Zia hesitating, there has been an impasse in Pakistani politics ever since April 4, 1979."

MEETING students was tricky, because the University of Karachi had been closed following a violent flare-up between Islamic students and radical students aligned with the Bhuttos in the P.P.P. But journalists at *Dawn* asked several Islamic student leaders to visit me at my hotel. One of them, a twenty-six-year-old doing graduate work in business administration, seemed particularly articulate.

I asked him what had been happening at the university. He said, "Early in February, immediately after the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy was announced, there began a string of incidents at universities all across the country—first in Multan, then in Peshawar, then in Lahore, then in Bahawalpur, then in Karachi. In each case, the issue seemed to be purely local—bus fees, or scholarship money, or the right to celebrate a holiday. But in each case there was a political dimension. Here in Karachi, the trouble began on February 25th, when a group of P.P.P. students tried to burn a jeep carrying some military policemen. Some leaders of the Islamic students stepped in to stop the troublemakers. Most of the P.P.P. group ran away, but one student was held and turned over to the police. Next day, some P.P.P. bullies—not exactly students but people known around the campus as toughs—came to the university in a car. They had signs saying 'Long Live Bhutto.' They drove to a place where a group of Islamic students was meeting. They pulled out guns and blazed away. One student was hit and killed. The killers drove away. But we recognized them. One was Salimullah, known as Tippu. We told the police, and they started a search for him. But they never found him. We next heard of him on March 2nd. Then he appeared under the pseudonym Alamgir, as the head of the gang that hijacked the plane."

I asked the student why he had joined the Islamic movement. He gave what seemed a perfunctory answer about Pakistan's being a Muslim country.

I asked why, if the religious bond was so strong, East Pakistan had split away. He said, "In East Pakistan, education was in the hands of Hindus and leftists and Marxists. All they cared about was their relations with India and Russia. So they sold out Pakistan."

Pushing harder, I asked why the Islamic movement had counted for so little with the previous rulers of Pakistan. He said, "In this country, we have been ruled by a power élite of landlords, businessmen, Army officers, and civil servants. They were all educated in special schools: Karachi Grammar School here; St. Mary's Academy, in Rawalpindi; Burn Hall, at Abbottabad, near Peshawar; and Aitchison College, in Lahore. Then they went to one of the English or American universities. We are the children of middle-class people. We can't afford those schools, so we don't get the privileged positions. But we will break the monopoly."

I asked if he thought that Bhutto fitted into the privileged category. "Of course," he replied. "He went to the University of California and Oxford. His father had seven thousand acres in the Sind. Of course."

I asked about Zia. He said, "Zia is much closer to the ordinary people of Pakistan than past leaders. He is much less British. He himself believes in Islam, and he has applied certain Islamic principles to government. There is the *zakat* tax, for the benefit of the poor, and the punishment of wrongdoing according to religious law. But it is just cosmetic, a piece of decoration. The *zakat* is hardly enforced, and neither is corporal punishment—everybody escapes it by bribery. The Zia government is the weakest government in the last thirty years. The situation cannot last. It is already breaking down. It is supposed to be a law-and-order government, but everybody knows that kidnapping and murders and beatings are on the rise."

I asked him if he really believed in whipping and mutilation and other forms of corporal punishment that were now theoretically, if not actually, applicable under the Islamic legal code in Pakistan. He said, "Islamic punishment is the only way to stop theft, robbery, murder, and rape. The rules prescribed by Western civilization don't work. I have heard that in America a car is stolen every eleven seconds, and a murder is committed every twenty-four minutes. That's because you have no punishment. Wrongdoers just become psychological cases. God created man, and God was fully aware of man's weaknesses. So only God can punish man. History shows that when the tenets of Islam are truly applied, then man does not indulge himself in his weaknesses."

I pointed out that several Islamic parties had joined with the Bhutto women to form the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy, and asked what he thought of that. He said, "Originally, the Islamic parties broke with Bhutto and supported Zia. Zia kept them in the government while he went about the trial of Bhutto. But after the execution he didn't need them as cover. So he pushed them out. Now the Islamic parties hope that by joining with the Bhuttos they can push Zia out and come back to power. But it won't work. They have no real leaders. They are not in touch with the masses. Tell me, do you think Benazir Bhutto is in touch with the masses?"

I asked him what hope he thought there was. He said, "Our hope is in Afghanistan. The freedom fighters there are true believers in Islam. If they win back Afghanistan, if they whip the Soviet Union, it will be the making of Islamic rule in this part of the world."

I interrupted to ask whether he found it credible that a group of guerrilla fighters could beat a superpower. "Why not?" he replied. "They did it in Vietnam."

FOR a closer look at the impact of Afghanistan on Pakistan, I went up from Karachi, through Islamabad, to Peshawar. En route by plane and car, I was able to fix the geography firmly in mind. Present-day Pakistan is a rectangular wedge that slants southwest from the high mountains of the Hindu Kush to the patch of blue water linking the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean which is known as the Arabian Sea. To the east lies India; to the west are Afghanistan and Iran. The four provinces of Pakistan are four corners of the rectangle: the Punjab in the northeast and Sind in the southeast; the Fron-

"O.K., if you won't drink to Spielberg and Lucas, how about drinking to Cheech and Chong?"

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tier Province in the northwest and Baluchistan in the southwest. Karachi, the great southern port, is in Sind and close to Baluchistan, on the Arabian Sea. Islamabad, the capital built by Ayub Khan in the nineteen-sixties, lies where the mountains begin to rise, close to the border between the Punjab and the Frontier Province. The main road from Islamabad runs southeast to Lahore and on to India. It runs northwest through the Khyber Pass and on to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. A hundred miles beyond Islamabad and nine miles short of the Khyber Pass lies Peshawar, which is the capital of the Frontier Province and a center for Afghan refugees and resistance fighters.

Peshawar fits the Hollywood stereotype of a frontier town. Its dominant feature is the Balahisar Fort, a huge emplacement of battlements and ramparts, which was originally built in the sixteenth century by the first Mogul emperor, Baber. Next in importance comes a military cantonment, with barracks and parade grounds, left behind by the British. Then there is the Quissa Khawani (Street of the Storytellers) Bazaar, with shops selling leatherware, rugs, pottery, and all kinds of guns. Women are seldom seen, and most of the men trudging down the dusty streets wear gun belts (with pistols) and bandoliers (with bullets) over their *shalwar-kamiz*, as the traditional dress of baggy trousers and a long, loose shirt is called. On the avenues, there are administrative buildings, banks, and a few foreign consulates. My first call was at a Western consulate.

I asked the consul to assess the situation in Afghanistan and among the freedom fighters and refugees who had come to Pakistan. He said, "Afghanistan was the classic buffer state for a couple of hundred years. The Russians kept pushing south toward the Persian Gulf and India. The British and then the Pakistanis kept trying to build barriers. There was a constant ebb and flow of influence within Afghanistan. The royal family there repeatedly negotiated treaties with the Russians. They let the tribes wander back and forth across the border with Pakistan. But the tides of influence never flowed much beyond the border. About ten years ago, the shifting balance was badly tilted. The Afghan monarchy was overthrown by a royal brother-in-law and former premier, Mohammad Daud Khan. The Shah of Iran began pressing Daud to move from pro-Russian neutrality to an anti-Soviet position. Bhutto began arming Islamic leaders against Daud. Bhutto's theory was that, under pressure, Daud would make the tribes stay on their side of the border. The tactic nearly worked. But when Daud started to crack down on the local Communists they unseated him, in the coup of April, 1978. That brought to power a veteran Communist with close Moscow ties—Mohammad Taraki. Taraki tried to broaden the regime by an appeal to the Islamic movement, and he seems to have had support from Russia. But Taraki was challenged by a younger, more doctrinaire Communist, Hafizullah Amin. In a shootout in September, 1979, Taraki was killed, and Amin took over. Amin's tough line alienated Afghans, and eventually Moscow soured on him. In December, 1979, the Russians rolled in with tanks, killed Amin, and replaced him with Babrak Karmal. They probably thought of Karmal as more moderate than Amin. But, of course, their invasion converted a low-level civil war into a larger conflict. Much of Afghanistan and a good part of the world turned against Babrak. He probably couldn't last a day if the Russians pulled out now.

"The resistance in Afghanistan is hard to describe. It has a generally Islamic ambience, but it is not a truly national resistance. It is more a series of local uprisings led by disjointed tribal groups. We have had reports of anti-Soviet actions in twenty-three of the twenty-nine provinces. The resistance seems particularly strong in Kandahar, in the southern part of the country; in the north, along the Soviet border; and around Herat, in the northwest corner. Many Afghan Army units have deserted, and in some cases Russian soldiers seem to be selling supplies, ammunition, and weapons to the freedom fighters. The Russians have not gone all out to suppress the trouble. They control the airbases, the big towns, and the strategic lines of communication. They sometimes send out patrols, and they sometimes send helicopter gunships and planes and artillery against particularly troublesome strongholds. But I think that militarily they have a pretty cheap operation. They're not wasting their efforts trying to hold the whole country.

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"About a million and a half Afghans—maybe more—have crossed the border into Pakistan. Most of them come from nearby areas, and many are tribespeople who used to wander back and forth across the frontier. Some have joined the various resistance groups here in town. There are six of these groups. The biggest is the Hezb-i-Islam, or Islamic Party, led by Gulbuddin Hekmatyar. While Hekmatyar was still a student, in the early nineteen-seventies, he joined the Militant Muslim Youth. He got into some kind of trouble, fled here, and launched an Islamic movement against the monarchy, and then against Daud. He was picked up by Bhutto, who financed his operations. For a while, he was a fairly lonely figure. Now he has a strong following among the refugees. But I don't know about his connections with the tribesmen in the interior, and he doesn't want to do business with the West. As for the other five groups, their leaders have gone together to Cairo. They would like to have American support. They need many things, but chiefly ground-to-air missiles. It would make sense to give them the weapons. They probably can't muster enough force to defeat the Russians, but they can give the Russians a very bloody nose. They're going to fight anyway, so nobody has to worry about letting them down if there is a settlement with the Russians. The big problem in getting them weapons is Pakistan. The Pakistanis provide the only good communications link to the rebels, but they're afraid of the Russians. They want to be sure they get a strong commitment of United States support."

I WENT from the consul's office to the headquarters of the man he had named as the chief resistance leader, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar. The headquarters of the Hezb-i-Islam is a two-room whitewashed bungalow on an unpaved street in a dismal part of downtown Peshawar. Heavily armed men guarded the street and lined the walls of the first room, which was unfurnished except for some benches. The second room was unfurnished except for a desk, a globe, and a single light bulb suspended by a cord from the ceiling. Hekmatyar, a stocky figure with a black beard, sat alone behind the desk. He had a gray Afghan hat on his head and wore an American combat jacket over the usual baggy trousers. He told me that he was thirty-four years old and had started his activities as an Islamic revolutionary thirteen years ago, when he was a student in Kabul. He acknowledged that he had been trained and financed by Bhutto, and that when the fighting against the Russians began he was almost alone. Since then, thousands of Afghans had rallied to the cause. He said he controlled "about seventy per cent of the anti-Soviet activity in Afghanistan."

I asked him why the resistance movement had so many different factions. He said that the different groups came from different parts of Afghanistan, and that, in addition, Pakistan fostered a multitude of resistance groups. He said, "The Pakistanis try to set one against another, in order to control us."

I asked him if there was a need for weapons from the outside world, and mentioned particularly ground-to-air missiles from the United States. He said, "We can fight with our own resources. We don't need much in the way of anti-aircraft or anti-tank weapons. We can assure our own revolution by our own means. We do not want to lose the sympathy of the Iranian revolutionaries. We do not want to lose the sympathy of the entire Muslim world. We do not want Afghanistan to become a pawn in the clash of the superpowers."

I asked him how he thought a settlement could be achieved. He said, "The Russian idea is to have the Iranians and the Pakistanis talk with representatives of the Babrak Karmal government. That way, Babrak will be vindicated and the Soviet invasion made legitimate. That is not our idea. Our idea is that *we* should talk with representatives of the Afghan government. Between us, we should arrange a ceasefire. Otherwise, we will keep on shooting."

Other resistance leaders, I was told by a Pakistani information official who

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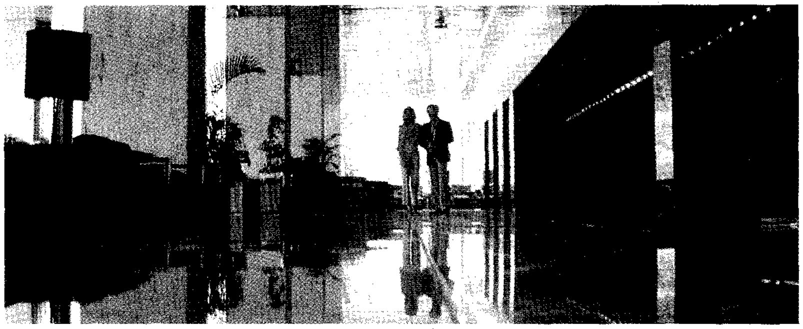

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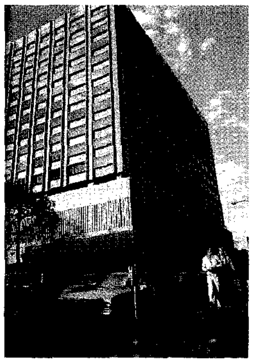

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accompanied me around Peshawar, could be found at a center established by Dr. Amanullah Rassoul. We went to the center, a large, airy wooden bungalow in a modern suburb. There was a meeting going on inside, but Dr. Rassoul, a gray-haired man in his sixties, wearing a coat, trousers, and sandals, agreed to talk to me outside. He ordered Cokes for us and handed me an English-language card that identified him as president of an organization called Afghan Refugees Humanitarian Islamic Unity. He was a high official in the Afghan government and had come to Pakistan in 1979. Now he was trying to achieve unity among the different resistance groups. He identified Hekmatyar and five other leaders: Sebratullah Majadidi, of the National Liberation Front; Sayyid Gailani, of the National Front for the Islamic Revolution; Burhanuddin Rabani, of the Islamic Society of Afghanistan; Maulvi Mohammed Nabi, of the Islamic Revolutionary Movement; and Younus Khalis, who had split with Hekmatyar and also called his organization the Islamic Party. Dr. Rassoul said that the differences among the groups were regional and tribal, and were very bitter. At the time of the Russian invasion, there had been a battle in Afghanistan between guerrilla fighters loyal to Hekmatyar and those aligned with Rabani. He said that exile groups contended hotly for Afghan Army units that deserted. "The fighting is so intense that the tribal groups don't want to have anything to do with the exile organizations," he said. "I try to create unity. I want to set up a national council, or a common front. But I get nowhere. The people on the inside refuse to align themselves with the groups on the outside."

I asked how the fighting was going. He said, "The resistance is very strong. Only about ten per cent of the people are with the Russians and Babrak Karmal. Ninety per cent are in the resistance. They're not afraid of anything, except the helicopter gunships. If they had anti-aircraft weapons, it would help."

I asked him what would happen if the resistance fighters won in Afghanistan. He looked at me as though I were crazy. Then he said, "It would be chaotic."

LIEUTENANT GENERAL FAZLE HAQ, a Pakistani officer, who now governs the North-West Frontier Province, was next on my list. He received

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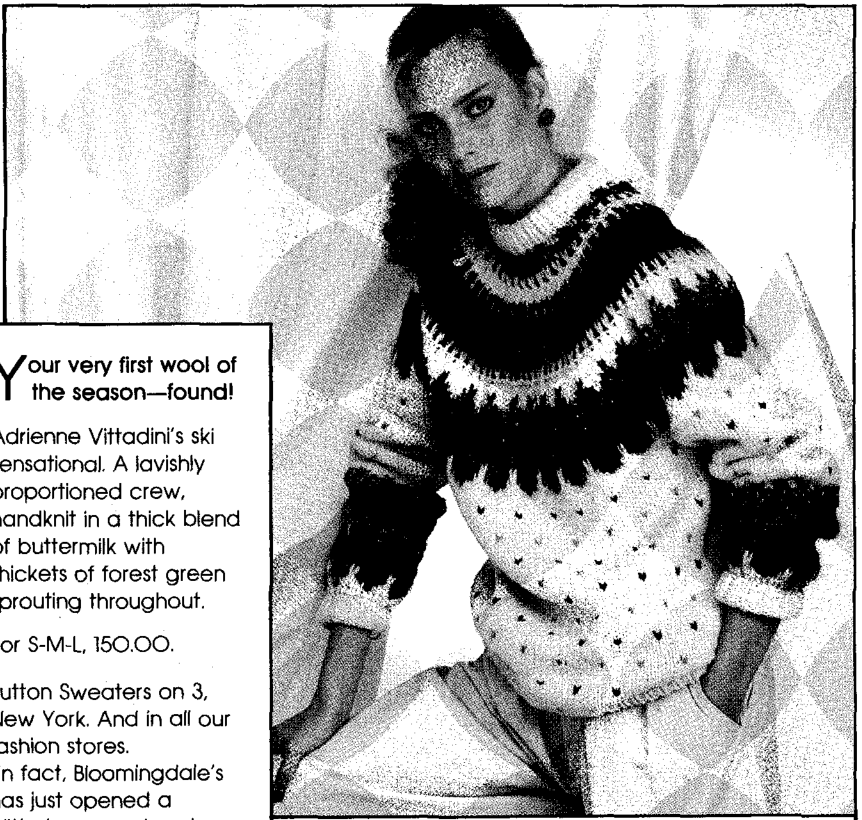

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me in his residence, a rambling white wooden palace with well-planted grounds, which had a carefully swept gravel drive leading to a handsome carriageway at the entrance to the house. We sat in leather chairs in a room festooned with hunting trophies. General Haq, a solidly built man with a ruddy face and a pukka British accent, filled a pipe and then turned to me. "I'm a soldier," he said. "I don't speak in diplomatic language."

Since I had been told he was a military man who might possibly take Zia's place, I started by asking him about the role of the Army in running the country. When, I wanted to know, would the military go back to their barracks?

He said, "I would like the Army to withdraw—the sooner the better. But the timing has to be right. We must withdraw when it is honorable and peaceful, and without bloodshed. But believe you me, if we were to withdraw now there would be plenty of trouble. The rightists are religious fanatics. The leftists are on the verge of terrorism."

I was a bit incredulous, and asked him to explain this highly political remark. He spoke, as so many others had, of Bhutto: "I was one of the first people Bhutto came to know in the Army. We had lots of fun together. But his entire philosophy was one of fostering hatreds. He hurled the tenants at the landlords, the workers at the bosses, the police against the Army, his political pals against the civil service, the students against the teachers. He held elections without any purpose except dividing and winning. Bhutto wrecked the discipline of this nation."

I asked him about the security problems arising out of the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan and the growth of resistance there and along the border. He said, "Our western frontier with Afghanistan is twelve hundred miles long. Most of the borderlands are remote tribal areas. You often don't know which side of the border you're on. Many tribes straddle the border and move back and forth. But ninety per cent of the tribesmen are with us and against the Russians. The main reason is religious. Religion is thriving here in Pakistan. In Russia, they have atheism. But the Russians know that Pakistan has a hand in helping the resistance, so they put pressure on us. They have constant overflights. They have launched one or two attacks. They have tried to get India to

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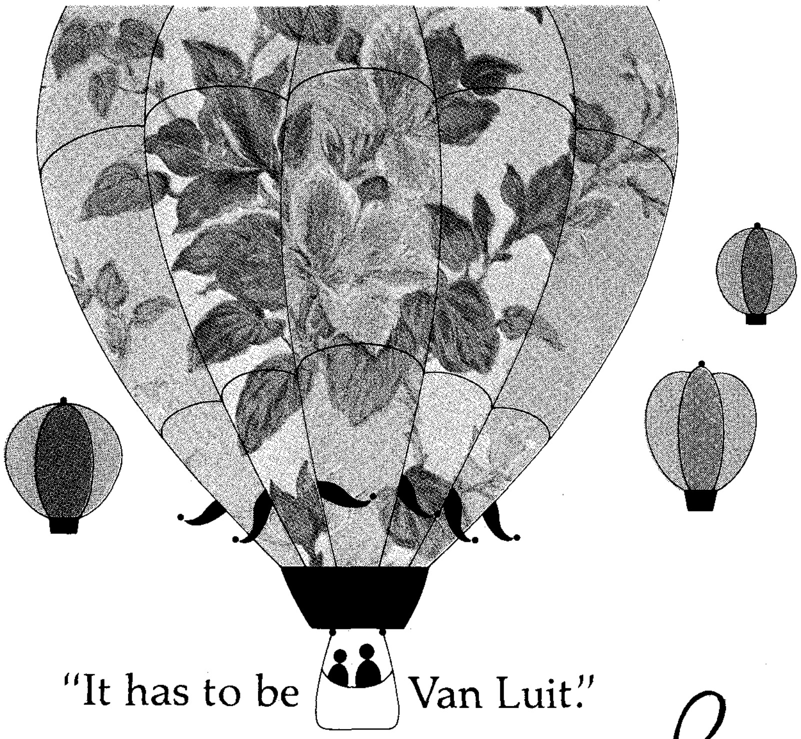

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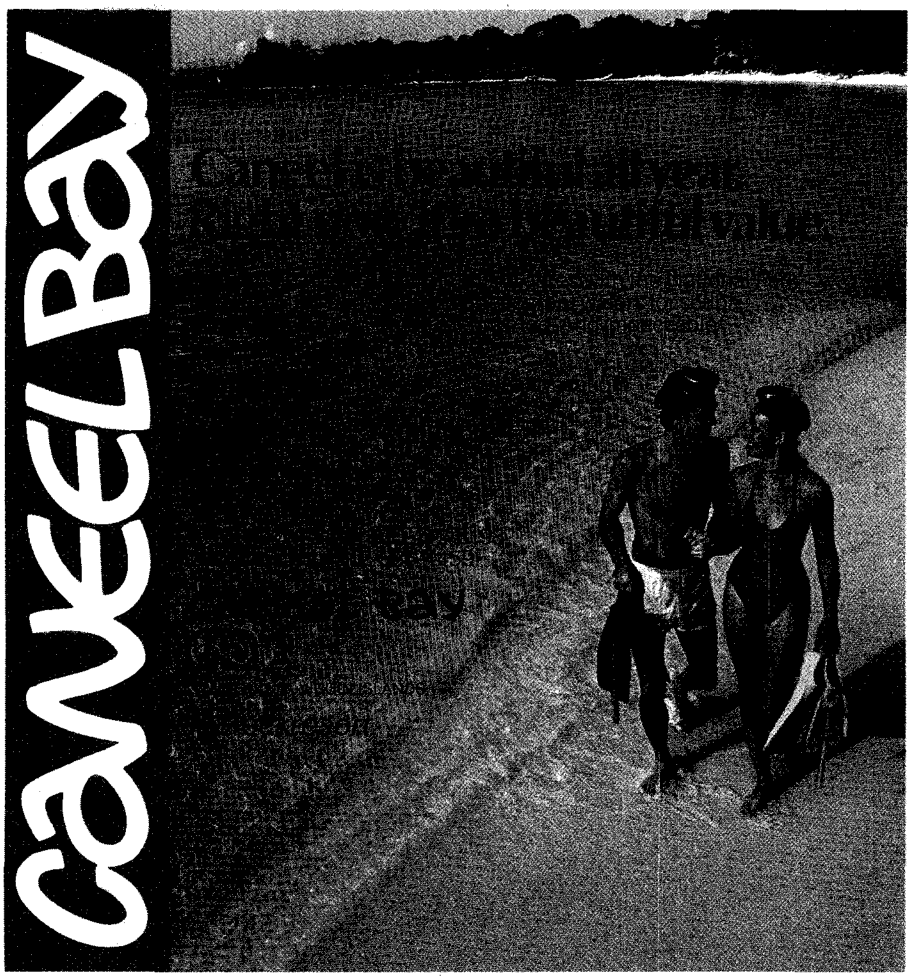
act as their proxy, to create disturbances on the eastern frontier."

I asked him whether the United States could help. He said, "The resistance in Afghanistan is strong. Every Afghan family is a castle of resistance. One out of every ten people is in active resistance. The counterinsurgency is losing. But we need your moral support. We need your intelligence services. You should help. You have a basic strategic choice here. The Moscow-New Delhi axis is growing thicker and thicker. China is hostile to Russia and close to us. We are a frontline state against the Russians. Fifty hostages brought you to your knees in Iran. But we are not going to give way. Here, for once, you would be betting on the right horse."

I went back to the consulate for a drink and more conversation. I asked the consul how the Frontier Province, with a population of about twelve million, was able to support more than a million refugees. He said that, while there were contributions from international agencies and from the Pakistan government, the refugees mainly supported themselves. They were lodged in camps outside town. They were tribal people used to living in tents, with their own livestock. Doctors and a medical unit had come from Saudi Arabia. Many of the local residents of the Frontier Province were going to Saudi Arabia and other Persian Gulf states for jobs. The money they sent back had already driven up the price of housing and real estate.

At that point in our discussion, the consul was called away to the phone by his wife. He came back to announce that two sons of a nearby rich landowner, the Nawab of Tonk, were coming over. The consul's wife groaned. She said she hoped they were not coming to get drunk. The consul explained to me that the Islamic laws enforced by the Zia regime made hard liquor unavailable to Pakistanis, and had increased his popularity with some of the locals. But before extending his invitation, he said, he had extracted a promise that there be no drinking. When the two men showed up, they asked for tonic water. I asked them about contacts between the Frontier Province and the Gulf states. They began telling stories about visits paid to their father, the Nawab, by royalty from the Persian Gulf states. The visiting royals were interested in buying hawks and falcons. The Nawab trained birds for them. The prices were going sky-high. One hawk commanded more



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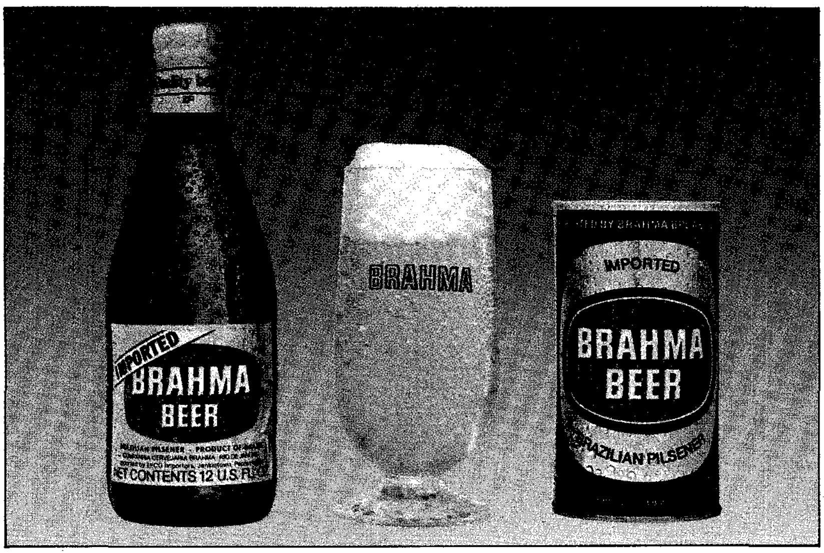

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than twenty thousand dollars. When I rose to go, the two brothers offered to drive me to my hotel. We went out to a Jeep. The battery was dead, and we had to push it. As we drove to the hotel, one of the brothers explained, "The price of gasoline is over two and a half dollars a gallon. To save money, we took out the Jeep engine and put in a Volkswagen engine. It works well. Only sometimes it doesn't."

THE next day, I drove to Islamabad. Like Brasília—and, to some extent, Washington—the capital of Pakistan bears many telltale signs of an artificially created town. It has broad streets, square blocks, modern buildings by such architects as Doxiadis, Ponti, and Edward Durrell Stone, and functionally separated sections—one section for government buildings, another for embassies, a third for government housing, and several shopping centers. Abundant parks and other bits of greenery assure roominess: Islamabad, with a population of a hundred and ten thousand, spreads out over an area of three hundred and fifty-one square miles, whereas Rawalpindi, an ancient city adjoining it, has a population of more than a million in an area of fifty-five square miles. By Asian standards, pedestrians are few in Islamabad, and automobiles plentiful. There is an absence of the usual smells and sounds. The capital seems detached from the pulsing life of the country.

In that atmosphere, I reflected on recent dealings between the United States and Pakistan. Back in 1959, the United States and Pakistan had concluded a security agreement that Washington saw as directed against Communist aggression, but Pakistan tried to use it as a lever against India. The United States had tried to stop the spread of nuclear weapons, but Pakistan had tried, secretly, to develop some kind of military nuclear capacity. After the invasion of Afghanistan, the United States had offered military and economic assistance to Pakistan, but Pakistan had rebuffed the offer as, in the famous word of General Zia, "peanuts." A more generous offer had been made by the Reagan Administration, but Pakistan certainly hadn't rushed, bands blaring, to pick it up.

During the next few days in Islamabad, I asked questions on all these points in talks with various officials. Economics came first. Ejaz Naik, a spare, soft-spoken, carefully dressed civil servant of middle age and medium height, presented a picture widely at variance with the prevailing impression that because of the great rise in oil prices Pakistan and the other countries of the subcontinent have become economic basket cases, dependent on handouts from the United States and other advanced countries. He thought that Pakistan had a promising economic future, and strongly implied that Pakistan had been slow to pick up the American offer of military aid because it sought more economic assistance. He said, "The Pakistani economy, despite a large rise in the oil bill, has been a beneficiary of the surge of wealth in the oil states of the Persian Gulf. Several hundred thousand Pakistani workers have been recruited for jobs in the oil states. Their remittances amount to close to two billion dollars a year, officially, and are probably much higher in fact. They constitute a major source of national income. With that amount of foreign exchange assured, the country will be able to draw down a billion seven hundred million dollars from the International Monetary Fund. A big World Bank loan is in the works. The government has used the money already borrowed to increase prices paid to farmers for food and to make more seeds and fertilizer available. With good weather, agriculture has boomed. Output has grown annually since 1977 by around five per cent, as against around two per cent in the Bhutto years. The country is, after the United States and Thailand, the third-largest exporter of rice in the world. It is practically self-sufficient in grain. Freeing up some of the industries nationalized by Bhutto has also paid off. Industrial growth was up by twenty per cent in 1980. The dark spot is population growth, which is running at close to three per cent, or two million four hundred thousand births per year. The government has found it impossible to stay abreast of the growing demand for basic services. Only about a quarter of the population is literate. Still, if certain conditions are met, Pakistan has a much better future than most other Third World countries. One of the conditions is finding more oil, to become self-sufficient in energy. The other condition is distributing money to two groups—one, to young people, who are now getting out of school by the million and not finding jobs, and, two, to the remote villages, especially in the poorer parts of the poorest provinces, rural Sind and Baluchi-

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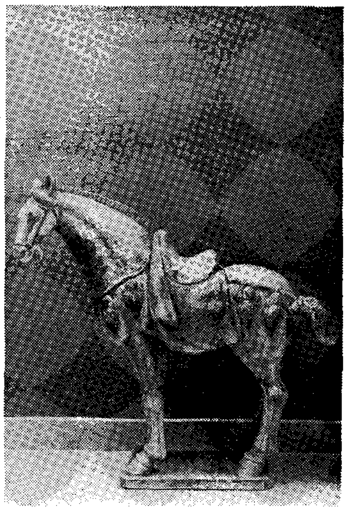

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stan. The United States could help both with oil exploration and with aid.”

I asked him about the dangers of provincial separatism—particularly in distant Baluchistan. He said, “When East Pakistan was part of the country, the four provinces of West Pakistan held together as a counterweight. After East Pakistan seceded, that cement was diluted. The Punjab is so much the most populous and wealthiest of the provinces, and so much the most powerful in the government and the Army, that there is bound to be ill feeling. In Baluchistan, there was a revolt between 1973 and 1977, which Bhutto put down by force. I think that's one of the reasons the Baluchi have not joined the P.P.P. in opposition. But the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has given the provinces a reason to hang together. In the long run, we might equalize matters by splitting the Punjab into several smaller provinces. Meanwhile, we're directing economic assistance to Baluchistan. We have a major gas project there now.”

I asked him about the impact of Islamization on economic policy. He said it was something done “on the margin of the old system.” The government did collect its charitable tax, the *zakat*, and this money went to local committees for distribution to the needy. Agriculture, in which most people worked, was not subject to the religious tax. Neither was nationalized industry what he called “*zakat*able.”

I asked him why, since it amounted to so little, there had been any Islamization of the economy at all. He said, “Basically, it's a reaction to Bhutto—anti-socialist. When Margaret Thatcher goes far to the right, she gets Michael Foot as an opponent. It's like that.”

An equally detached assessment of Pakistan's security outlook—an assessment that virtually left out the United States—was outlined to me by the Foreign Minister, Agha Shahi. Mr. Shahi spent years at the United Nations, and is sometimes mentioned as a possible successor to Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. He has been prominent in expanding Pakistan's ties with the countries of the Islamic bloc and the Third World in a neutral balance between the Great Powers. He has pushed Pakistan forward as a potential mediator in Afghanistan and in the war between Iran and Iraq. When I saw him, he had just returned from Saudi Arabia, after a trip to Teheran and Baghdad. He received me at his home, wearing khaki trousers and a turtleneck sweater.

I mentioned my talk with General Fazle Haq, and cited his view that the United States should help Pakistan deal with the Soviet threat from Afghanistan. The Foreign Minister said, “The military threat on our western border can easily be contained. We believe that Russia will not directly attack Pakistan, with its eighty million people. The Russians are too tied up in Afghanistan for that. They have not yet consolidated their hold there. What the Russians would like now is co-management of the area with the United States—a Yalta for the Persian Gulf.”

I asked about Pakistan's relations with the United States and the possibilities of a renewal of a coöperative military relationship. He said, “The United States lacks a coherent policy. For example, the United States underwrites Israel, and the Soviet Union has used American support of Israel to become very powerful in Syria. Now it is impossible to achieve a peaceful solution between Israel and the Arab states. You have created a very dangerous situation in the Middle East. We seek to avoid that in the Persian Gulf.”

I asked how. He said, “Through the Islamic connection. It has many useful features. It provides us with gainful employment throughout the Middle East. It brings private investment to Pakistan. In return, we play a security role. We have military missions in more than twenty countries. Our soldiers in Saudi Arabia train their soldiers. We are not a Praetorian Guard, but we provide psychological help. If there were a threat to destabilize Saudi Arabia from South Yemen or North Yemen, our presence would help quell that threat. We are also working to mediate between Iran and Iraq. We are leading the efforts to achieve a political settlement that would get Russia out of Afghanistan. So Pakistan is important to everybody in the region. We are all united in maintaining a nonaligned position. That is why we in Pakistan have moved away from the policy of military association with the United States. Now that we are on the point of economic takeoff, Pakistan has be-

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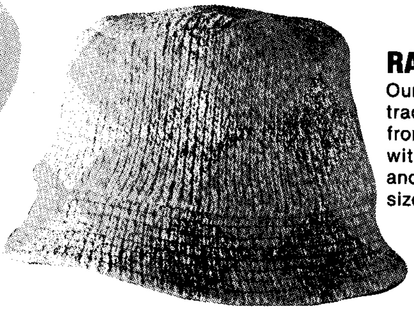

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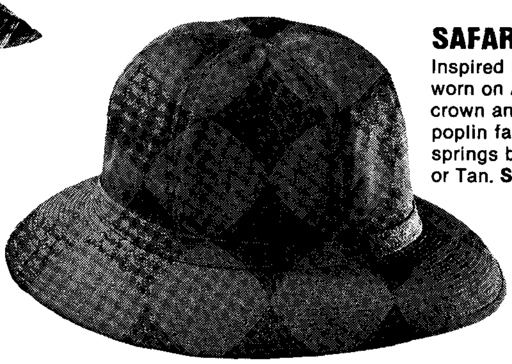

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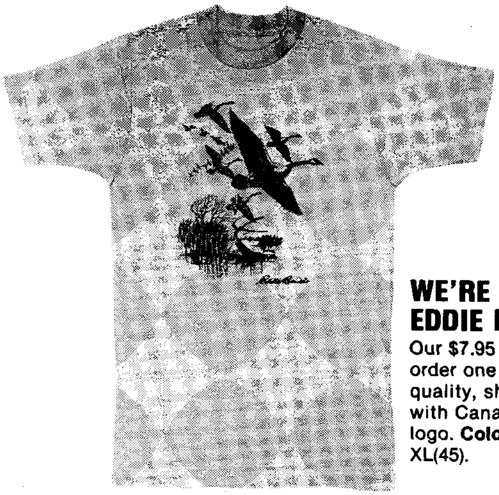

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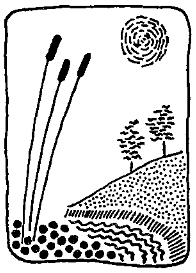
I asked him if he discerned any threat to Pakistani security. He said, "We believe the threat comes from the east—from India. The Russians want to make India the overlord of this region. Mrs. Gandhi is opportunistic. She won't sit down and talk with us. She is exploiting her technological advantages. She is going to make India a nuclear power. That is very dangerous for Pakistan."

A more detailed exposition, in a somewhat different vein, came from a military planner with the rank of brigadier, who asked that I not give his name. He pointed out that a number of basic strategic factors worked to Russia's advantage against the United States in the Persian Gulf area. He said, "The Soviets are close. You are far away. Whatever you say you are going to do, they can do better. Everybody knows that. So whatever signals you give have to be given with care. Also, you are a sea power—a whale. They are a land power—an elephant. How can the whale leave the sea to fight the elephant on land?"

He adverted to the 1959 security agreement, whereby the United States committed itself to the defense of Pakistan. He said that there had been an ambiguous understanding of that accord from the very beginning, and that one indication was a story he had heard about an exchange between President Eisenhower and Ayub Khan. According to the story, President Eisenhower asked Ayub Khan, "Can you guarantee that you won't attack India?" Ayub Khan supposedly replied, "Can you guarantee that you won't ask me to attack India?"



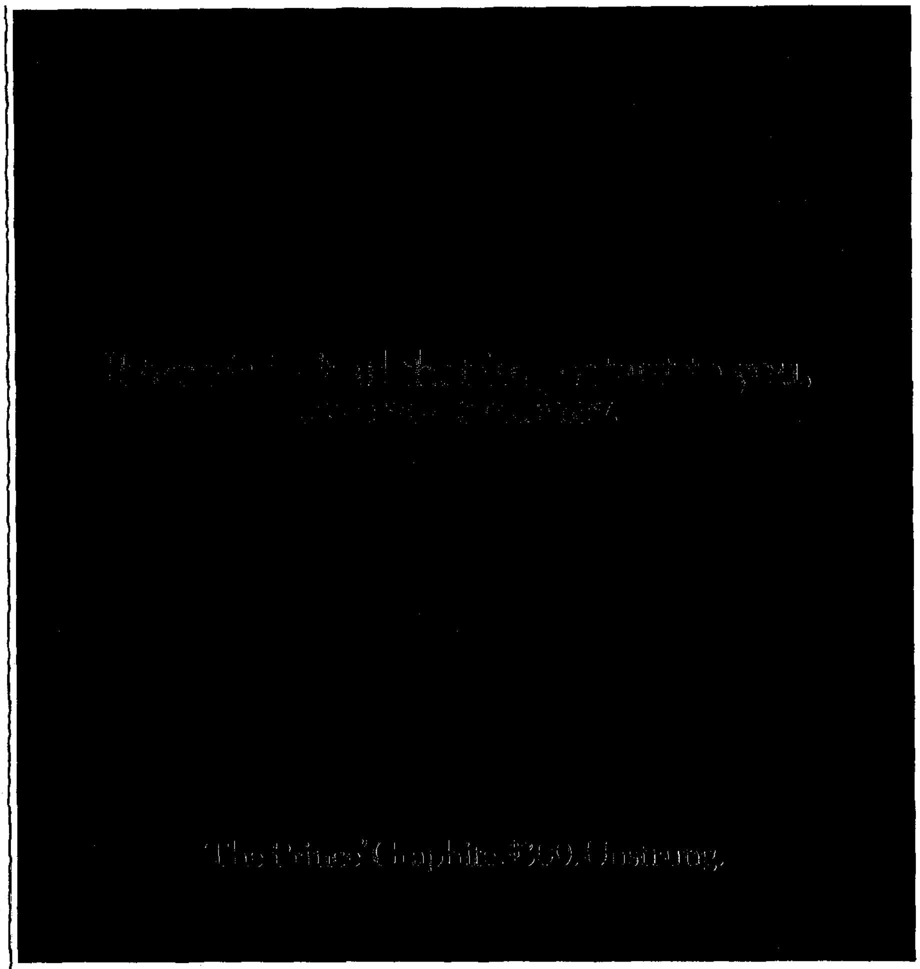
"Bitter experience taught Pakistan that the United States would not apply the accord to aggression by India," the brigadier continued. "In 1965, during the war between India and Pakistan, the United States dealt Pakistan a terrible blow by refusing to supply us with spare parts. In 1971, when India attacked East Pakistan, Nixon and Kissinger sent the carrier Enterprise to the Bay of Bengal. That didn't mean anything. Still, there was a storm of protest in Washington. So we drew the logical conclusion. Bhutto gave up East Pakistan and signed an agreement with Mrs. Gandhi at Simla. We knew that India was becoming a nuclear power, so Bhutto developed a nuclear program for Pakistan. He said later, 'There is a Christian bomb in the U.S., a Jewish bomb in Israel, a Hindu bomb in India—why not a Muslim bomb in Pakistan?' Everybody here supports that program. Nobody can be against it. It does not envisage building a weapon. It does not mean coöperation with Qaddafi or the P.L.O. But in April, 1979, the United States cancelled all economic aid, because of our nuclear program. Less than a year later, the United States asked us to enter into a military relationship to protect Afghanistan. That is moving just too fast. That is like coming to Pakistan and not even waiting until the jet lag is over before leaving. You should realize that the tension between us was a long time developing. It will take a long time to be dissipated."

For a political appraisal, I turned to a Western diplomat with extensive experience in India and Bangladesh as well as in Pakistan. He said, "This country is on a knife edge. It could turn decisively toward the Islamic world and a neutralist position. Economics pushes it that way—the connection with the Persian Gulf countries is a money-maker. So does religion—there is an Islamic bond. So does party politics—by emphasizing the nonaligned stance and the connection with the Gulf, Zia blunts the attacks from the P.P.P. and the Islamic parties. But there's a risk. How many divisions does Islam have? Not many. The Russians can press down from Afghanistan or make trouble in the provinces. The Indians can nibble away on the eastern front. So a Pakistan that depends entirely on the Islamic connection is a vulnerable Pakistan. Moreover, the P.P.P. and the Islamic parties stay alive. Eventually, maybe in a year or two, Zia runs out of strength. They take over.

"Another way is for Zia to move toward strength now. To do that, he legitimates himself as President in an early election. In the process, he beats the P.P.P. He beats the P.P.P. because, while it has broad popular strength, it has no viable candidate—nobody who can replace Bhutto. He also beats the Islamic parties. He beats the Islamic parties because all they have is knots of dedicated followers—strength in the streets. What they really want to do is beat down Pakistanis who are connected with the West. That's not very popular. Neither is the Draconian punishment, or the laws against drink and gambling, or the tax program.

"Once Zia is a legitimate President, he can move to strengthen the country. He can easily arrange for security ties with the United States and other Western nations. He has the support of China. The hard trick is to neutralize India. What he has to do is to meet with Mrs. Gandhi and persuade her that Pakistan has no ambitions to take on India again, no security problems with India—only a shared interest in protecting the subcontinent. Zia has to convince Mrs. Gandhi that Pakistan is to India what Afghanistan used to be to Pakistan. I think this country is ready for that. I know the Army is. But I'm not sure Mrs. Gandhi is ready. I don't know about Zia. It's up to him."

I WENT to see Zia a couple of days later. A new Presidential home, designed by Edward Durrell Stone, is under construction in Islamabad, and Zia normally lives and works at the old Prime Minister's office, now called the Chief Martial Law Administrator's Secretariat. But the Finnish Ambassador to Pakistan and Iran was presenting his credentials that day, and for the occasion Zia used the old Presidency, an elaborate country house on the outskirts of Rawalpindi. As I drove in, the state coach, pulled by horses and bearing the Finnish Ambassador, rolled out. I walked up steps covered by a red carpet, and through a doorway guarded by two strapping soldiers wearing turbans, red coats with brass buttons and crossed white bandoliers, white jodhpurs, and gleaming boots. Officers wearing white gloves and with swords clanging by their sides led me through a series of state rooms, each well carpeted and with abundant decoration on the walls, but with almost no furniture. I was deposited by a couch in one of the rooms and left to fiddle with a tape recorder I had brought along. After a short wait, there was a stir, and one of the officers motioned to me to stand up. Zia appeared. He is short—about five feet six, I should say. He spoke in an accent that seemed to be more colonial than pukka sahib, and he often flashed a smile, showing white teeth marked by a gap, which has earned him the nickname Terry-Thomas. He said that he would have



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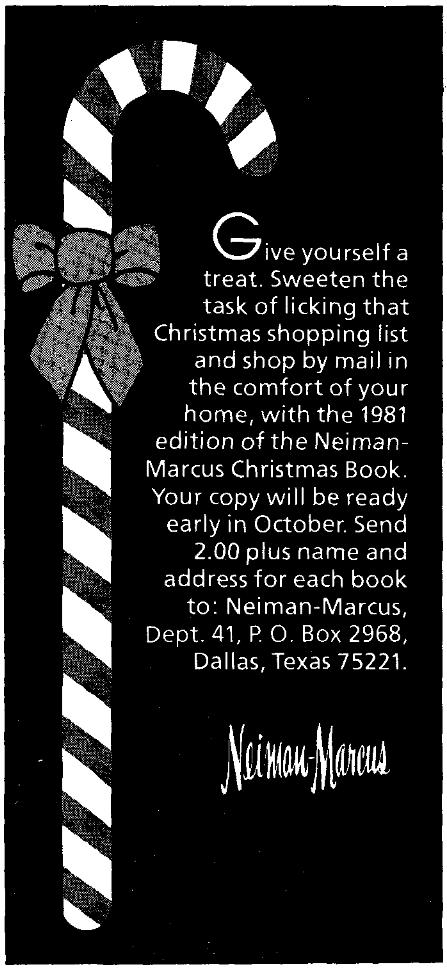

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to interrupt our interview for prayers, but they would not take more than "five to seven minutes." He begged my indulgence. After that, he asked for my questions.

The interview lasted more than an hour, and I had a chance to raise a lot of touchy issues. The President made comments in a tone that was striking for its modesty and candor. But I found myself repeatedly being led into deep woods, always being taken up one side of a hill and down the other.

I started with the issue of Afghanistan, and asked Zia if he believed that the Afghan resistance needed help from the outside. He replied that that depended on "who is in charge there."

I asked him if anybody was in charge. He said, "There are half a dozen, and they're divided." Then he laughed.

I asked him to describe the state of play of the various moves toward a political settlement in Afghanistan. He said there had been efforts through the United Nations, through the Islamic countries, and by the initiative of the Soviet Union.

I asked him if any were serious. He said they were all "dormant." He laughed once more.

I asked him if it was helpful to the Afghan resistance fighters for Pakistan to be negotiating for a settlement. He said that Vietnam had been able to fight on successfully for several years while negotiating.

I pointed out that the Vietnamese had deliberately managed a strategy of simultaneously talking and fighting, and I asked whether the case of the Afghan resistance fighters wasn't different. He said, "Psychologically, they should not welcome negotiations. By negotiating, I am undermining their prestige. I am pulling the rug out from under their feet." He laughed again.

I asked him if he felt that the United States should be aiding the resistance fighters in Afghanistan. He said, "It should have happened long ago. But the point to remember is this: I may wish that I may fly in the air, but how can I do so unless I have wings or fly by plane or fly by balloon? So the United States' intentions and desires may be very noble . . . but the only way they can do it is through Pakistan, and Pakistan cannot act as a conduit to the freedom fighters unless it is strong and stable."

I took up the theme of what the United States could do to assure a strong and stable Pakistan. I asked him whether, "on principle," it would be useful to have military coöperation between the United States and Pakistan. He said, "Our military relationship should be subservient to a political relationship. When the framework of a political relationship is established, the military dimension should be secondary to the economic. From experience, we have learned that the military relationship is so temporary and vulnerable that it does not stand the test of ordeals when they come."

I asked him if by a political relationship he meant the security agreement of 1959, and if that needed to be brought up to date or made more explicit. He said, "I have very straightforward views. No agreement is worth the paper it is printed on. It is the spirit that counts. We have the best of relations with China. What they have done for Pakistan . . . is a second Marshall Plan. But nothing is written."

I asked him whether, in view of the Soviet presence on the western front, Pakistan might not find it useful to have some security support from the United States against the Soviet Union. He said, "We in Pakistan are more aware than most of the superpower rivalry. We in Pakistan will not create a position where the United States of America may have the embarrassment of deciding whether it will go to war on behalf of Pakistan. We need a credible and durable relation based on the understanding that *Pakistan has decided to be a non-aligned* nation. Nonaligned does not mean that Pakistan has decided to be fifty yards from the flag of the United States and fifty yards from the flag of the Soviet Union. That's not the case. By that standard, there are only two nonaligned countries in the world. That's the United States and the Soviet Union." He laughed again.

I asked him whether Pakistan didn't want some kind of American military assistance. He said, "It would be wrong on my part to give you an indication as to what the terms of Pakistan would be in terms of military assistance. That means we have something in our minds on which we want to bargain—a price." He went on to mention the need for building up an infrastructure on the western front with Russia—roads, water, electricity, lines of communication. He also said, "We have a dire need to upgrade our aircraft, our mobile artillery, our tank fleet, and our anti-aircraft elements." But he added, "It does not matter whether Pakistan gets ten extra planes or tanks. It is the credibility and the durability of our relationship which matter."

I asked him what he considered to be the obstacles to a United States-Pakistani relationship of credibility and durability. He mentioned three "sore points." One was Pakistan's nuclear program. He said that Pakistan "was engaged in obtaining a nuclear facility . . . only for peaceful purposes." The second was "sensitivity to India's reaction to United States support for Pakistan." He said, "With India, we have made it quite clear we are not in competition. . . . Pakistan, in comparison to India, is a small country, eighty million compared to six hundred and fifty million. . . . If Pakistan gets a little more assistance and a few more weapons, it is not to use them against India but to strengthen our position as a front-line state. I am not surprised if the U.S. wants to woo India, even though it is a pro-Soviet state."

I interrupted to ask whether he really thought India was pro-Soviet. "Of course," he said. "Thoroughbred. Mrs. Gandhi doesn't like to admit it, but who doesn't know it? It is evident that India is a pro-Soviet state." He picked up the thread, saying that Mrs. Gandhi was "allergic to American help to Pakistan."

I asked him if he thought Mrs. Gandhi liked being called "allergic." He said she did not like it, and "I see no reason why I should say it." But he went ahead and said it again, and added that he had enjoyed particularly good relations with Morarji Desai, who was India's Prime Minister from 1977 to 1979.

I asked him if he thought that that had helped smooth relations with India. He said that it hadn't, and that he realized Mrs. Gandhi was now "at the helm." He added, "What India wants, unfortunately, is a subservient Pakistan, which would be under the influence of India, like some of the smaller border states. Pakistan cannot accept that position. So therefore, while we want to be friendly to India . . . the United States must treat Pakistan on the merits. It must not be affected by Indian allergies."

The third "sore point" was political: "I say myself that I am not the

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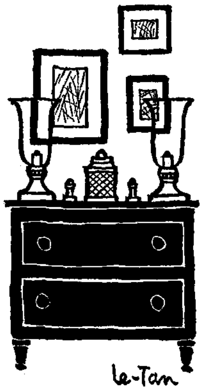
head of a representative government. I lead a military government that is trying to transfer power to civilian representatives."

I asked him about the timetable for the transfer of power. He said, "Political instability in Pakistan is such that immediate elections would be suicide. There is so much tension, so much polarization, that elections would tear the country apart." He said that he favored "a gradual introduction of democracy, elected representatives at the grass roots, at the village level, at the country level"—and later at the provincial level and the federal level. All this "would require time."

I asked him about the possibility that he might shift from a parliamentary to a Presidential regime, with himself as President. He said, "No. . . . I came to power with a particular purpose, and it is not my intention to perpetuate my stay for any longer than what is absolutely necessary. I do not foresee myself in a political role on a long-term basis." He said that he would soon be looking for "another person, or a personality, or a party, to take the lead of the country."

I asked him whether he thought that the United States and Pakistan could coöperate in assuring the security of the Persian Gulf. He said, "We consider Pakistan the back yard of the Gulf. Unless the back door is safe, the Gulf is in danger. . . . But basically the security of the Gulf should remain the primary concern of the countries of the Gulf."



I asked him if that meant that the United States should refrain from developing bases in the area. He said, "Yes, unless there is agreement with the Soviet Union."

I asked him if he would welcome an agreement between the United States and Russia. He said, "No, I wouldn't. No, I wouldn't want to have a second . . ."

I supplied the word "Yalta."

He went on, "Yes, a second Yalta agreement. I'm very much interested in the security of the Gulf, but if it generates Big Power rivalry, like the Soviet Union sitting in Afghanistan, and an opposite measure is taken by the United States, and that helps the Soviet Union move into Iran or Pakistan . . . then it would generate a Great Power confrontation."

I asked him to sum up for me his feelings about the United States and its relations with Pakistan. He said, "We feel that America is the champion of the free world—the beacon light of all free people. But all the same it is not militarily and humanly possible for the United States of America, from ten thousand miles away, to support Pakistan. . . . We have learned in thirty-three years that if you can exist like Austria and avoid being Finland, [you would do] much better."

In retrospect, I had the sense that Zia, like many other Third World leaders, was the product of a process of indigenization that is increasingly widening the cultural gap between the former colonial countries and the countries of the West. Still, the well-nigh incomprehensible zigging and zagging of Zia's patter provided a reasonably good guide to his subsequent actions. He caved in completely to the hijackers—releasing fifty-four political prisoners in return for the freedom of the passengers. Tippu and the two others responsible for the deed, though they had killed one passenger, found asylum in Syria, and then moved to Afghanistan, by way of India. But at home Zia used the occasion to jail or put under house arrest hundreds of the leading opposition figures, including Benazir Bhutto and her mother. (Begum Nusrat Bhutto was released on July 22nd; Benazir remains under arrest.) He also produced, on March 24th, a new Provisional Constitution Order, which, in effect, supplanted the constitution sponsored by Bhutto in 1973. Under the new order, parliamentary democracy, with a government rooted in the legislature and headed by a Prime Minister, is plainly ended. There is to be an advisory council, which will reportedly have three hundred and fifty members, representing various groups in society, such as unions and businesses. How the council is to be chosen is not specified; it might simply be appointed. A Presidential system is not exactly substituted for the parliamentary system, but the order takes a step in that direction. The Presidency is maintained, with Zia in the job, and provision is made for one or several Vice-Presidents to be appointed by the President. Though parties would be allowed to exist when political life returns to normal, they could exist only on the condition that they had been registered before October 9, 1979. That was the date set

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AN EVENT IN ITSELF

earlier that year for parties wishing to qualify for elections later that year. Though Zia subsequently cancelled those elections, he maintained the registration date, because one big party that was not registered as of that date was the P.P.P.

With the new Constitution Order in place, the President turned his government's attention to negotiations with the United States. In April, Foreign Minister Shahi visited Washington and came away from talks with Secretary of State Alexander Haig "well satisfied." That was taken to mean that Washington was not posing serious objections to the Pakistani nuclear program, or to requests for more economic assistance and sophisticated military equipment, or to Pakistan's wish to emphasize its nonaligned status. On June 15th, in a joint statement issued by Islamabad and Washington, an agreement was announced. It calls for the United States to make available to Pakistan three billion dollars' worth of military and economic aid over the five years 1983-87. Despite opposition from the Pentagon, which wants to limit distribution of the plane, Washington also agreed to sell Pakistan one of its most advanced aircraft—the F-16 fighter jet. Foreign Minister Shahi said that money for the planes would come from "our Islamic friends"—although he did not specify which friends. The declaration said that Pakistan would "retain nonaligned status" and would not enter "any new alliances." As for nuclear weapons, President Reagan was asked at his June 16th press conference whether the United States had any assurances from Pakistan that it would not seek to build an atomic bomb. He replied, "Let me just say with regard to Pakistan—and I won't answer the last part of the question—Pakistan has long, has had, we have had a longtime treaty with Pakistan, a mutual-aid pact. But Pakistan is also in a very strategic position now, in view of what has happened to Afghanistan." —JOSEPH KRAFT

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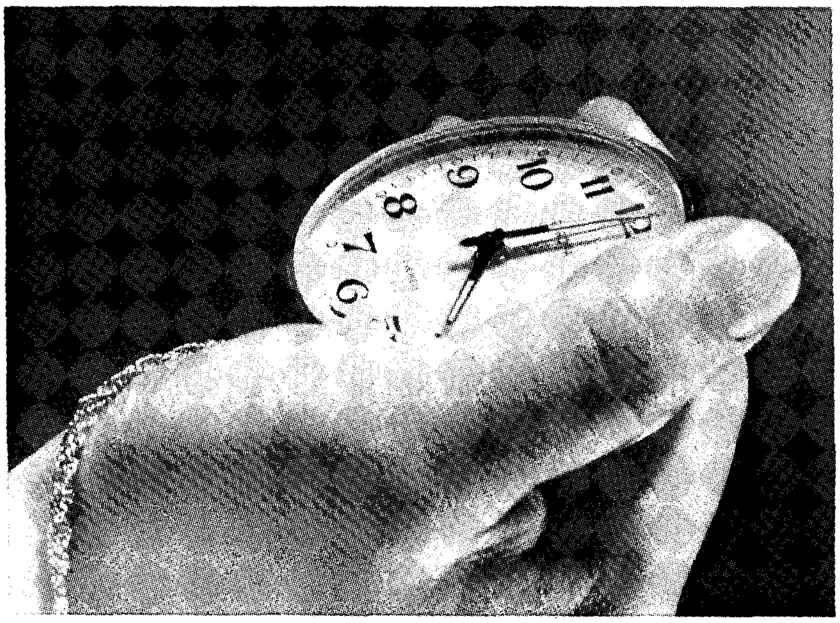

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bay Laurels

AROUND San Francisco Bay, composers are clustered, it seems, more densely than anywhere else in the country but New York. And their works are played. During six months I spent in Berkeley, I could probably have heard new music every night—given nothing else to do, 'satiable curtiosity, and readiness to motor often to Mills, Stanford, and points between or to cross the bridge to the city. Or so it seemed, and an occasional check on a week's programs confirmed it. There were two festivals: a weekend entitled New Sounds San Jose, at which three of four concerts were devoted to "the Bay Area scene," and a wider-ranging week in San Francisco, New Music America 81, with up to eight events a day. Those were special. What impressed me still more was the large part contemporary music plays in what might be called everyday musical life. The San Francisco Opera mounted John Eaton's "Cry of Clytaemnestra" and Aribert Reimann's "Lear." The San Francisco Symphony gave the American premières of Tōru Takemitsu's "Far Calls. Coming, Far!" and Bruno Maderna's Oboe Concerto No. 3, the local première of Witold Lutosławski's Variations on a Theme of Paganini, and the first performance of John Adams' "Harmonium." (Edo de Waart, the Symphony's conductor, describes his commitment to contemporary music as "gigantic;" I arrived in California too late for the Symphony's all-modern concert series, in the Galleria, and its Davies Hall performances of Richard Felciano's "Orchestra," and Otto Ketting's First Symphony.) The Oakland Symphony season included Lou Harrison's Concerto for Violin and Percussion, Adams' "Common Tones in Simple Time," and (a commission) Olly Wilson's "Trilogy." The Berkeley Symphony played Olivier Messiaen's "Transfiguration;" Messiaen came over to give his blessing, and Yvonne Loriod to play the piano part. The Boston Symphony, on a visit, played Maxwell Davies' Second Symphony.

Berkeley-based, I did not even have to leave the campus to hear some of these: the San Francisco and Oakland orchestras brought them to the big university auditorium. To a smaller university auditorium, Hertz Hall, the Audubon Quartet, the pianist Robert Miller, the duo pianists Karl and Margaret Kohn, the baritone William Parker, and the Berkeley Contemporary Chamber Players brought other new music. The University Chorus sang David Ellis's "Sequentia IV;" the University Symphony played Seymour Shifrin's Three Pieces for Orchestra. There was plentiful new music from student ensembles. Mills and Stanford were also busy. At Mills, for example, the soprano Jane Manning, muse of many British composers, gave her first American recital, introducing, amid Warlock, Boulez, and Berio, works written for her by Richard Rodney Bennett, Anthony Payne, and Judith Weir ("King Harald's Saga," a three-act opera, lasting less than ten minutes, in which, unaccompanied, she plays eight characters and the chorus). Other ensembles—the San Francisco Contemporary Music Players, the Arch Ensemble, the New Music Ensemble—play regular series. Many of the concerts are broadcast.

A long string of one-sentence, two-epithet reviews would make dull reading, and not everything I heard was worth writing about. Let me record the general impression of vitality and of new music's looming larger, relatively, than it does in New York. We probably have no less of it here, but round the Bay they do not submerge it in quite so full a flood of standard repertory and standard big-name performers. There must be various, mutually supporting reasons for the happy state. The composer Charles Boone, introducing the San Jose festival, suggested as one that the heritage of two great teachers, Sessions at Berkeley and Milhaud at Mills, was still bearing fruit. The concentration of universities certainly plays its part, packing the area with composers, performers, and educated listeners. (At the San Jose festival, composers from six Bay campuses and from the San Francisco Conservatory were heard.) Further, there is, Boone said, no "established hierarchy" into which new works must fit; indeed, old-style-Princetonian orthodoxy from Berkeley, disciplined electronics from Stanford's Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics, undisciplined, messy neo-expressionism ground out in the Mills of today, and romantic minimalism from the Conservatory were on display cheek-by-jowl. One expects to hear a composer's music played on the campus where he teaches; here off-campus performances were also common. To mention only composers on the Berkeley faculty: I heard music by Andrew Imbrie in San Francisco, and by Felciano, Wilson, and Robert Stine in San Jose. Works by Edwin Dugger and Walter Winslow were brought back to Berkeley by visiting artists. The daily papers and the weeklies kept this activity before the public, for every newspaper—there are many of them around the Bay—seems to employ a team of busy critics, and editors must believe that modern music matters. Alfred Frankenstein, the music critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle* from 1934 to 1965, helped to plant the belief; his last piece of writing before he died, in June, was a letter to his old paper exhorting the Symphony to make fuller use of local performers and composers.

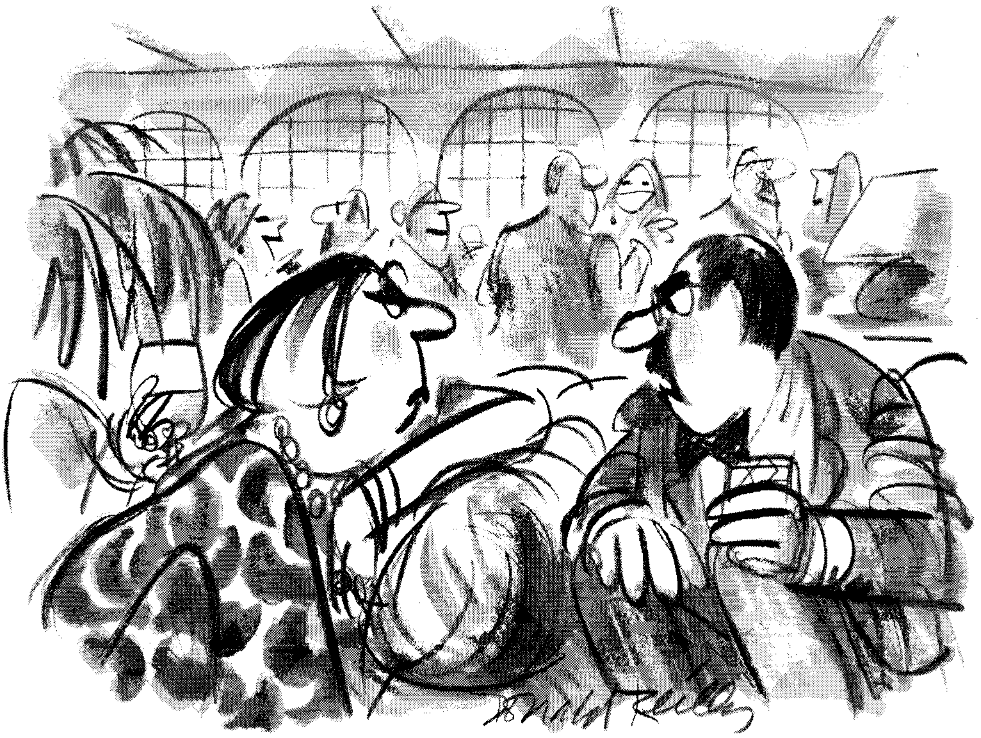
What stood out? Or, rather, what stands out in memory now? I was in California to talk and teach, not to review, and kept no mental or pencilled notes to enlarge on soon after the event. In an odd way, the impressions that remain with me are not always of what seemed most important or enjoyable at the time. Here is a short list: the elegant workmanship of two trios, Frank Larocca's for violin, viola, and cello and Wilson's for violin, cello, and piano; the refined strength of Imbrie's new cycle, "Roethke Songs," sung by Nina Hanson (as I listened, I thought the vocal line angular, but I reread the poems now and find that it etched poetic images); the sound of Heinz Holliger's oboe winding and winging through Maderna's rhapsodic, loose-knit concerto; the puzzling but arresting inventions in two precursors—one a dramatic scene and one a piano suite—of the opera after Marcel Duchamp's "La Mariée Mise à Nu par Ses Célibataires, Même" that Charles Shere has been working on for years; the romance of Michael McNabb's electronic "Dreamsong," described in these pages after its New York performance two years ago; the swift, delicate traceries of Felciano's "from and to, with," for violin and piano (the rich, beautiful ideas of his choral piece "The Captives," which I heard on tape, moved me still more); and three compositions by Adams, who teaches at the San Francisco Conservatory, directs its New Music Ensemble, and is contemporary-music adviser to the Symphony.

One of the Adams pieces, "Phrygian Gates," for piano, was already familiar. (It was played in New York in 1979, and is now recorded, along with his "Shaker Loops," by 1750 Arch Records, a Berkeley label.) "Common Tones in Simple Time" (1979), taken up by the Oakland Symphony, is a fresh, very pretty, shimmering piece, aptly described by its composer as "a pastoral with a pulse." With his latest and largest work, "Harmonium," the San Francisco Symphony commission, Adams takes a big step forward. He has said, "Minimalism really can be a bore—you get those Great Prairies of non-event—but that highly polished, perfectly resonant sound is wonderful." In the earlier, attractive, and strongly fashioned pieces, he could be said to be working out and acquiring mastery of a musical language frankly, avowedly, derived from the sounds and moto-perpetuo patterns of Steve Reich but more copious in thematic incident, swifter in color shifts, and more varied in moods. A program note tells of his citing Charles Rosen's observation that Schoenberg created a "universe coherent and rich enough to offer possibilities beyond the development of an individual manner" and of his suggesting that he stands to Reich rather as the other members of the Second Viennese School did to their founder. In "Harmonium" (the title refers to a concord of sounds, not a cottage organ), Adams uses his flexible new language to compose large-scale settings of Donne's "Negative Love" and Emily Dickinson's "Because I could not stop for Death" and "Wild Nights." His "highly polished, perfectly resonant sound" *is* wonderful. So is the large, long control of harmonic tension and resolution. "Harmonium," for large choir and orchestra, lasts thirty-four minutes. The orchestra should record it.

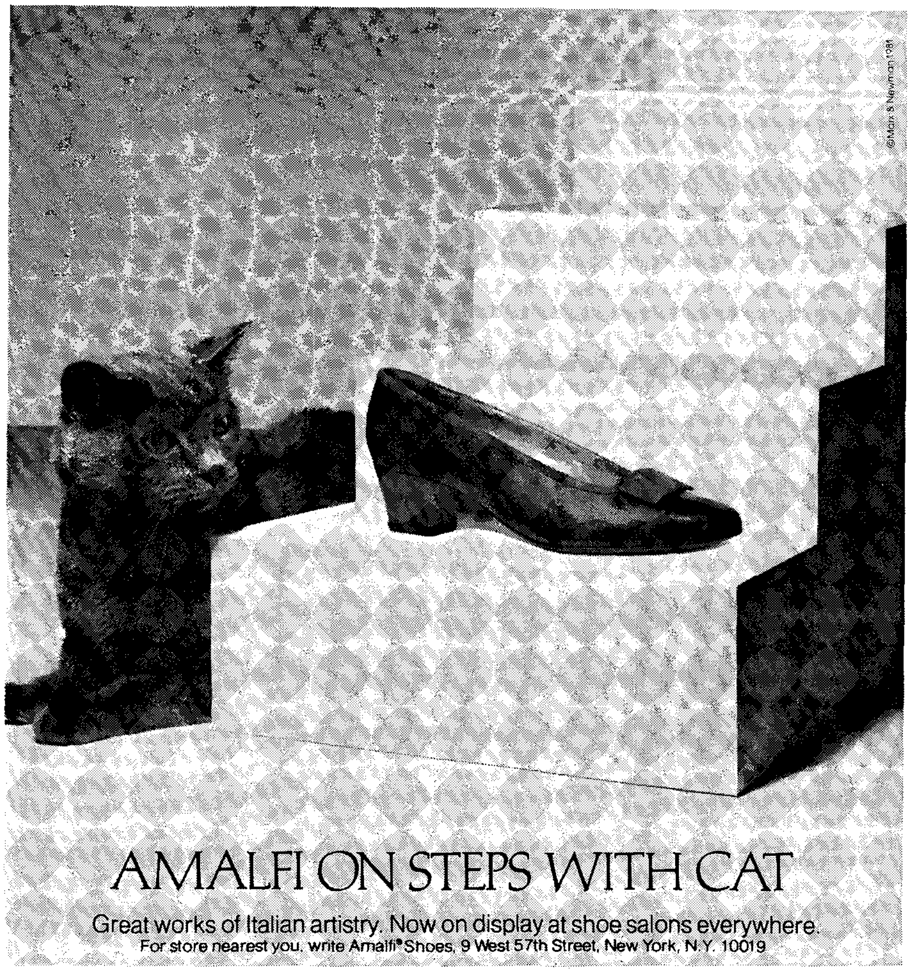
NOT all the Bay music I heard was modern. At midnight on Holy Saturday, in the little St. Joseph of Arimathea Chapel of Berkeley, where ancient rites are revived, I attended the Paschal Vigil Mass, one of the great dramatic services of Christendom—a symbolic enactment of death conquered by the Resurrection, a literal enactment of darkness yielding to light, and fast to feast. The opera critic within me murmured that the production and the lighting effects needed more rehearsal and that some of the words (the intercession of saints seldom called upon by Anglicans—Agatha, Anastasia—is invoked) should have been more fervently uttered. But the chant, chanted here in English translation by a small (mixed) choir directed by Richard Crocker, was sensitively shaped. Plainchant, the foundation of all Western music, should be heard in a liturgical setting.

St. Joseph's has a good German organ, built by Jürgen Ahrend and tuned to Werckmeister III, a temperament that makes all keys available but gives to each a distinct character. (Not all the pipes were perfectly in tune, however.) On Fridays at noon, Larry Archbold, an accomplished player and cogent interpreter, gave a long, ambitious series of recitals entitled Organ Music of J. S. Bach and his Predecessors—German, Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, or English groups with a big Bach work as finale. Too often at organ recitals one tends to listen to the instrument; here one quickly discovered what the little two-manual, twelve-stop instrument could do, and began to listen only to the music.

Eighteenth-century sounds I now miss in New York are those of domestic keyboards. The house that I rented in Berkeley held five instruments, the oldest in date—but most modern in timbre—being a Walter fortepiano of the kind that Mozart favored, the others reproductions of more ancient instruments. Only the abundance—not, in Berkeley, the presence—of old instruments was exceptional. Almost every day there, my conviction that the modern Steinway is an unsuitable medium for Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert grew deeper as I listened to sounds the composers themselves would have recognized. The nineteenth-century highlight was two impassioned performances of Verdi's Requiem, in Hertz Hall, conducted by Richard Bradshaw, with the University Chorus and Orchestra and professional soloists. Here, again, an accurate feeling for style brought music of the past to new life. Mr. Bradshaw showed an instinctive command—it is rare today—of the natural movement, the dynamic surge and ebb and flow, the unwritten but essential rubato of Verdi lines. (It was all in high contrast to a polished, driven performance, on television, conducted by Riccardo Muti, which eschewed rubato, portamento, expressive molding of the phrases.) David Rosen, who is editing the Requiem for the new Verdi edition, had made significant, audible corrections to the usual printed



"'Buzz off' in no way constitutes valid rebuttal."



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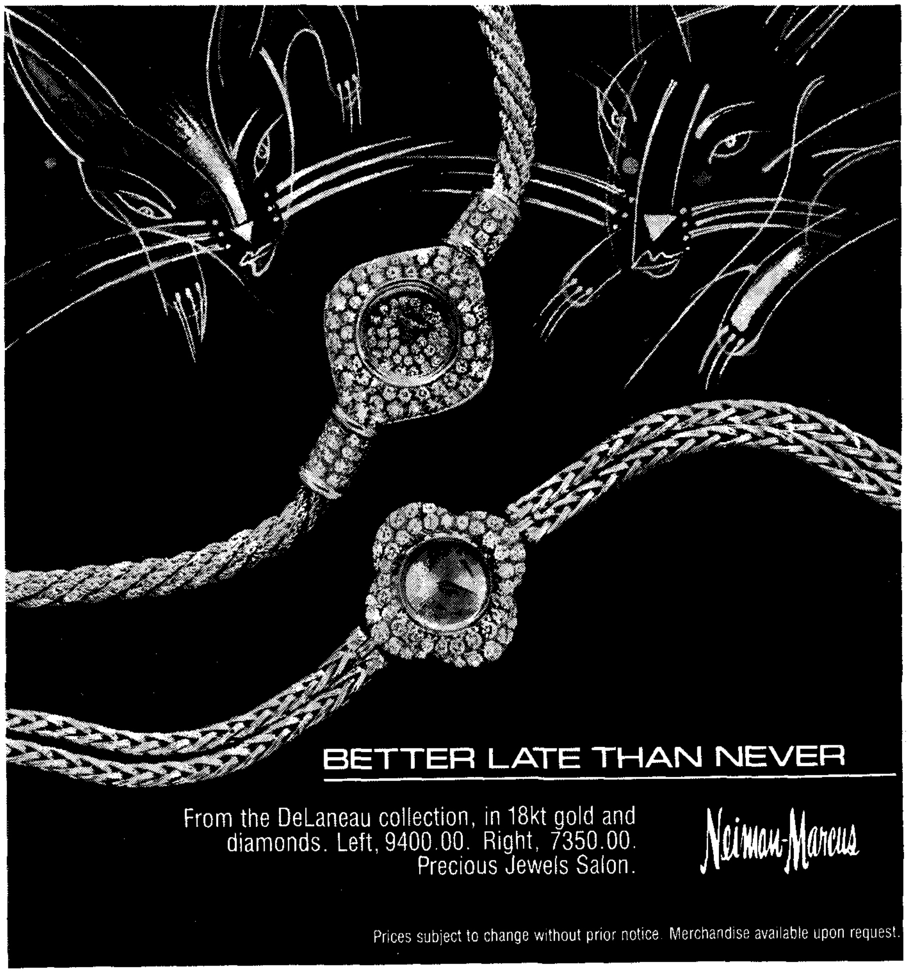

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text. The soloists phrased freely and emotionally. Rebecca Cook, a young soprano with the San Francisco Opera, floated warm, full lines and rose to a thrilling high C. Timothy Noble, the bass, was urgent and vivid.

THE acoustics of Davies Hall, the home of the San Francisco Symphony, have been improved by the provision of new reflecting "saucers" above the orchestra—the old ones were warped—but the sound can still not be called warm or "living." In standard repertory, Mr. de Waart seemed a decent but dull conductor—which is at least preferable to a musically indecorous flamboyant conductor. The Oakland Symphony plays in a 1931 *art moderne* palace lovingly restored, the Paramount, of such splendor that the setting almost steals the show. Calvin Simmons, its conductor, puzzles me. He is gifted and musical, but in performances of Mozart, Schubert, Richard Strauss, Prokofiev, Vaughan Williams he put precision before phrasing, energy before expression, to an extent that made one want to lock him in a library of Mengelberg, Furtwängler, and Beecham records, where he might learn that making music means more than playing the right notes, crisply, elegantly, in strict tempo. Then he led an account of Britten's "Spring Symphony" so fresh and *felt* that one's heart went out to him.

BACK in New York, the plazas of Lincoln Center come to life with open-air summer music. The first strains I heard on return were those of the newly discovered Mozart symphony, K. 19a, in F major, composed in London when Mozart was nine; the Mostly Mozart Festival gave a run-through of its opening concert out in the open, playing to a happy throng under the trees of the north plaza, beside the pool. The symphony is a delightful piece, fashioned in the manner of John Christian Bach, with inspired Mozartian touches in its first movement. Most evenings, the Guggenheim Concert Band has been playing in Damrosch Park, at the southwest corner of the Center. J. C. Bach composed for Vauxhall Gardens; Mozart played in Ranelagh Gardens. Damrosch Park and the summer café and kiosks on the main plaza provide between them a rough modern suggestion of those musical pleasure places. The bandshell, a soaring concrete mihrab, seems to carry an echo of Vauxhall's "Moorish-Gothick" bandstand. An evening of Leonard Bernstein's show music, given by the National Chorale, reminded us of his wit, metrical vivacity, and melodiousness. The band concerts reached their climax in a "festival" devoted to John Philip Sousa and Victor Herbert. Both men, near-contemporaries, were bandmasters. Herbert conducted the famous Twenty-second Regiment Band of the New York National Guard before he went to the Pittsburgh Symphony. He is remembered mainly for his operettas, and Sousa for his marches, but both composers were prolific in both veins. The "festival" designation was earned by the planning: successive programs explored influences (Offenbach, Wagner, Johann Strauss), pièces d'occasion (for Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Buffalo expositions, President Garfield's Inauguration), "connections and legacies" (outstanding was "A Chant from the Great Plains," a symphonic episode, of 1919, treating an Omaha Indian theme in amplest "Rheingold" manner, by Carl Busch, conductor of the Kansas City Symphony and a composer unknown to Grove), exotica ("The Kaffir of Karoo," from Sousa's "Tales of a Traveler"), theatre music. In Lincoln Center Library, there were related morning "seminars." The performances, however, did not always attain festival standard. Several pieces sounded underrehearsed. Ainslee Cox, the Guggenheim Concert Band's music director and conductor, was an unobservant accompanist to his soloists. I preferred the dapper, traditional style of the guest conductor, Leonard B. Smith, music director of the Detroit Concert Band.

Brass bands and military bands (the latter term not necessarily implying anything more bellicose than the addition of woodwinds to the brasses) have their part to play in serious music. In American houses, I have only twice heard *banda* music excitingly performed: in San Antonio's production of "Rienzi," and, by West Point players, in the Sacred Music Society's performance of Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato." (Records of that stirring performance, by the way, have just been released on the Voce label.) I hope Beverly Sills has engaged a crack marching band for the City Opera's "Nabucco" next season. At the first "Nabucco," according to Verdi's memoir, the audience burst into applause when the *banda* came marching in.

—ANDREW PORTER

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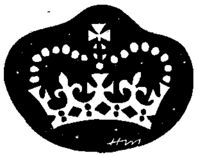
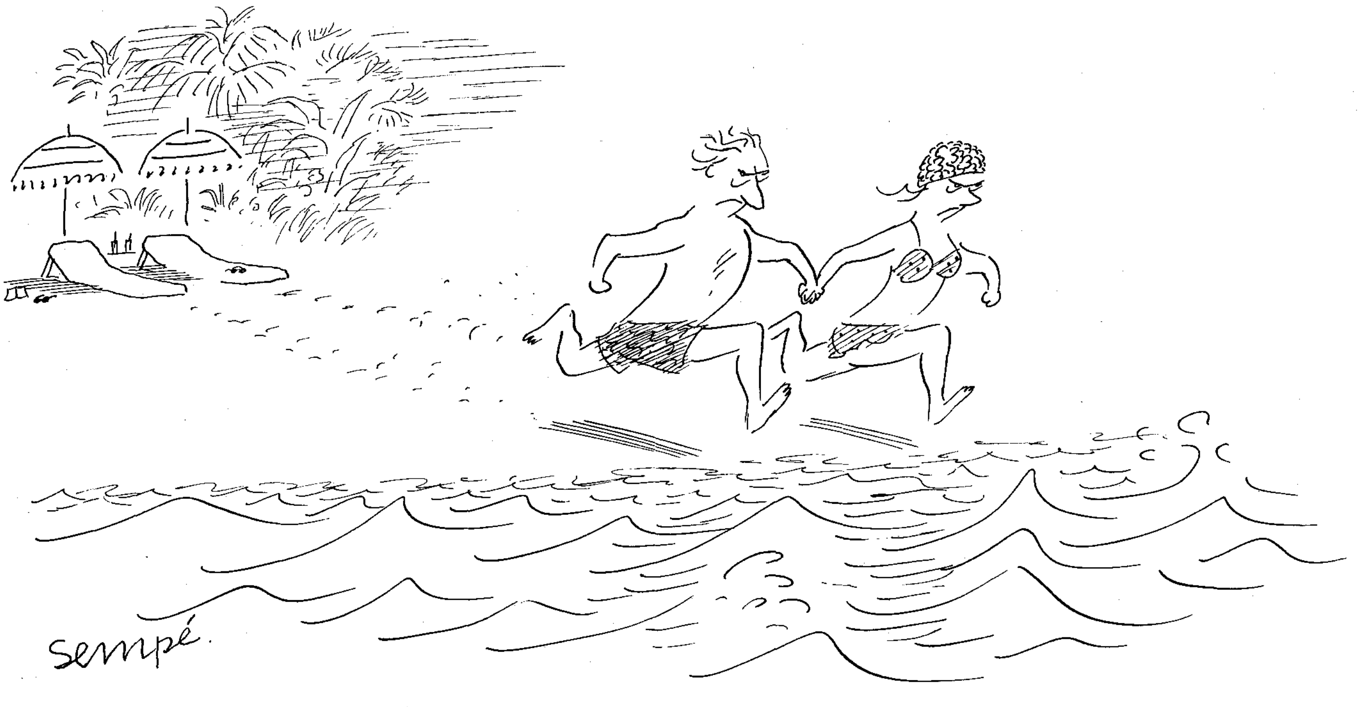
JULY 28



TOMORROW'S public holiday and its reassuringly familiar, perfectly managed ceremonials will certainly be a much needed lift to the spirits of the bridegroom's future subjects, for whom the merry nuptial month of July was darkened by the troubles that suddenly erupted in the streets as an unsettling reminder of some of the things that are not well in them. People look forward to escaping thankfully from the national woes for a whole day and concentrating on something entirely happy. They will be thankful, too, they add frequently, when it is successfully over—a sign of how much the usual placid taking for granted that London is the most peaceful, law-abiding capital in the world has been shaken by recent events. The riots were a sort of harsh educational crash course for bewildered citizens who had believed that it could not happen here or had trusted to the long patience of the English character to accept the bad times somehow. Now they know better. Shop fronts boarded up here and there in Kings Road, Chelsea, and the staid streets of South Kensington show a new, pessimistic uncertainty that turbulence will stay in the blighted city areas. All the explanations of what happened and why are different, and possibly all are partly true. Plenty of Londoners, particularly those who live in neighborhoods with a large colored population, undoubtedly thought at first—and even seemed to enjoy saying with grim "I told you so" satisfaction—that Enoch Powell's famous prophecy of racial fury that would one day bloody the waters of the Thames was being proved right at last. The nasty pictures of white looters—respectable-looking middle-aged citizens descending like a cloud of methodical locusts to finish off the destruction begun by the hooligan young of any color—maybe confused his supporters somewhat. There has been an irritable revival of criticisms of the BBC which were much heard at the height of the Ulster hunger-strikes violence. The BBC was castigated then for news programs that hammered in night after night (as did independent television's news programs, too, of course) the catchy message that chucking petrol bombs at soldiers and policemen was better fun for kids than the soul-destroying boredom of hanging round dingy street corners. In the backwash of accusations and lamentations and the tumult of the House of Commons debating the disturbances with its own brand of sound and fury, the calm good sense of Mr. William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, succeeded in being heard with respect by both sides of the House.

Mrs. Thatcher's political luck seems to have run out with the riots. Many people are surprised that it lasted so long without some explosive breakthrough of the feeling piling up against her, to which she has never appeared to pay much attention in her purposely rare public utterances. Curiously, for a woman who chose to quote St. Francis of Assisi on the day she became Prime Minister, sympathy is something she has obvious difficulty in expressing. With her, it takes the form of a quick, courageous dash to some hot trouble spot, for which she is admired but not loved. After she got back from Ottawa, she repeated her bracing gospel that there will be no retreat from the battle to bring down the inflation rate, which is the crucial one for England and is slowly going her way, but that clearly carries no conviction to listeners whose eyes are fixed on the growing casualty list of the jobless. She has just announced measures to help the young unemployed which will perhaps make the country feel that something is being done. Deeply worried Conservatives think that it is about time, with the Party's popularity taking such a dive in the opinion polls that an election tomorrow would surely put Michael Foot into Downing Street.

THE Guide Dogs for the Blind Association celebrated its golden jubilee ten days ago, with a crowded service of thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey which was certainly stranger than anything ever before seen inside those walls. The movement was started here in a small way in 1931, inspired and backed financially by Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis, the founder of the Seeing Eye. After many ups and downs, including finally overcoming the British public's indignant opposition to what was re-



garded at first as cruelty to dogs, the association is now a rich and flourishing organization, with five training centers, which have taught about eight thousand blind people to steer themselves confidently through life. Its great day was a triumph of imagination and hard work. Six hundred guide dogs and their owners, who had been successful in a ballot for tickets, travelled to London from all over Britain, each owner with a proud sighted relative or friend. The usual jolly Saturday-afternoon parties sprawled on the grass in St. James's Park were puzzled by a sudden influx of scores of people wearing their best clothes and accompanied by guide dogs brushed and combed to the last inch and often sporting a golden rosette or a flower tied to the harness. They were heading for a small railed-off paddock close to Birdcage Walk, where some of the dogs paused just briefly at the first step, being used to signalling an obstacle, but then got the idea and surged on. The owners queued up to enter and give their canine companions a last stroll before the fairly lengthy Abbey service. The dogs—by far the greatest number were Labradors, honey-colored or black, the rest being mostly Alsatians and golden retrievers—obliged, with slightly mystified but cordial expressions. A crowd gathered at the west end of the Abbey to watch the men and women going up the steps chatting and laughing. When everybody was settled, the chancel aisle was a startling sight, with what looked like thick, handsome yellow and black rugs laid down on either side—the guide dogs belonging to people in the end seats peacefully resting up, while the others leaned against knees between the rows.

The service was splendid. A choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus and trumpeters from the Royal Military School of Music played jubilant fanfares without producing more than a polite bark or so from the congregation. The Speaker of the House of Commons, George Thomas, gave an address, which made the Abbey hum with laughter—as great a novelty to it as the slumbering fur rugs—when he wished ruefully that he always had such an orderly lot sitting under him across the street in Parliament. The afternoon ended festively, with a vast procession led by the band of the Irish Guards marching up the middle of Birdcage Walk, which was turned into a pedestrian precinct, to tea in the tree-shaded Royal Mews of Buckingham Palace. It was a wonderfully cheering London occasion, and the large numbers of police who were getting everybody to and from the Abbey looked as though they were enjoying it, too, as a change from recent trials.

THE wildfire success of "Cats," at the New London Theatre, demonstrates the art of the seemingly impossible—the making of a musical without a plot strung together on T. S. Eliot's book of poems "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Set to Andrew Lloyd Webber's exuberant score, it is belted out, mimed, and, above all, superbly danced by a young company of twenty-five felines. The diction of the troupe is not as good as its dancing, so if you plan to go, read up on "Old Possum" first. The costuming and the direction take Eliot's hint that "Cats are much like you and me." The cast wears tights, with no funny masks except for such characters as the terrifying Rumpuscat, who breaks up the war of the Pekes and the Pollicle Dogs. The felinity of the troupe is suggested by ears (sometimes only indicated by twisted locks of their tousled wigs) and tails lashing out behind as they prance and slide round John Napier's marvellous rubbish-dump décor, which is crammed with junked objects of all kinds enlarged to cat's-eye scale. He and the director, Trevor Nunn, worked together in "Nicholas Nickleby," and they use the same technique for pulling the audience into the show, with cats prowling up the aisles and lolling on the rim of the circular open stage to stare unnervingly at people in the front row. The two characters who seem to hold the thing together are Old Deuteronomy, the portly white-bearded elder statesman of the tribe, played by Brian Blessed, and Grizabella, the glamour cat, a bedraggled night roofwalker, well sung by Elaine Paige. She turned up in an unfinished poem given to Andrew Lloyd Webber by Mrs. Eliot, who explained that her husband had thought it too sad for children. Written for them but slyly aimed at their appreciative elders, the Possum verses have now, forty-two years later, become the freshest, most innocent hit in London.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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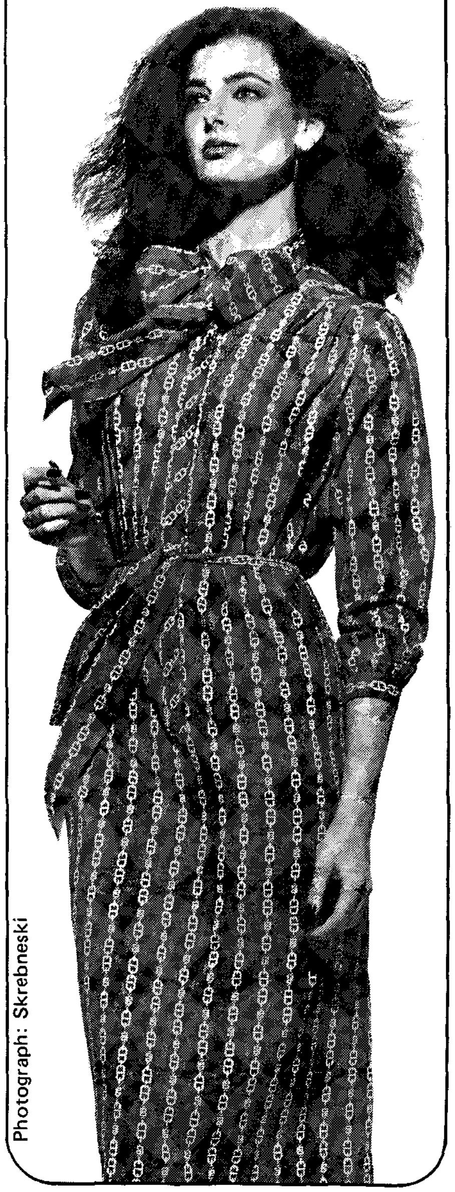

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DANCING

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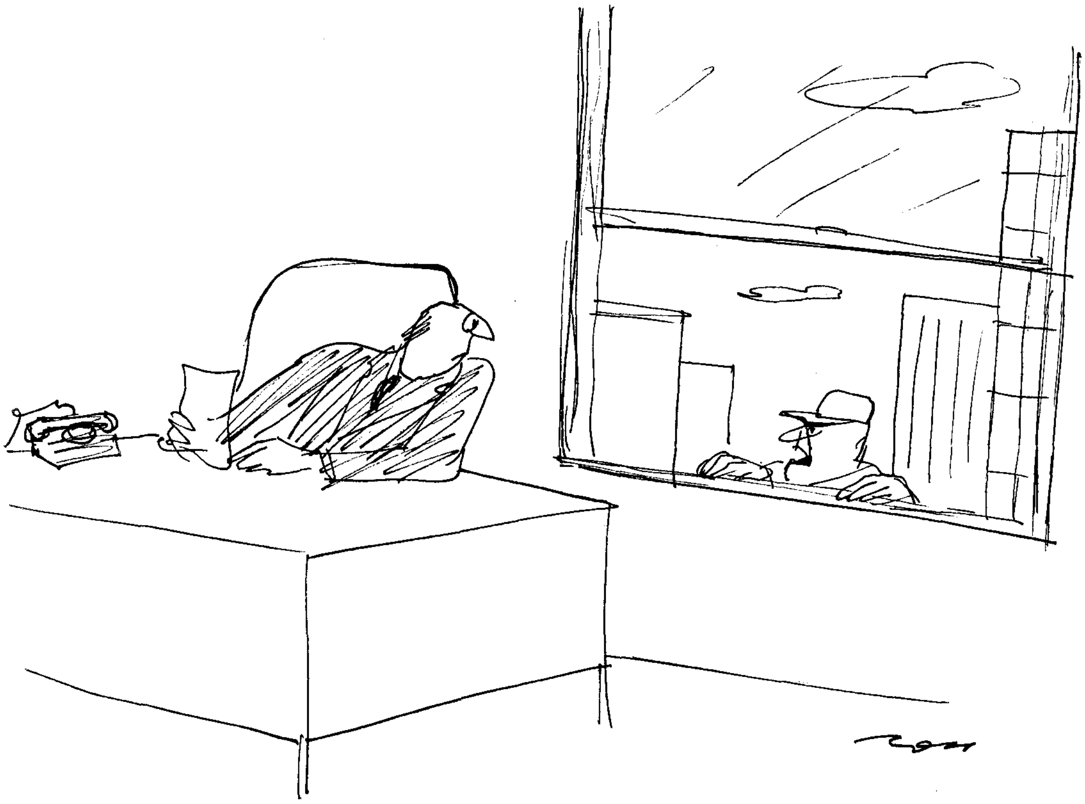
WITH its première, last June, clouded by injury and recasting, and all subsequent performances at the State Theatre cancelled, “Mozartiana” naturally became an irresistible magnet when the New York City Ballet announced it for the summer season in Saratoga. I saw it, at last, at a matinée. The amphitheatre of the Saratoga Performing Arts Center was flooded with daylight, the stage was noisy, and the orchestra, under Hugo Fiorato, played bumpily. The children in the cast were local recruits, who seemed younger and less well prepared than their School of American Ballet predecessors. Ib Andersen, who dances the lead opposite Suzanne Farrell, had not yet pulled his performance together. In general, the ballet's health is still fragile, but what a ballet. Set to Tchaikovsky's orchestrations of four compositions by Mozart, it is one of Balanchine's most bountiful creations, and he has achieved it with uncommonly narrow means. “Mozartiana” is the world in a bubble. As the opening event of the Tchaikovsky Festival a couple of months ago, it seemed to set the keynote, but to anyone who had never heard of Tchaikovsky or Mozart or Balanchine, or of Farrell or any of the other dancers, it would explain everything.

The cast is small and oddly chosen. Farrell and Andersen don't appear mated, the way Farrell and Peter Martins do, or Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise. Andersen has a stripling, asexual quality; he doesn't mate easily with anybody. Even the very young Darci Kistler looks better with Sean Lavery or Christopher d'Amboise than she does with Andersen. In “Apollo,” Andersen looks fine as the boy god, but later, when he comes into his maturity and has to dominate the Muses, he's unconvincing, especially with Farrell as Terpsichore. Balanchine in “Mozartiana” uses Andersen's slightness in relation to Farrell as part of a scheme. It is, first, a way of accentuating the mild force of the music and its spiritual temper. Tchaikovsky, we may remember, revered Mozart as “the musical Christ” (compared with the Jehovah of Beethoven). The ballerina's dances in “Mozartiana” are lighter, airier, more restricted in their sensuous range than they are in “Chaconne,” which Farrell performs opposite Martins or Adam Lüders. She hurls no thunderbolts here; instead, one sees a fiery glow of pinpoints clustered in the sky. And then the feathery fall through space. Andersen's dances are also concentrated and aerial, but if he's light, she's lighter. Balanchine in his casting and use of Andersen has removed much of the gravity from the male end of the male-female partnership, but he hasn't upset the balance. The result lifts the whole ballet into an upper atmosphere; we breathe new air—the ether of “Mozartiana.”

The ballerina and her partner are, of course, a unit, but the ballet is structurally diffuse for most of its length. Andersen doesn't even enter until the final section—the Theme and Variations, which he dances with Farrell. The rest of the dancers—a male soloist, four women, and four little girls—aren't defined in their relations to each other until the finale. The little girls flank Farrell in the opening number, then disappear. The four women, who might be their grown-up counterparts, aren't identified with either of the men. Balanchine has avoided setting up the obvious correspondences and turnabouts. Although we sense the connection between the big and the small girls and between them and Farrell (for one thing, they're all dressed alike), it's an elusive and mysterious connection. And who is the second man? You might think that Balanchine would cast this lone male dancer in contrast to Andersen, but in fact it's Victor Castelli, another lightweight. Balanchine has used mirror symmetry before, but “Mozartiana” is a broken mirror; its parts don't come together until the end, and when they cohere it's not so much through the mutual gravitation of structural components as through the cumulative sense of the dancing. “Mozartiana” is transcendentally coherent. Castelli, in the finale, finds his place among the women, the little girls are relinked (literally) with Farrell, and Farrell is bonded to Andersen, but it goes beyond that. The ending of “Mozartiana” is more than a vision of ballet's great chain of being; the dancers are bound together by invisible skeins of movement. It happens because Balanchine, instead of just giving us his decisions about who belongs where, shows us how he arrived at them. In the working out of the dances, the casting proves itself. When the dancers stop and pose and the curtain starts to come down, they seem united in the totality called “Mozartiana.” In the Farrell-Andersen section, the sympathetic reverberations in the movement—he finishes a double pirouette as she begins a triple—create a kind of spiritual fusion. Balanchine's attack on “Mozartiana” is so unconcerted on the surface that the ballet seems to be going nowhere special. But the total effect is of an achieved process. I don't know if it's a great ballet—only that the quality it has is the quality of Balanchine's greatest.

This “Mozartiana” is the fourth version of Balanchine's ballet. The first was produced in Paris and London by Les Ballets 1933. The following year, a revised and simplified “Mozartiana” was included in the repertory of the fledgling American Ballet alongside a new work to another Tchaikovsky score, “Serenade.” The revival a decade later by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo was apparently closer to the initial version; Christian Bérard reworked his original costumes and décor. (In the fifties, a touring group led by the Monte Carlo's ballerina, Alexandra Danilova, performed the ballet in a reduction for four soloists.) The current production is not a revival but a new ballet. Although “Mozartiana” has never been a big ballet, it has had a more active ensemble, whose members took part in the variations of the closing section. In the Monte Carlo version, the ballerina and the danseur had two pas de deux but only one solo apiece. The Preghiera, which is now a straightforward point number danced by the ballerina, was then performed by a soloist, who, veiled in black, was suspended between two shrouded figures. (She hung not from a pole, as is often written, but from the arms of one bearer, braced against the shoulders of the other.) This curious passage, with its funereal overtones, has no counterpart in the new ballet, which modulates between temperate and winsome moods. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's stiff black Maryinsky-style tutus (with white underskirts for Farrell) appear to be derived from his "Harlequinade;" Castelli wears the black satin Scaramouche costume from that ballet. These "Molière" outfits are similar to some that were worn in the original "Mozartiana," and in Andersen's two-tone vest and the ensemble's white-plumed headdresses are explicit reminders of Bérard.

Farrell's Preghiera, which is set at the beginning of the ballet, is an invocation rather than a dirge, but with no more liturgical suggestion than the Prayer in "Coppélia." The choreography here and elsewhere magnificently exploits Farrell's long, slender points—their eager nibbling of the floor in bourrée, their slow or sudden flexions in relevé, their stalky elegance in parades and poses. In the Preghiera, she several times stands motionless on one foot, lifting a monumental thigh in second-position passé. Later, she walks or strides or hops on point, or beats, or draws her knees up in high, rich pas de chat, or she swivels into a blur of inside pirouettes still holding the knee in perfect second-position passé. There is more rapid small needlework in Farrell's variations than is customary in Balanchine's choreography for her, and the stitchery is invisible—you don't see the minute preparations. This is a Farrell specialty from early days, and it grows out of an emphasis in Balanchine's training. Besides that, Farrell seems to have mastered on her own another secret of control, which has to do with music and momentum. With her—and with almost no one else—a dance phrase is not a simple in-through-and-out but a complex set of subdivisions inferred from the music. Other dancers are more or less broad in their relation to music; Farrell is more or less subtle. The reason more people can't follow her is that they can't hear what she hears—they're unprepared for dancing that points out the broad musical sense of a passage only to dive inside the elastic mesh of its infrastructure. The way Farrell's transitions and recoveries are carried out, she's never not dancing. Yet she's not overactive—on the contrary. Because her dance impetus in its smallest and most gradual discriminations may make her appear almost stationary at times, one can't enjoy Farrell just by looking; one must look and listen. The supported adagio in "Mozartiana" may be the most finely worked one that Balanchine has yet made for her. Set to an extended violin cadenza, it's about the flowering of form within form. It isn't preciously delicate, and the scale it reaches is enormous; however, a descent from point to flat foot, a quarter-turn shift of weight, a change of direction are events of the greatest significance. It's this quality of expansion within restricted limits that Balanchine seems to be concentrating on just now in Farrell. He's made it the subject of "Mozartiana," and his musical justification is the extraordinary Theme and Variations, in which the same melody is rendered over and over, with ever more inspiriting nonmelodic or submelodic invention. The musical process is very much like the one we hear in the Theme and Variations of "Divertimento No. 15" or of "Suite No. 3," but the dance process in those ballets is not nearly so close a parallel to the music.

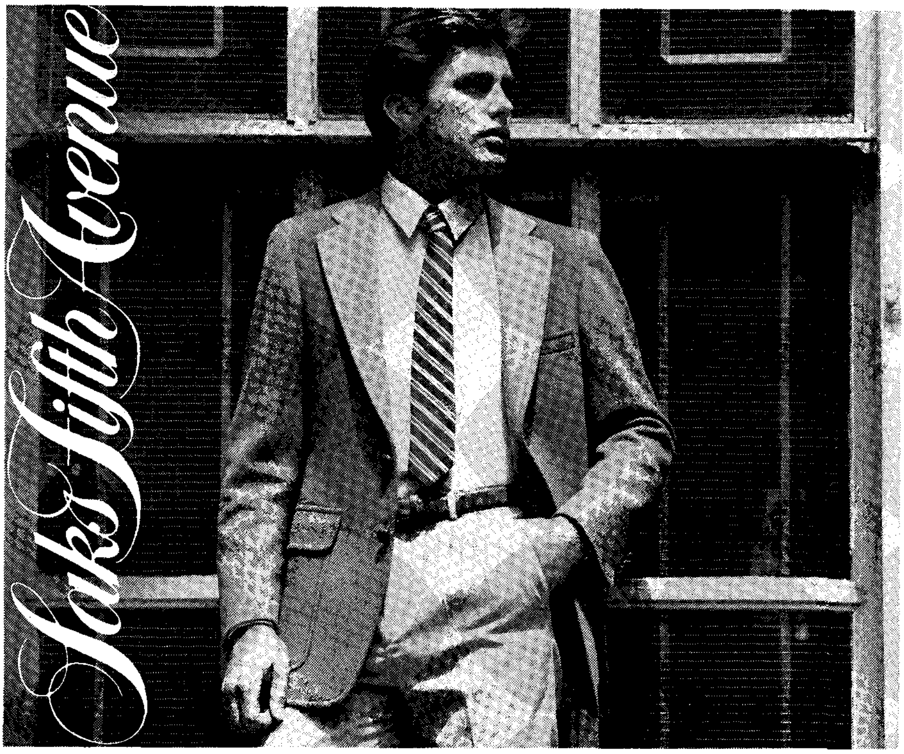


"Hey, I'm the building inspector. This building O.K.?"

Ib Andersen has been handed a smashing role. He doesn't have to dominate or lead Farrell in this ballet, and his solos, which in their density might be described as Bournonville-baroque, represent a new peak in Balanchine's invention for male allegro technique. Not since he made Edward Villella's choreography in the Glinka "Divertimento Brillante" have we seen anything like them. Andersen's trouble is partly lack of preparation. As a newcomer, he's been put through the usual bewildering assortment of roles; in the Tchaikovsky Festival, he appeared in more new ballets than any other male dancer. But Andersen also suffers from a kind of overconditioning common among technicians of his grade; he can be blandly perfect. He looks "Mozartian," but he doesn't seem to be very responsive musically; he danced the principal role in "Divertimento No. 15" in a monotone. In "Mozartiana," Balanchine lights a few small fires under Andersen. You can see moments of ignition, but I'm not persuaded that stamina and confidence are all this dancer needs to make a blaze. Castelli's performance, which I was seeing in Saratoga for the first time, is more unruly than Andersen's, yet it's exciting in a way that Andersen's is not. (If Castelli had Andersen's discipline, and Andersen had Castelli's dance sense . . .) In the Gigue, Castelli twists and leaps close to the ground. The style of the choreography, its swift jokes and deferential manner, suggests a comedian entertaining at court. Though all his dancing has been strikingly energized of late, Castelli has unusual intensity in this part. A lot of his steps are à terre, and the deep-black jagged ink line in which they are traced does provide a contrast to Andersen. It could be pushed even harder—Castelli's infernal gaiety against Andersen's "angelic" buoyance.

But it will always be Suzanne Farrell's ballet. The four women who appear toward the end of the Gigue and remain to dance the Minuet are all projections of Farrell; the resemblance, unmistakable, is what gives the ballet its mysterious amplitude. When Farrell arrives in the Theme, strolling arm in arm with Andersen, she walks in air perfumed by now invisible permutations of herself, and she dances four variations, one for each member of the shadow quartet. As she returns, strolling, at the end of the ballet, the cast assembles for the first time, its tiny ranks expanding with cosmic implication. Thus does the master choreographer aggrandize the gifts and presence of a ballerina. Thus does he reveal her, sovereign in her kingdom of ballet—the one among the many who are one.

IN Jerome Robbins' "Piano Pieces" you see the dancers' individual qualities and sense Robbins' delight in them. The ballet is a pleasant, uncomplicated experience, with no pretensions. Its "Russians" are Ludwig Bemelmans peasants; they appear in the opening and closing sections of the ballet dancing their happy faux-naïf dances, and one of them, a kind of Ivan the Fool, has solos sprinkled all through the piece. (Ib Andersen's relief at having such a simple part is palpable.) One whole dance, a chorale, is done clustered on one spot, with sinkings and risings in plié timed against "from the heart" salutes extended slowly to the earth, slowly to the sky. The choreography in the middle section is in a non-idiomatic, lyrical vein. It is danced by three couples, and reaches its high point in the pas de deux for Maria Calegari and Joseph Duell. Calegari has the ballerina's big secret. She can compel your attention by the shape she gives to a phrase, and she can extend her control of phrasing over hypnotically long sequences. Calegari, always a talented dancer, had a phase, a few years ago, when she would go ropy in her line



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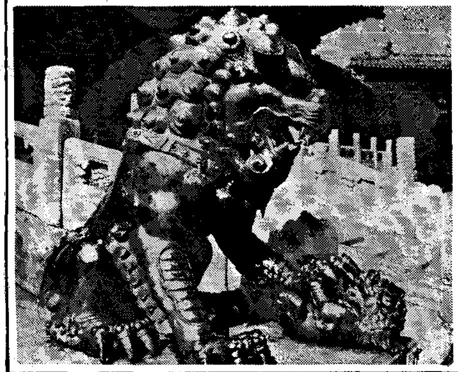

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and look mentally dizzed-out. Now she's a collected, closely knit, but still pliant young ballerina-on-the-rise, with a genuinely glamorous presence. In "Piano Pieces," she pedals her long legs with a languorous strength and puts the audience under a spell.

"Piano Pieces" was the hit of the Tchaikovsky Festival in New York; it was in Saratoga, too. The company repeated most of its festival pieces in Saratoga with the famous plastic setting reduced to one back wall. The amphitheatre stage, though, was equipped with a handsome new curtain, by Yasuhide Kobashi. Actually, there are two curtains: a solid panel, painted with pale iridescent colors, is decorated with swirling nebulae and perforated with small, twinkling portholes. It rises to reveal luxurious drapes of pewter lamé. There was no need for it or any other curtain to rise again on "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," in which Balanchine says nothing he has not said better before. Peter Martins' "Capriccio Italien" and John Taras' "Eugene Onegin" waltz were efficiently performed by company regulars, but the original student casts had more charm. Neither ballet is a repertory piece. One had to be in a very indulgent festival mood for a program that consisted of "Capriccio Italien," J. d'Amboise's "Scherzo Opus 42," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and Martins' "Symphony No. 1." The next day, "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse," with Balanchine's wonderful new Garland Dance from "The Sleeping Beauty," restored the balance. The Saratoga casts, which brought out a great number of local children, emphasized the extent to which Balanchine is using very young dancers these days. He had never before put children into "Mozartiana." However, the first ballerina in that ballet, and one of the stars of Les Ballets 1933, was Tamara Toumanova, fourteen years old at the time. —ARLENE CROCE

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This paper draws on the theory of monopsony and oligopsony to develop an empirical test for the presence of the market power where an exogenous shock on the relevant market may be observed. An application of this test is demonstrated for the tomato processing industry, where the exogenous shock is created by the introduction of mechanical harvesting technology. The results are remarkably consistent with oligopsonistic dominant firm-price leadership. Statistical tests suggest rejection of the null hypothesis of competition.—*Bell Journal of Economics.*

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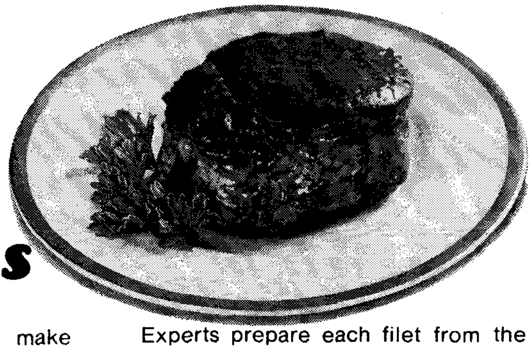

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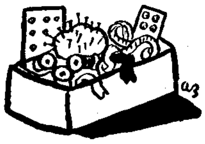
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

ALTHOUGH the clothes we see and wear in life are constantly in motion, it is rare to find convincing images of fashion on film or videotape. Fashion, as such, has never really worked on television—for a number of reasons, including the respect that the eye continues to give to still photography of fashion and to the authority of generations of talented practitioners. Making fashions look good involves considerable sleight of hand and a disciplined craft, both of which appear to be best understood by people working with the static images of print. We are more inclined to believe in a picture in a magazine, which we can look at privately and at our own pace, with only our imagination on the move. This is already starting to change, as it becomes more commercially feasible for film- and video-makers to use the sort of effort, good equipment, and careful editing that go to create the controlled illusion of the best fashion photography. Until very recently, there has been little opportunity even for the advertising of fashions on the television screen. And costs remain prohibitive for most fashion products—apart from those with mass appeal, such as cosmetics, perfumes, and, of course, bluejeans, which brought on a now mercifully waning plague of commercials specifically aimed at an ever younger and apparently more moronic audience of teen-agers and children.

A new market for images of fashion in video form appears to be developing, ironically, at a time of declining interest in the way women's fashions look, per se. There is every sign that the projected new cable-television programs for women will treat fashion—if they approach it at all—not visually, as a question of decoration and aesthetics, but pragmatically, as a tool and a weapon in women's thrust to get ahead. (ABC and Hearst have announced plans for the formation of a new channel for "the working woman," with information about "careers, finances, and fashion"—in that order.) The print magazines that were formerly fashion magazines long ago adopted the self-help approach, with instruction not just in how to put on makeup and take off weight but also in how to succeed simultaneously in the corporate and the sensual life. The standard lyrical photographs of earlier fashion days have been replaced by practical treatises interspersed with photographs of young women in provocative poses and pretentious rags who stare unhappily at the photographer's lens.



For women's-fashion design, this is a time of redefinition, if not of actual disarray. Economic uncertainty and the current mood of women have brought great anxiety to the business of selling and publicizing new styles. Prettiness and femininity, the traditional base of women's fashion, have become somehow too politically loaded, too painful to contemplate. Men's fashions, by contrast, are at a simpler stage of evolution. The last real fashion magazine in this country is probably *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, to which one may safely turn for a nice, old-fashioned enthusiasm about the look of style and for photographs in which both clothes and models are treated with tender respect. For women, fashion can no longer be something they blithely and beautifully put on their backs. It's nothing quite as simple as Mrs. Reagan in that notorious Galanos ball gown. That kind of elegance seems a curious period piece, a reminder of a different fashion age—something one may regard with interest because of its social context and because, like the couture of prewar Hollywood movies, it's right there on our television screens.

WHETHER in spite of or because of the disintegrating, decadent stage that women's fashion may have reached, there is tremendous interest in the subject at the moment. Fashion has floated off the women's pages and into the more gossipy sections of news magazines and television schedules. The general public is astonished or titillated by the beautiful young women and huge sums of money involved in the fashion world. Readers and viewers learn of very young teen-agers earning thousands of dollars a session for being photographed wearing grownup clothes in sexy-looking ways. Something called "the model wars" has angry beauties battling for cash and casual observers thinking vaguely of female gladiators or mud wrestlers. The luxurious, show-biz way of life of the successful designers brings Calvin Klein a quarter-million-dollar swimming pool and Oscar de la Renta a dinner table packed with powerful people.

Sometimes this salacious new public interest in the fashion world spills into fictionalized television, too, with prime-time dramas and mini-series. Stories drawn from novels written specially for the television audience often show hard-faced women characters using sex to further ruthless ambitions and wearing expensive wardrobes that seem almost more important than the characters themselves. Sometimes the fashion industry, which has seen its fair share of monstrous, financially triumphant businesswomen, itself provides the setting and the opportunity to depict as the central character a female tycoon. Fashion and the fashion industry have always had their worldly side, to put it mildly. Judith Krantz is scarcely the first to know how social doors will open to a clever, pretty woman in the right clothes. The cast of characters in the fashion arena—tough entrepreneurs, homosexual designers, jaded editors and photographers, and an endlessly replenished supply of fresh young beauties modelling styles to be bought by rich old women—has appealed to novelists before Harold Robbins. Fashion has always been a tussle between ugliness and commerce, on the one hand, and youth, dreams, and beauty, on the other. On television, at least, and probably in the real fashion world as well just at the moment, cynicism seems to be gaining ground. Viewers in search of romantic visions on television should turn firmly away from well-dressed women and switch to the graceful athletes, both male and female, on the sports programs.

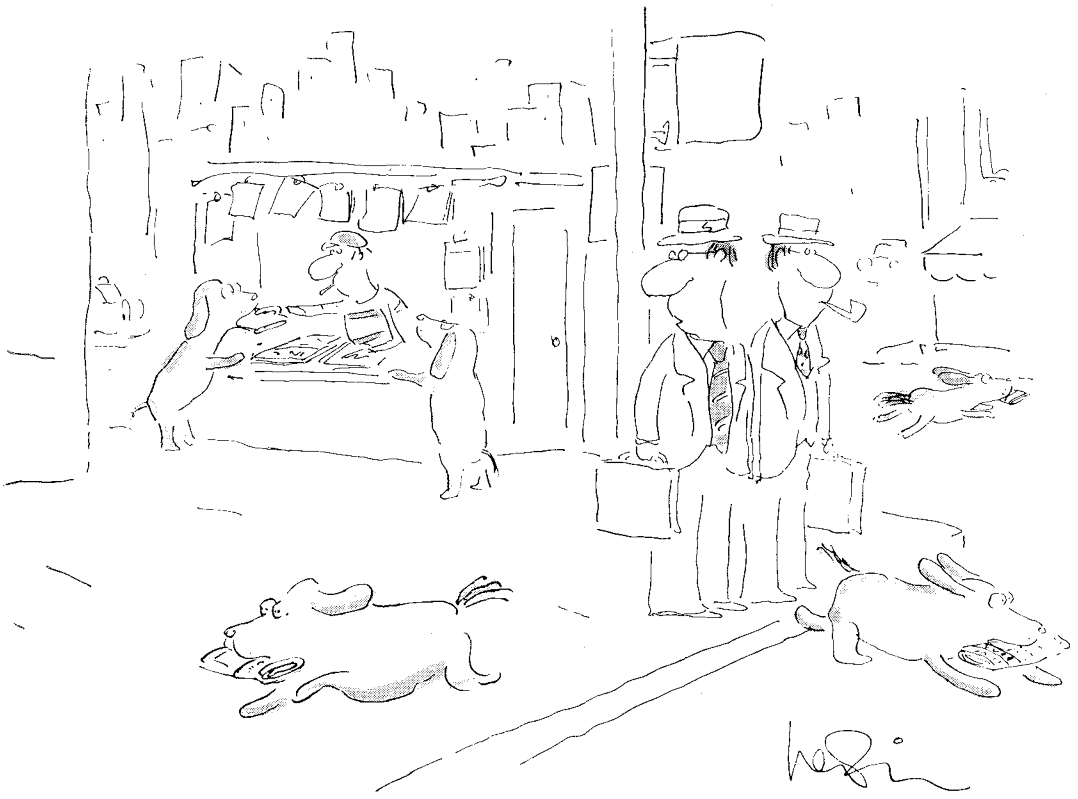
Except on the networks, where fashionable clothes are seen mainly as symbolic trappings of money, sex, and power, the general public has as yet been exposed to few moving images of fashion. The videotaping of fashion as though it were a minor art form is at a limited and early stage and is a radical enough idea to appear in downtown rock clubs, where it can often rely on the good will of a like-minded audience to overlook some fairly gauche techniques. There are also various forms of video fashion which are more functional and commercial, commissioned by the fashion trade to educate salespeople and customers about such things as designers' collections. Stores have in recent years taken to setting up television screens in various departments—Better Sportswear, say—where videotapes roll repeatedly and voice-overs rattle on regardless of whether shoppers choose to pause and watch or not. I have always found these displays a rather depressing little gesture of up-to-dateness, like an electric stove inside a thatched hut that has no power supply. The tapes themselves all too often underscore the aspects of fashion and video which do not as yet overlap; for instance, fashion models who are good at wearing clothes but are accustomed to taking up different poses for still photography look jerky in their movements on tape, like clockwork toys.

Sometimes the store video screens give a record of a designer's fashion show, but this, too, is often unsatisfactory. It may be—a heretical thought in our visually documented age, when some guests at parties see fit to circulate in silence taking photographs of guests who are struggling to make conversation—that some occasions really are ephemeral and ought not to be recorded. However skillfully a fashion show is taped, it is clearly a strange little hybrid event, whose success depends largely on the audience's getting excited about being in the right company at the right time. Fashion has the most delicate relation to timing and form, and depends greatly on immediacy. Something might strike the naked eye as being wonderfully new and fashionable. But when it is viewed minutes later on videotape its effect might well seem diminished, banal, already passé. Fashion is a capriciously timed perception of worth mysteriously linked to living, breathing life. This is why costume history in books or museums can seem sometimes so intimate and often so barren. The constant play of caprice on real life is also what makes fashion perennially disturbing and seductive.

FOR many reasons, the television screen brings us little of the particular shape and detail of women's fashions. But if shape, detail, and women were the sole origin of fashion these days, Seventh Avenue would be far more desperate than it is. Instead, fashion keeps rolling along as a much more generalized form of awareness, an expression of people's feelings about being alive in a particular time and culture. And television, as the deep, dark loam of popular culture—rich in half-buried old movies, junky bits of nineteen-fifties plastic, and weird amalgams of war, famine, false teeth, and soap—has an incalculable influence both on feelings and on fashion.

It is often said that people who have grown up with television (one and a half generations of them is a common count) are unprecedentedly aware of images and skilled at interpreting visual codes—including the exact social meaning of what other people choose to wear. There has lately been some horn-tooting about the emergence of a new breed of intelligentsia which is visual rather than verbal. Certainly New York has a very large community of visual people, working with various degrees of success in film, photography, architecture, television, art, and design of all kinds, including fashion. The worlds of theatre and music, and even of restaurants, also place great emphasis on the way things look. Because we have so many cameras to record the world these days, there exists a simple faith that we are the first people really to have turned responsive eyes on it. (In reality, eighteenth-century London, for instance, was a very visual society—quite as full of fashion-mad social climbers and famous faces as New York today.)

Anyone might doubt whether the television generations see any more clearly or intelligently than their parents or their ancestors. But being visual probably does combine with the post-Freudian sense of self to produce a special, modern kind of visual self-consciousness. People live as both the watcher and the watched, the person moving through the world and the observer of the world. The video screens in rock clubs, to show dancers to themselves while they are dancing, are one product of this sensibility. As we walk down the street, we are conscious of our mirror image in shopwindows and the sides of buildings; as we enter fashionable restaurants, we surround ourselves with imaginary cameras, di-



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rected on us from interesting angles. In this whole process, fashion becomes the habit of using oneself to project a visual idea in a way that is related to the dance or to performance art. The most artistically pretentious and fashion-conscious of the visual people actually see themselves and their clothing as a sculptural mass filling a given space—in a loft in SoHo or Tribeca, no doubt—and choose the whole as thoughtfully as if that mass were a fancy lamp or an avant-garde coffee table from Art et Industrie.

Part of the new visual self-consciousness stems from seeing movies, photography, or art. But many of its characteristics stem from sitting in front of the television screen. The half-watchful, semi-interested eye will alight arbitrarily (perversely, some might say) on the program itself or on some infuriating and therefore mesmerizing commercial for a vegetable-slicing gadget or a pair of bluejeans. Strangely unaffectionate visual affections get going—oddly impersonal definitions of what is interesting. Fashion has learned to pretend that someone's style is somehow quite detached from what he or she really is, and television schools us in dislocation from the real world and defuses questions of morality or aesthetic value. In the purely visual world of the screen, political questions about Mrs. Reagan's costly wardrobe or moral questions about pubescent fashion models seem absurdly sententious and quite irrelevant. What matters is only that the parties involved have the right look for now—in the case of both the First Lady and the models, a chic combination of toughness and vulnerability. Beneath the cool, post-modern surface of a lot of fashionable people these days, there's a steely ambition, a knowingness, and a determination to exclude people who are not useful or who have the wrong look. It can be no coincidence that the resolutely advanced school of fashion design which brought us Punk was subsequently absorbed by two fresh themes—the Regency Dandy and the Buccaneer. The costume code of stylish emotional detachment was combined with that of flamboyant aggression. The visual generations want the look, all right. But they want the look that wins.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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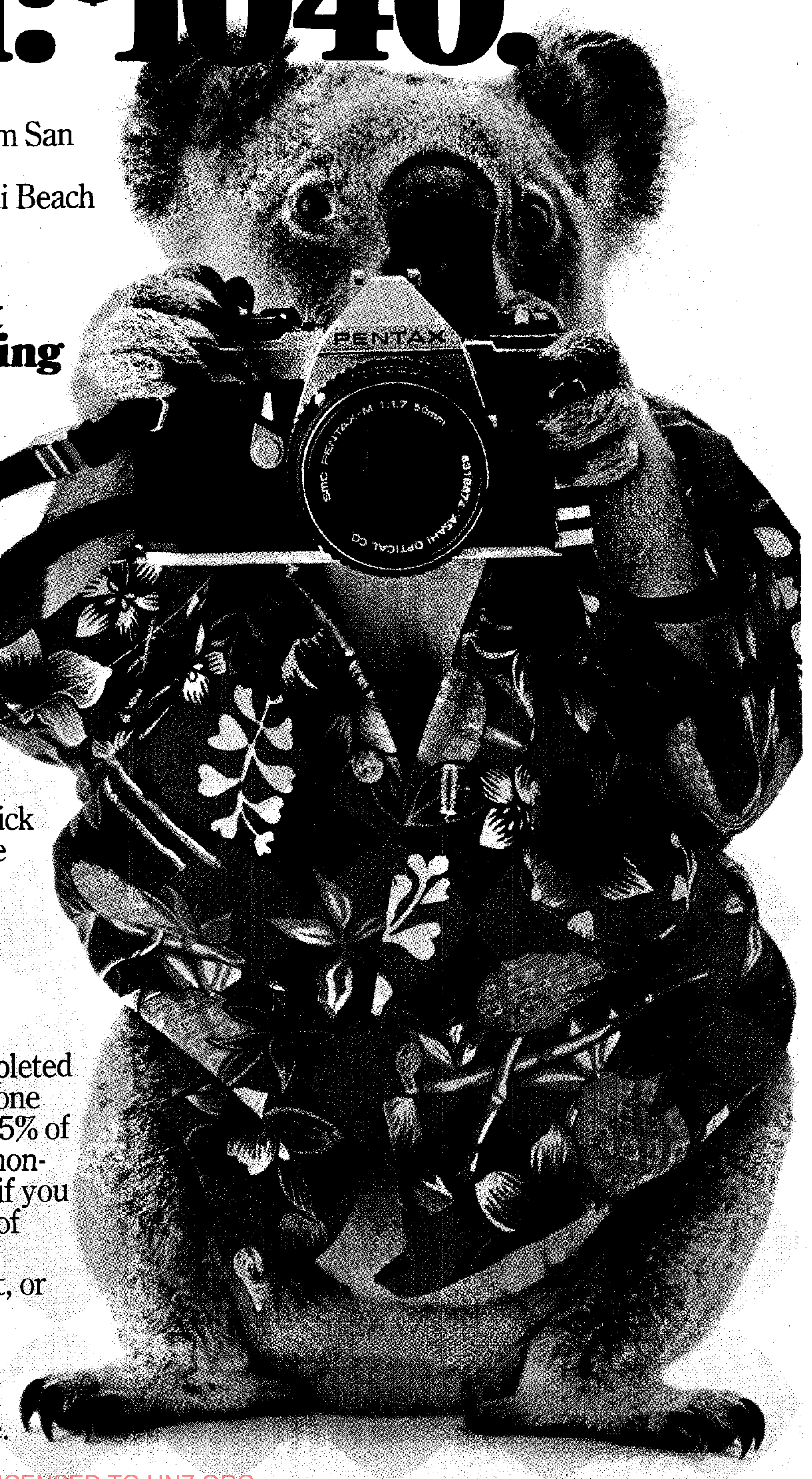
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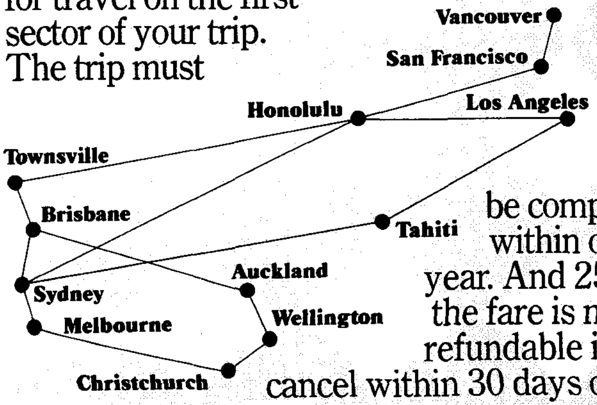
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BOOKS

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JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH is one of a long succession of immigrants who have made their way in America through services to a political party, and to particular party leaders. Born in 1908 at Iona Station, in southern Ontario, he journeyed early in the Depression of the nineteen-thirties to the University of California at Berkeley to study economics. There he learned that with the coming of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal "a nearly unlimited number of jobs were open for economists at unbelievably high pay in the federal government," and, accordingly, in 1934, he joined the "new gold rush" to the Potomac. He presented himself to a former professor who had moved on to the Department of Agriculture, and who "immediately suggested that I go on the payroll." The story continues:

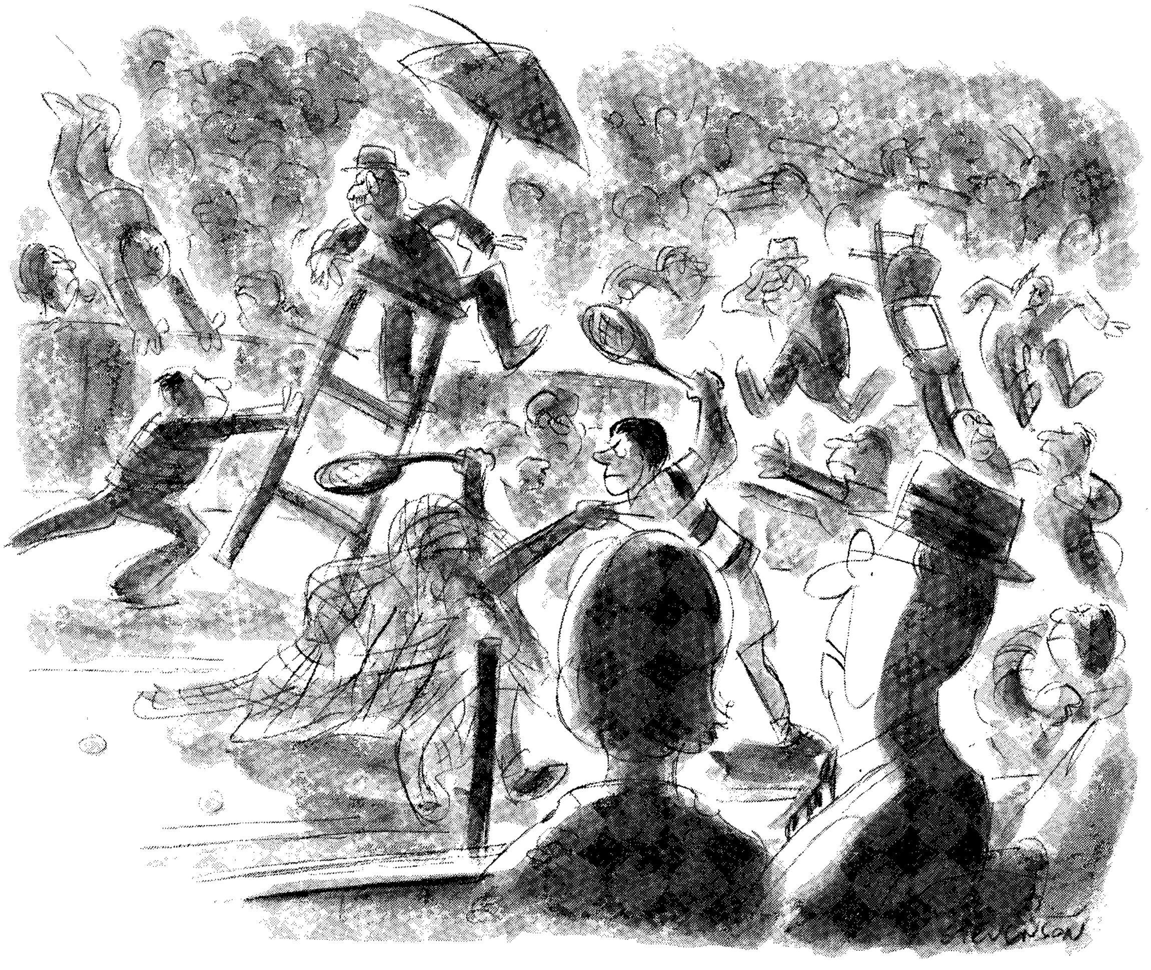
> I as promptly agreed. I was not a citizen, but it is not certain that one was even asked about such details in those civilized days. . . . I was, however, required to go to a small room on the upper floor and meet the resident representative of James A. Farley, the Postmaster General and custodian of Democratic patronage. There I affirmed that I was a Democrat. . . . My salary was at the rate of $3200 a year. . . . Not since have I been short of money.

Early in Galbraith's absorbing and, in the end, irresistible memoirs, "A Life in Our Times" (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95), he describes the attractions of politics, the first being its theatre. "Politicians play roles that are larger than life and not their own." Next is the interest of a "spectator sport." Further: "For a participant, politics is also psychologically therapeutic. Being combative, it is a solvent for aggression." Finally:

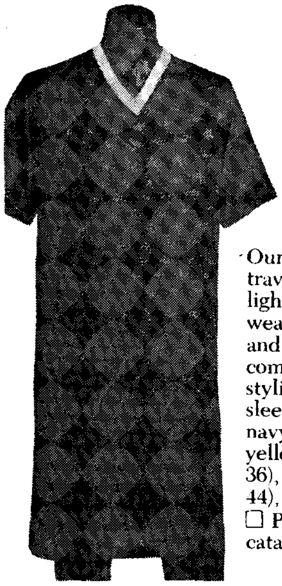
> With all else in politics, there is the thought that one is helping change the world. And there is a helpful element of illusion here. You are always aware of your own efforts, much less so of the efforts of the many who similarly engage themselves. From this comes a pleasantly exaggerated sense of accomplishment. It is why political memoirs must always be read with caution.

Not excepting this volume, of course. "A Life in Our Times" presents itself as an outrageously self-satisfied romp through some of the more important events of the past half century in the company of one of the not least important participants. It may even be that this is what Galbraith meant to write. But he did more, as he so often does. He has written of a *life* in politics and of a devastating hurt early in his career from which it would appear he never fully recovered. The more poignant for being at some level uncomprehended, it may be taken as a lesson in why politics is so commonly left to immigrants and others on the margins of society. It ain't, as Mr. Dooley put it, beanbag.

The summer of 1934 past, and his relations in Washington well begun, Galbraith made his way to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he became a resident tutor in one of the Harvard College houses and awaited the coming of John Maynard Keynes, an event which, he writes, by the autumn of 1936 had "reached Harvard with tidal force." There has been no other event like it in the history of the social sciences. The Great Depression, then two-thirds over, had seemingly falsified the central tenet of classical economics, which is that markets clear through the price mechanism—that whatever is offered for sale, including labor, is purchased. There are business cycles, to be sure, but, most important, there is an inherent tendency for the system to return to an equilibrium in which all resources are fully employed. But for six years there had been no such return; none was in sight. In "The General Theory of Employment Interest and Money," Keynes demonstrated that there could be unspent savings, and that when this hap-



"*Frankly, I preferred it when tennis was a gentlemen's game.*"



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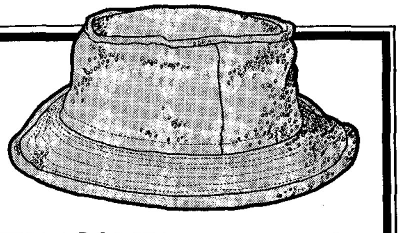

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pened prices would not adjust downward to insure that the same volume of goods would be purchased with the reduced (after-saving) purchasing power. Galbraith summarizes:

> Instead, output and employment fell until reduced profits, increased losses and the need to spend from past savings ensured that all income from current production or its equivalent was spent. A new economic equilibrium was thus established, one with a lot of people out of work—the underemployment equilibrium.

After an unprecedented period of depression, mounting crisis, and something like intellectual desperation, this had indeed the quality of Revelation, *the title of Galbraith's chapter on the* period.

After "minor political chores on behalf of F.D.R." in the 1936 election, Galbraith the next year (1) became a citizen, (2) married the incomparable Catherine Merriam Atwater, and (3) set off, on a fellowship, to Cambridge, England, whence Revelation had come. There he mastered the texts and became, in his words, "one of the acknowledged oracles."

These terms—"revelation," "oracle"—are to be heeded. Classical economics was (and remains) a formidable intellectual achievement, but it was now displaced in the higher learning by a new set of beliefs, to which only a select few had access. Nothing special, this. To the contrary, the whole of the sensibilities of that assertively egalitarian period were unprecedentedly élitist. What had happened to painting and sculpture, to music and poetry and prose now happened to economics. An earlier period when the best aesthetic and intellectual achievements were, generally speaking, accessible to the educated public was succeeded by a period when it appeared that only the initiate had access. Alfred Marshall's "Principles of Economics" (1890) could be *read:* much as Trollope, and in much the same spirit of reasonableness in the face of dogged but not insurmountable complexity. "The General Theory" is to "Principles" as "Finnegans Wake" is to "Barchester Towers." To this day, economists agree that there are passages in Keynes whose meaning is simply inaccessible. But that there *is* a meaning is always—well, mostly always—assumed. A priesthood emerged: a little dazzled by its own achievement but certain of what to do.

Get hold of government. Keynes taught *that.* If the public, or the more fortunate element thereof, was dis-

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posed to oversave, the solution was for government to overspend. Enter the deficit as public policy. Back in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Galbraith found that the previously ranking Keynesian—another young Canadian, who had actually attended the Master's seminar, and who at Harvard "more than any other had been able to say with final authority what Keynes really meant"—had returned home. Galbraith succeeded to his "mantle . . . firm in my new authority." Alvin Harvey Hansen had by then come to Harvard's new school of public administration (now the John F. Kennedy School of Government). Hansen was committed to the new doctrines (and in time became their principal proponent as a teacher). Galbraith writes, "For his Monday afternoon seminar on fiscal policy—really on Keynesian economics—in the new Littauer Center, students filled the classroom and spread out into the hall."

And, of course, Washington beckoned all. The head of the National Resources Planning Board asked Galbraith to review the assertively non-theoretical public-works employment and spending programs of the New Deal. It is to be remembered that neither Franklin D. Roosevelt nor any of his principal economic advisers were Keynesians. Hence, in 1936, by which time unemployment was down to seventeen per cent, steps had been taken to reduce the deficit—four billion four hundred million dollars in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1936. This was indeed, as Galbraith writes, "a conservative and anti-Keynesian triumph." And it did indeed lead to another "ghastly slump." "Within the depression there was now a recession—a new term." This only redoubled the conviction of the new economists. Galbraith's report on "The Economic Effects of the Federal Public Works Expenditures, 1933-1938" conceded that "the view that depressions will correct themselves if left alone is by no means dead" but doubted it would ever again become "the basis of public policy." Henceforth, when the economy slumped jobs would be created and government activities commenced. "These careful words were perhaps the first unambiguous commitment to Keynesian policy by an official arm of the United States government." They were published in 1940.

And so to a considerable irony. Keynesian economics was to be given its first trial not in the conditions of

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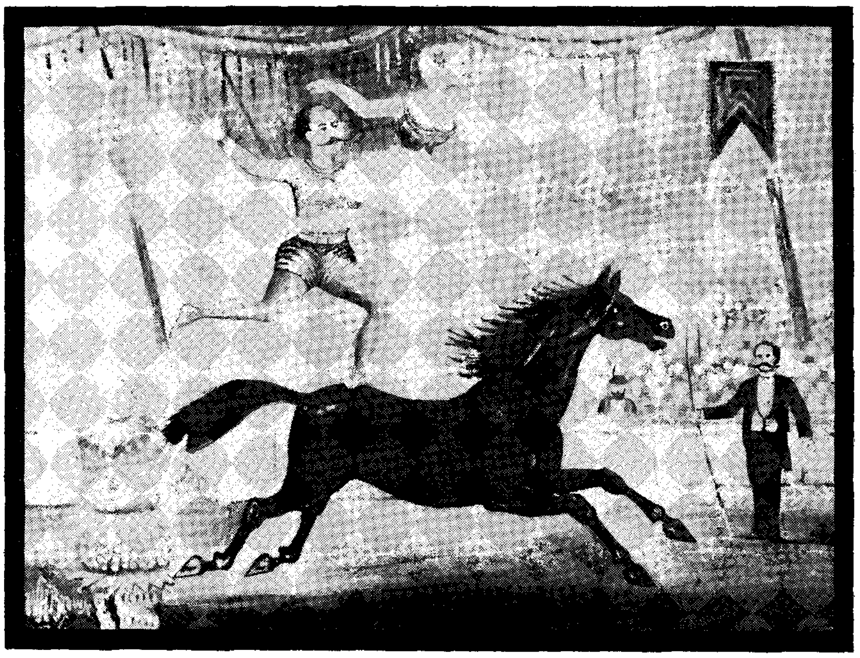

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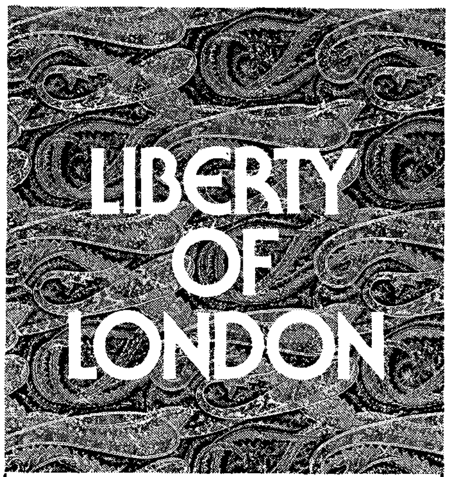

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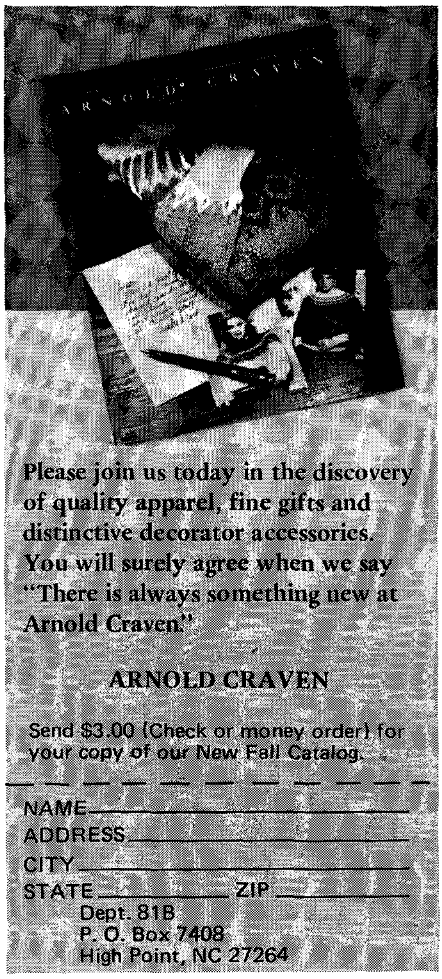

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depression for which it had seemed designed but in the very opposite circumstances of a wartime economy, when the central problems would be an excess of consumer demand and a shortage of production.

Events moved quickly now for Galbraith. In 1939, he had met the President. Nothing more: Roosevelt had merely called in the planners, asked them nothing, told them nothing, and sent them away elated and renewed. But "thereafter I was able to advert to him in personal terms." In 1940, the President set up the National Defense Advisory Commission to prepare the American economy for war. Leon Henderson was made a member, with a special brief to watch prices. Galbraith became his deputy. There now commenced a fated encounter. Dr. New Deal was replaced by Dr. Win the War. This meant that businessmen—after a period of banishment and hostility—returned to Washington. For winning the war meant manufacturing the materials of war, and that is what they, and only they, could do. The planners and the businessmen clashed. Henderson saw himself as "the defender of the public and New Deal interest . . . in natural opposition to the businessmen." Galbraith saw it as his job "to keep policy in line with a rational Keynesian faith." This repeatedly put them in conflict with men of experience, such as the industrialist who, on a celebrated occasion, appearing before a congressional committee, was asked why he thought that such-and-such a war-production proposal would work. He replied that his company had paid him a very large salary to know when something *would* work and when it *wouldn't* work. No theoretician he. Personalities apart—and personalities were assuredly present—conflict was inevitable and became bitter. Galbraith.

My memory of wartime Washington by no means excludes the menace of Hitler and the Japanese. But almost as poignantly it is of the New Dealers' battle with the reluctant business spokesmen, for the tactics and strategies of this conflict preoccupied us day by day.

And what must have been the businessmen's response? At a minimum, they had done *some* things. What had Galbraith *done*? He had written a report. Henderson? Several reports, plus two years on the Securities and Exchange Commission. The striking fact is that both sides performed splendidly. (Henderson and Galbraith were never

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alone. On a moment's notice, superb men and women left their campuses or summer paradises to join them in Washington. Merle Fainsod, of Harvard, was reached on Cape Cod one morning and was waiting for Galbraith when he returned from an appointment later that afternoon.) They helped win the war as much as the men and women who actually fought it. And at a cost to themselves.

In the spring of 1941, the Office of Price Administration was established, with Henderson as head. On April 29th, he summoned Galbraith. "Would I be in charge of the control of prices in the United States?" He would.

> It was an admirably casual offer of the most powerful civilian post in the management of the wartime economy . . . Henderson's own job alone excepted. In time, my more comprehensive and detailed involvement in the policy, the knowledge that went therewith and my somewhat greater confidence as an economist would give me even more power over price policy than Henderson.

He was thirty-two years of age, three and a half years a citizen, and the sixteenth or seventeenth or eighteenth most powerful man in America. This took some adjusting to, concerning which he is admirably open:

> One had to believe that one's critics were ill-motivated, uninformed, unintelligent, or instinctively wrong. This . . . was my tendency. These [beliefs] are not wholly endearing. To the sensitive they could suggest an insufferable sense of superiority. But, on balance, they were probably right for the job.

And he was superior. He proved, among other things, an inspired administrator. Thus, David Ginsburg recruited lawyers, who were paired with economists in the operations of the agency. All price decisions were made by and in the presence of one each. This gave an element of due process to what was in fact fiat, and had the further advantage that there could be no irregularity without conspiracy. (In the end, there was none of either.) But, above all else, while Gross National Product soared and industrial product all but trebled, prices remained steady. Keynes, in a series of articles in the *Times* of London, had set forth how it should be done, and Galbraith and his colleagues did it. There was something of a caper in it all. At one point, Galbraith and two colleagues approached Will Clayton, the Houston cotton merchant, to ask if he, in turn, would approach the fearsome Jesse Jones, head of the Recon-

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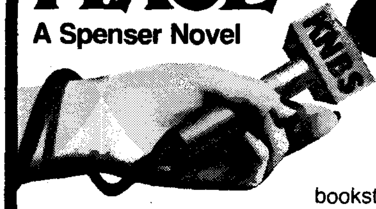

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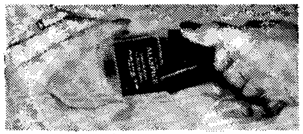

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struction Finance Corporation, to ask for ten million dollars to help subsidize rail transport of coal to the Northeast now that U-boats had cut into sea transport. Clayton agreed, Jones agreed. *Ten million dollars!* Leaving Clayton's office, having learned the news, one of the three broke the silence to wonder what "three college professors were doing in a job like this."

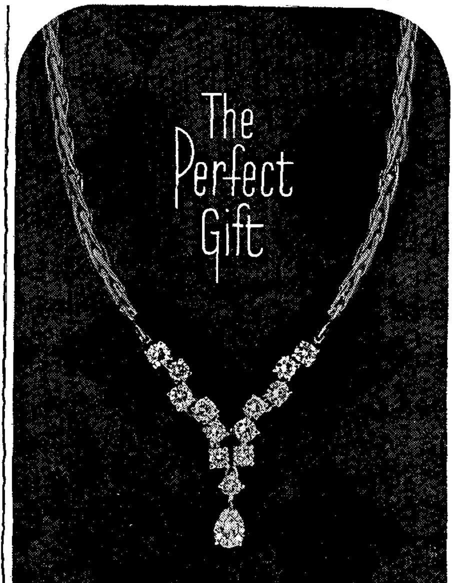
But what a job they did! Here are the inflation rates (in per cent) for the period:

1941	9.7
1942	9.3
1943	3.2
1944	2.1
1945	2.3
1946	18.2

Inflation went *down* as the war progressed, and broke out again only when it was over and won, and accumulated savings and demand took hold. Annual rates of inflation during the First World War had reached seventeen and a half per cent.

Galbraith's job lasted twenty-five months, to May 31, 1943, when, as suddenly as he had been appointed, he was dismissed. The mistake was to have succeeded. Henderson was in trouble early. He was denying millions of dollars in profits to people who *knew* they could otherwise make them and thought they ought to. It had been, after all, a long depression. Now Galbraith was drawn in—more likely plunged in. With a wounded chief, there is usually no option, and, in any event, there is more than a measure of Scots gallantry in the man. Also of Calvinist conviction. "The political defense of price control was now increasingly in my hands, and I was, I cannot doubt, unduly self-righteous." In the 1942 midterm elections, Democrats did badly. In December, Henderson, used up, left. Galbraith became yet more exposed. Hollywood fashion, he notes the drop-off in tribute. At the birth of their first son, in 1941, Mrs. Galbraith's hospital room had been so filled with flowers that it reminded them of the last rites of a Chicago gangster. One rose from their own garden was all that greeted the arrival of a second son, in 1943. "I was no longer worth the price. A minor episode triggered my departure."

In what until now has been an expansive, voluble autobiography, delighting in characterization and digression and wondrous speculation, there follows a paragraph of thirteen sentences in which we are told that the



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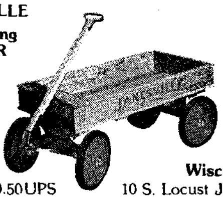

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new head of the O.P.A. had brought in an advertising man to repair "the image of the agency." The adman told the press that it was Galbraith's image that most needed repairing. They quarrelled. "F.D.R. was once believed to enjoy squabbles between his subordinates. Now he had tired of them. . . . He sent word that we both could go, though I was to be given another major post." There was no such other post. There never is. He tried to enlist; was too tall. Whereupon, he went to work for *Fortune*.

He was never to hold office again. Or, more accurately, never again to wield power in Washington. In 1946, he briefly held a planning position in the Department of State: "months . . . very low in accomplishment—and especially in comparison with my awesome authority at the Office of Price Administration." In 1961, he was sent out as United States Ambassador in New Delhi. President Kennedy, he suggests, "was pleased to have me in his administration but at a suitable distance such as in India." There he soon discovered that the necessary official tasks could be accomplished in two hours a day, and he occupied himself writing, variously, his first work of fiction, an account of "The Scotch" of lower Ontario; a text on economic development; and an excellent study, in collaboration with M. S. Randhawa, of Kangra painting. He also kept a journal, published with much success in 1969.

All this was a pleasant, academic routine. (He had returned to Harvard in 1948.) It could have passed as a pleasant sabbatical save for the slowly mounting intrusion of Vietnam and the whole issue of Chinese expansion, in which terms—how shall we explain

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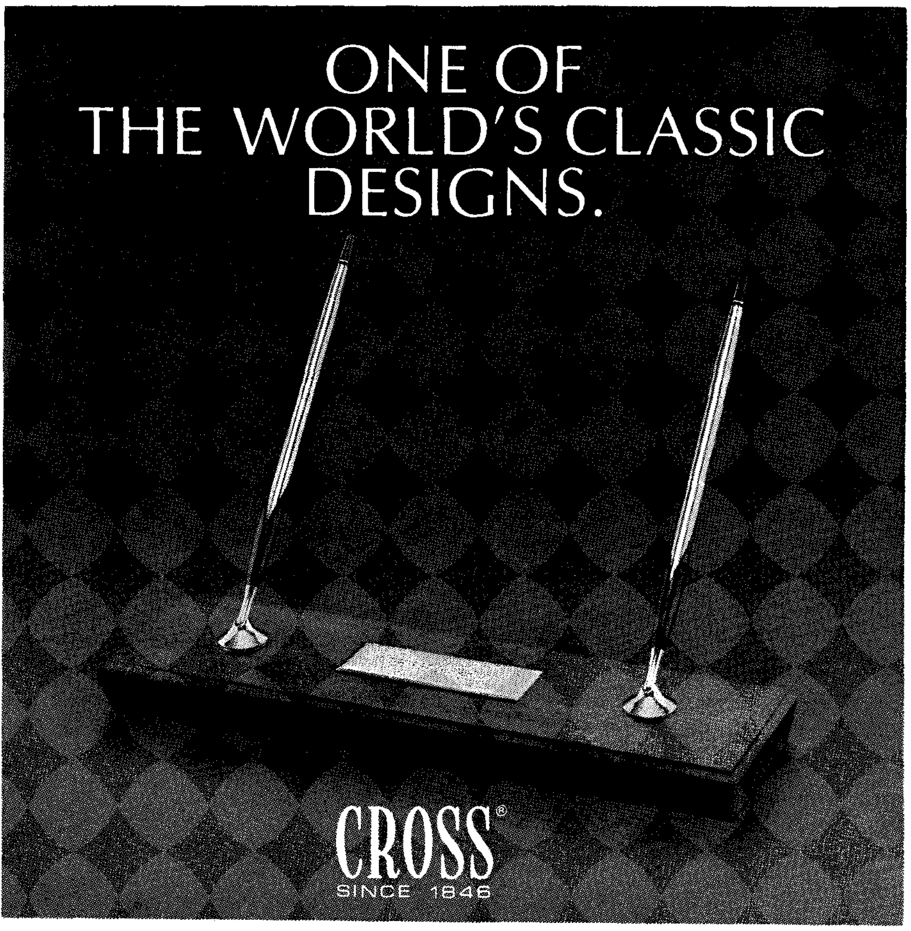

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this to our grandchildren?—the Vietnamese war was viewed by the Kennedy Administration. Galbraith was from the first skeptical of the Vietnamese involvement, albeit a *faint* suspicion arises that he preferred to fight Communism in the Himalayas rather than in the Mekong Delta. In October, 1962, toward the end of his tour in India, the Chinese had sent troops across a disputed frontier line in what the Indians, following the British, called the North East Frontier Agency, an area just to the east of Bhutan. The Indians suffered a series of defeats, there was panic in Calcutta, and in New Delhi a government if anything more condescending to the United States then than now "turned . . . to the American Embassy for material help and therewith for moral support and military and political guidance." A historian of the war, cited not disapprovingly by Galbraith, has written that "the American Ambassador . . . [became] in effect a privy councilor of the Indian government." Missions and matériel arrived, and the Ambassador toured the front. ("Instant Eisenhower" was the caption he gave to a photograph published in his "Journal": Ambassador in mountains cheering and being cheered in a throng of gallant sepoys.) He was, as he says, "received as a savior by the soldiers." While never carried away with war fever, he did at one point ask that units of the Seventh Fleet steam into the Bay of Bengal.

NOW another rejection by his party was to take place, which ended with Galbraith rejecting, in turn, most of the attachments of his life: as much as declaring the Democratic Party unfit to govern; openly suggesting that economics was a failed profession. Vietnam and a curious role reversal set this in motion. Back from India, *he* was now the practical man of affairs, an outsider, confronting the élitist professors on the inside. He was *not* wrong about Vietnam, but he reached his views by reasoning that his former colleagues might very well have found curious. Thus, he writes:

> The case of India and Indian Communism . . . was a superb guide to what Communism would encounter in Indochina. Calling itself Communist, it would still be a village and agricultural society with only superficial control from the top.

Superficial control? From Hanoi? Let it pass. But the fact is that his advice was rejected, and in the course of the nineteen-sixties he acquired a

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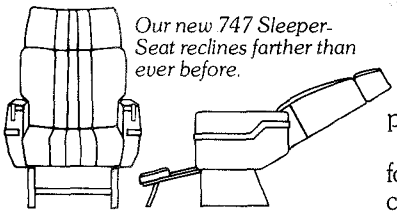

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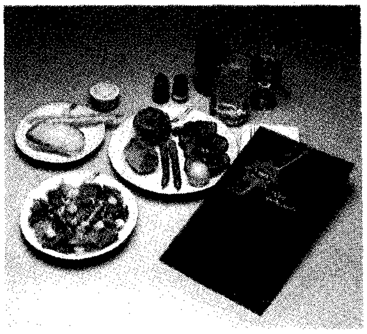

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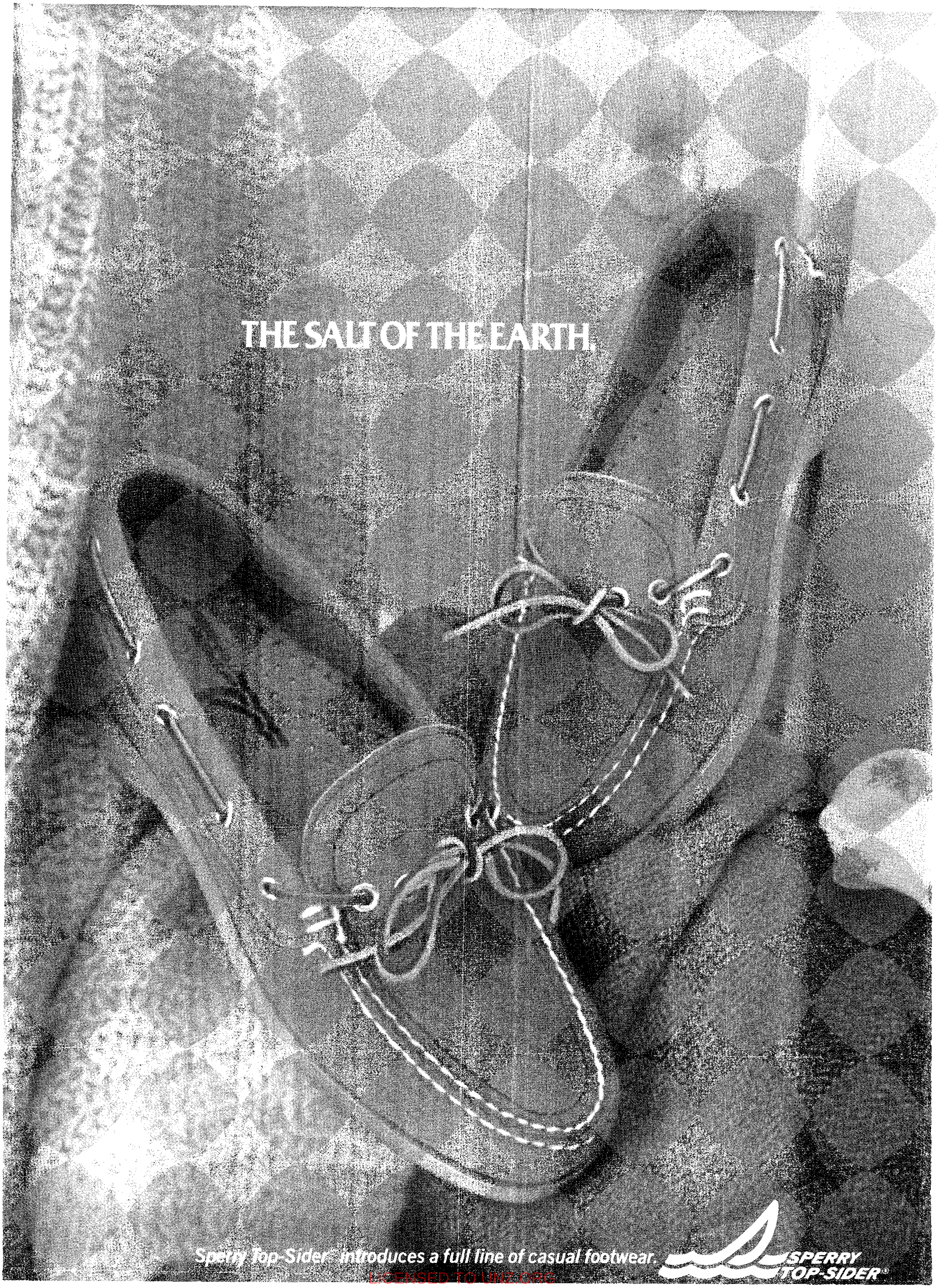
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disdain that bordered on rage at the professors and bureaucrats who conducted foreign policy for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. This led him into an anomalous battle with and within his own party which has contributed not a little to the present travail of liberalism.

"Liberal" and "conservative" are terms central to Galbraith's political constructs, he being of that school which has benefitted disproportionately from W. S. Gilbert's discovery:

> That every boy and every gal,
>   That's born into the world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal,
>   Or else a little Conservative!

Few individuals who appear in this teeming memoir escape being so labelled, and rarely to the advantage of those labelled conservative. But what are we told in the end?

> American conservatives, because no one doubts their hatred of Communism, have more easily come to terms with reality and made more sensible bargains with the Soviets and the Chinese than American liberals, who . . . have lived in the fear of being thought soft on Communism.

Is this not a statement that liberals are not to be trusted with office? Strange from a man who, in 1947, helped found Americans for Democratic Action (which he proposed be called the Liberal Union) for the avowed purpose of demonstrating that liberals could be very hard on Communism indeed, especially as it might seek to influence the Democratic Party. (A real enough problem in those years.) This memory seems to have receded, even as economics has receded, to be replaced by his growing and now near-exclusive preoccupation with foreign affairs. He could usefully study political science. The men of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations who outrage him so were, as much as anything, simply holding on to power. People do that. Galbraith wonderfully explains why. He writes of his dismissal by Roosevelt:

> The sudden loss of power leaves you suddenly, unimaginably empty, facing decompression and a psychic case of the bends. You are assailed, however unnaturally, by self-doubt. And by continuous thought of the decisions that now lack your guiding hand. Worst of all, and least expected, you are now naked to your enemies.

Of the defeat of Adlai Stevenson in 1952, he writes:

> It would be hard for the young to understand not only our surprise but our shock at the outcome. For twenty years liberal Democrats had won. . . . It had become the

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natural order of things. At Arthur Schlesinger's house on election night in 1952, we learned that the natural order had come to an end.

He grew depressed. "Whiskey brought a brief moment of relief before dinner. Increasingly massive doses of Seconal were necessary for sleep." He and his fellow-liberals had thought themselves, as he puts it, "part of a permanent government." Government had come more and more under the influence of an élite, self-coöpting class whose origins can be precisely traced to the period when economists flocked from Berkeley to the Department of Agriculture. More and more, power in Washington, in conservative no less than liberal Administrations, was acquired not by getting elected but by getting tenure. The New Deal mode of disdain for Congress had grown apace, and while this may be endured, *it was an outlook that easily trans*muted into an indifference to the views of the electorate. This was calamitous, for it invited blindness. The people knew that the Vietnam enterprise had failed. But those who commenced it were not answerable to the people. Did not in fact know many.

The same phenomenon is to be seen in the political economy. Galbraith's departure notwithstanding, economists in Washington grew steadily more influential and more "Keynesian." Both parties succumbed. (Thus, President Nixon in 1970 sent to Congress a "full-employment budget," so labelled. This is a budget in which expenditures are set at the level of revenues which would be obtained *if* there were full employment. Absent full employment, there is, of course, a deficit. The deficit is designed to stimulate demand, so that full employment is eventually achieved.) That the debt might pile up, that the deficits might never end, that inflation might set in—such prospects caused little concern save in the electorate. From the early nineteen-sixties, there was a fixed conviction among most Washington economists that, as Galbraith himself has put it, the United States was a land of private affluence and public squalor, for which the only remedy was to increase spending in the public sector.

For the longest while, such economics seemed a great success. Demand-led growth seemed both manageable and predictable. It began to be argued that the most exigent task of government would be to redistribute this "unexpected wealth," as Douglas

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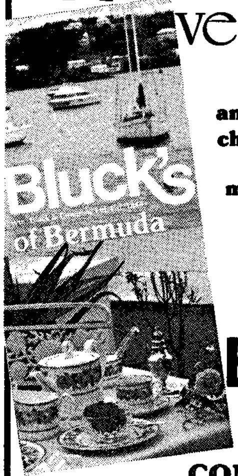

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E. Ashford, of Cornell, has termed it. The problem with this extraordinarily abstract politics—for it was politics, having to do with who would govern—was that it ignored other, plainer politics. To cite Ashford again, "Increasing demand and consumption (contrary to both the Marxist and liberal ideas) meant that more powerful groups began to make fixed claims; thereby undermining the élitist assumption that aggregate demand could be easily manipulated." Taxes could be cut easily enough. Could they be raised? Such Madisonian questions almost vanished from the councils of American government.

I have served in the Cabinet or sub-Cabinet of four Presidents. I do not believe I have ever heard at a Cabinet meeting a serious discussion of political ideas—one concerned with how men rather than markets behave. These are the necessary first questions of government. The Constitution of the United States is an immensely intricate judgment as to how men will behave, given the circumstances of the time in which it was written. It is not at all clear that it is working well, given the circumstances of the present age. But this is never discussed. The lesser coin of economics drives all else out of circulation save only foreign policy, about which there is neither an economic nor a political science. Clearly, government agencies are not as responsive to Presidential leadership as had been assumed. But the *why* of this matter is never discussed. We observe Jimmy Carter gaining the Presidency with perhaps his main issue being "the horrible, bloated, confused, overlapping, wasteful, insensitive, unmanageable, bureaucratic mess in Washington," and then proceeding to create not one but two more Cabinet departments, including the egregiously superfluous Department of Education. If anyone in his Administration asked what dynamic was at work, there is as yet no record of it. Woodrow Wilson would have wondered, but he was not an economist.

Now that it is too late, you might say, Galbraith has taken to referring to economics as exhibiting signs of a failed profession. Nonsense. We know vastly more economics than we ever have, and it is hugely valuable in making government decisions where goals are rather agreed on but costs are a consideration; e.g., what forms of transportation to favor through subsidy. But that form of economics, which tells us how to run our society

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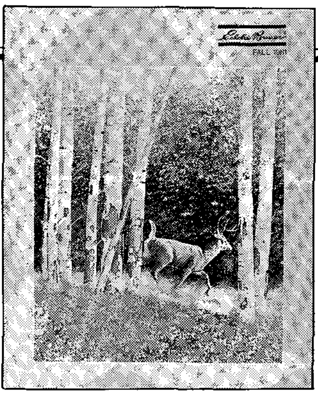
in order to make it good, and then tells us what is good, and further tells us who will tell us—well, that branch of the discipline hasn't worked so well. Forecasts repeatedly have failed. The nineteen-seventies came and went without a single balanced budget at the federal level, forecasts ritually to the contrary. Inflation accelerated. Yet unemployment remained high. Interest rates hung at levels never previously known in our history. *Still* unemployment remained high. An institution as central to government as the Social Security system seemed threatened with insolvency. In fairness, Keynesian economists long ago understood the possibility of simultaneous inflation and unemployment. William J. Baumol, the current president of the American Economic Association, taught this in his classes at Princeton in the nineteen-fifties. But few took those classes. The nineteen-seventies were hard on Keynesian assumptions. The gift of prophecy was taken from them. There appeared instead a sense of the very futility of making projections, a condition for which the eighteenth-century English term "floccinaucinihilipilification"—the action of estimating as worthless—conveys an appropriate obscurantism.

Worse, an effete Keynesianism appeared. There is an aspect of Keynesian doctrine that is essentially a critique of the implicitly philistine middle class—oh dear, all that overproducing and oversaving. But this defies common sense. Such may have been the conditions of Britain in the nineteen-thirties, but the history of the race is not that of producing too much and saving too much. The history of the race is that there is hardly enough to go around. Demand is always there; supply is what is short. And so in the nineteen-seventies "supply-side" economics appeared with a kind of tidal force of its own. It, too, is a cultural phenomenon. If the aggregate-demand school is Cambridge, supply-side is Dallas. There is no "General Theory": at most a few papers hypothesizing the existence of "the Laffer Curve," a doctrine of Professor Arthur Laffer, of the University of Southern California, which holds that any given amount of tax revenue can be produced by two levels of taxation, one high, the other low. It is used, accordingly, to argue for huge tax cuts, which, it is said, will lead to economic expansion and *increased* revenues. Walter W. Heller, whom Galbraith helped choose as chairman of the



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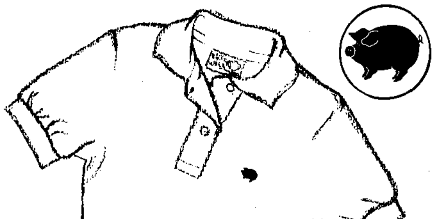

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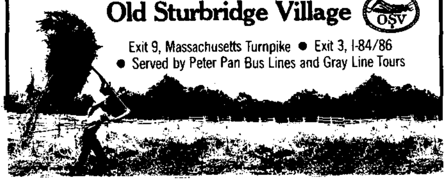

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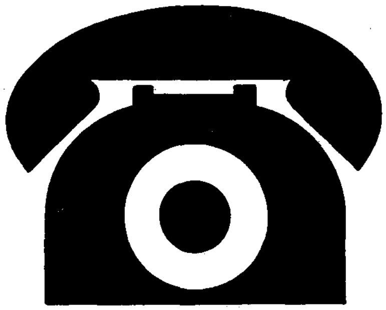

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Council of Economic Advisers for President Kennedy, has dismissed all this as "laetrile" economics. But that is a bit harsh. The Lafferites preach nothing so much as their fealty to the principles of John F. Kennedy's classically Keynesian tax-cut proposal, which Heller helped devise, and which was enacted in 1964 with satisfactorily stimulative results. President Reagan quite embraced this doctrine as a means of breaking out of stagflation. During the 1980 campaign, he would say, as in Flint, Michigan, on May 17, 1980, "We would use the increased revenues the federal government would get from this tax decrease to rebuild our defense capabilities." Pause a moment. Increased revenues from decreased taxes.

Indeed, it may be argued that there has never been so Keynesian a President as Ronald Reagan. True, in his address to a joint session of Congress on February 18, 1981, he declared, "The taxing power of government . . . must not be used to regulate the economy or bring about social change." And yet the very center of his domestic program is an income-tax proposal designed to restore full employment and production. The Reagan Administration's proposals to reduce social spending came about only as doubts appeared that a tax cut would in fact pay for itself, and the alternative seemed to be either drastically reduced spending or staggering deficits. Unhappily, not least for the new theorists, the tax "cuts" that have made their way through Congress will no more than offset inflation. There will be no serious reduction of taxes as a proportion of G.N.P. And so the new theory, if it is that, will remain untested, and the deficits will persist.

The economy is in trouble, in no small measure because the reigning economics of the past two generations have led us to believe that it could be managed, even manipulated, in ways that are in fact quite beyond our knowledge. One result is a fundamentalist reaction, which has been directed against the last several Administrations, and from which the present one will not necessarily escape. A Roper poll of August, 1980, found seventy-nine per cent of whites and eighty per cent of blacks in favor of a Constitutional amendment to require a balanced budget. This would in fact mean writing algebra into the Constitution, but people—some—are too distressed to care. The Keynesian conquest has brought an anti-Keynesian

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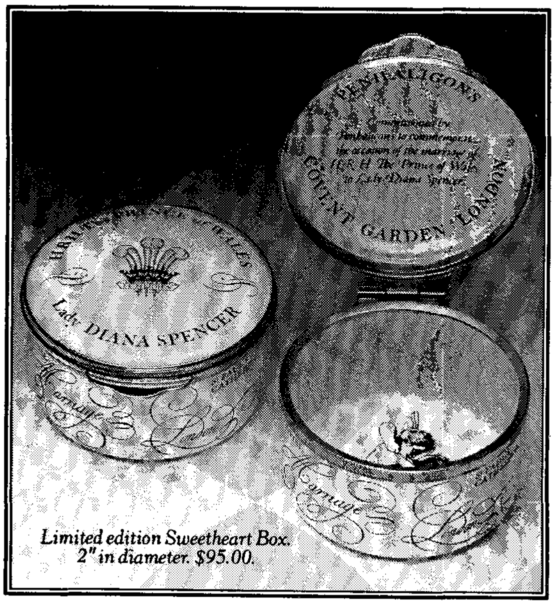

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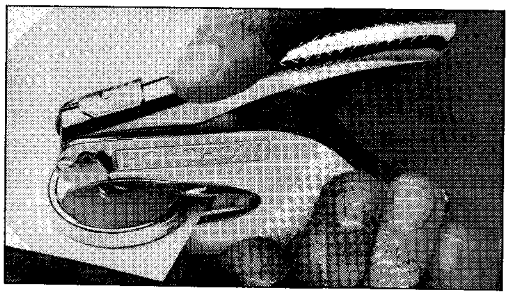

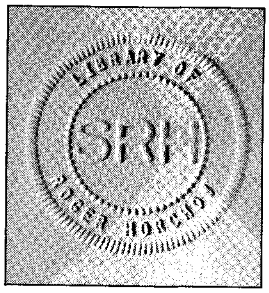

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backlash that few could have foreseen. As of this moment, thirty states—four short of the necessary two-thirds—have passed resolutions calling for a Constitutional Convention to adopt a balanced-budget amendment. Such a convention could be plenary. Anything could happen, including, one supposes, an amendment forbidding any professor to make economic policy. Such a provision was enacted into law following Galbraith's departure from the O.P.A. It was ignored as patently unconstitutional. Next time, it might not be!

Has one paradigm, in the sense historians of science use that term, exhausted itself such that there will now be a pause until some radically new vision of reality succeeds it? Are we once again waiting about, apprehensive, even desperate, hoping for a new revelation? Perhaps. At the end of eras, the scribbling of pens is to be heard. It is, in fact, with such thoughts, and the example of such hope, that Galbraith leaves us. When theories recede, the men who espoused them somehow move forward a bit. No doubt the time will come when we will all think this man more remarkable than his teachings. For few have sustained adversity with more grace or responded to meanness with such generosity. Might we hope, however, that his successors will not only enter politics but pay more heed to them? Politics is an argument about the future; the political future is not knowable. And so it comes down to the question of who will govern. In fact, Galbraith has or had an answer which, unaccountably, he leaves out of his memoirs.

Tall men are best suited to govern. The reason is found in a simple Calvinist syllogism. Tall men, being more conspicuous, are more closely watched by their neighbors; being more closely watched, of necessity they behave better; behaving better, they are best suited to govern. On the day of the funeral of John F. Kennedy, Galbraith attended a reception at the Department of State given for heads of state and other distinguished persons who had come from abroad. General de Gaulle held court in a corner of the Benjamin Franklin Room, to which at length Galbraith was summoned. He used the occasion to recount his theory of the natural selection of leaders to the great ruler of the French. Whereupon the General observed, "It is important that we be merciless with those who are too small." *That* is the way of the world. It is rarely taught, and yet more rarely learned in seminars.

—DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GEMINI, by Michel Tournier, translated from the French by Anne Carter (Doubleday; $14.95). Jean and Paul are twins who grow up to be perfect opposites in mind and manner. Paul believes that the symbiosis they enjoyed as infants (they even had their own secret language) is a paradise they should live in forever, while Jean is tormented by the way everyone mistakes each of them for the other, and he decides to run away from his brother. Most of the novel features Paul's pursuit of Jean around the world, through places that support his theory that mankind has an innate love of mirror images (Venice reflected in its canals; Japan's islands encapsulated in its gardens; Berlin split in two). But before the flight and pursuit begin another narrator is given the floor: the twins' eccentric uncle, the manager of a garbage dump and a homosexual dandy, who delivers orations about the dump as "negative image" of society and about his own narcissistic tastes. Narcissism, in fact, is the novel's undoing; the author reduces his characters to mouthpieces, and so loses any reader who does not share his peculiar views.

OTHER PEOPLE: A MYSTERY STORY, by Martin Amis (Viking; $12.95). A young woman walks out of a London hospital in a state of total amnesia. Everything is alien to her—the streets, buildings, people are strange, her shoes feel like fetters, she sees the clouds in the sky as creatures of some sort. She is taken in by an alcoholic whore and the whore's alcoholic parents, then she drifts into a dishwashing job in a café and life in a squalid commune, and from that into the ménage of a rich young alcoholic. A policeman calls on her from time to time, hinting at her former life. She discovers that she can read, and she understands the concept of time, but the idea of love baffles her; she understands the idea of luck, but she sees automobiles with the eyes of a primitive. Her amnesia is entirely one of Mr. Amis's invention (unlike the miserable amnesiacs of psychopathology, his heroine seems quietly serene and contented), but that, perhaps, is his intention. By giving her a distant, knowing innocence, he offers us an oblique look at people—the other people of the title, all of them fixed in immutable grooves—and a view of life as recurrent versions of death. A somewhat silly book, but one that has a certain creepy power.

GENERAL

WILL'S BOY, by Wright Morris (Harper & Row; $11.95). A memoir of a Middle Western boyhood. Wright Morris's mother, he tells us, died six days after he was born, in Central City, a backwash town in Nebraska, in 1910, and his father, a railroad man and a rolling stone, elected to bring him up himself. The two of them moved to Omaha with the first of a succession of young girls and women who were tried out as possible mothers for young Wright. (This first one, who didn't pan out, became a hula dancer.) Then came Chicago and some schooling, and later, when the boy could drive the Essex sedan, a "new start" in California. There was a brief but backbreaking stint as a hired hand on an uncle's hardscrabble farm in the Texas panhandle (the California experiment was a bust), Chicago again, and eventually Pomona College, in Claremont, California, where we leave young Wright, aged about twenty. Nothing very eventful happens here, but nothing ordinary or boringly typical, either. The book evokes the twenties in middle America without self-consciousness or the clichés of nostalgia, and the people are wonderfully real and funny and sad. We have had a glimpse—short but clean and clear-cut—into a life.

SHOWING OFF IN AMERICA, by John Brooks (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $12.95). An intelligent and entertaining reëxamination of American mores in the light of Veblen's theory of conspicuous consumption. Fifteen-course dinners and Fifth Avenue palaces have gone out of fashion, but Mr. Brooks, examining our forms of "invidious" (Veblen's pet word) display, finds that we have new ways of demonstrating status—notably, parody display, whose purpose is to suggest not a superior bank account but superior knowingness. As the author examines con-

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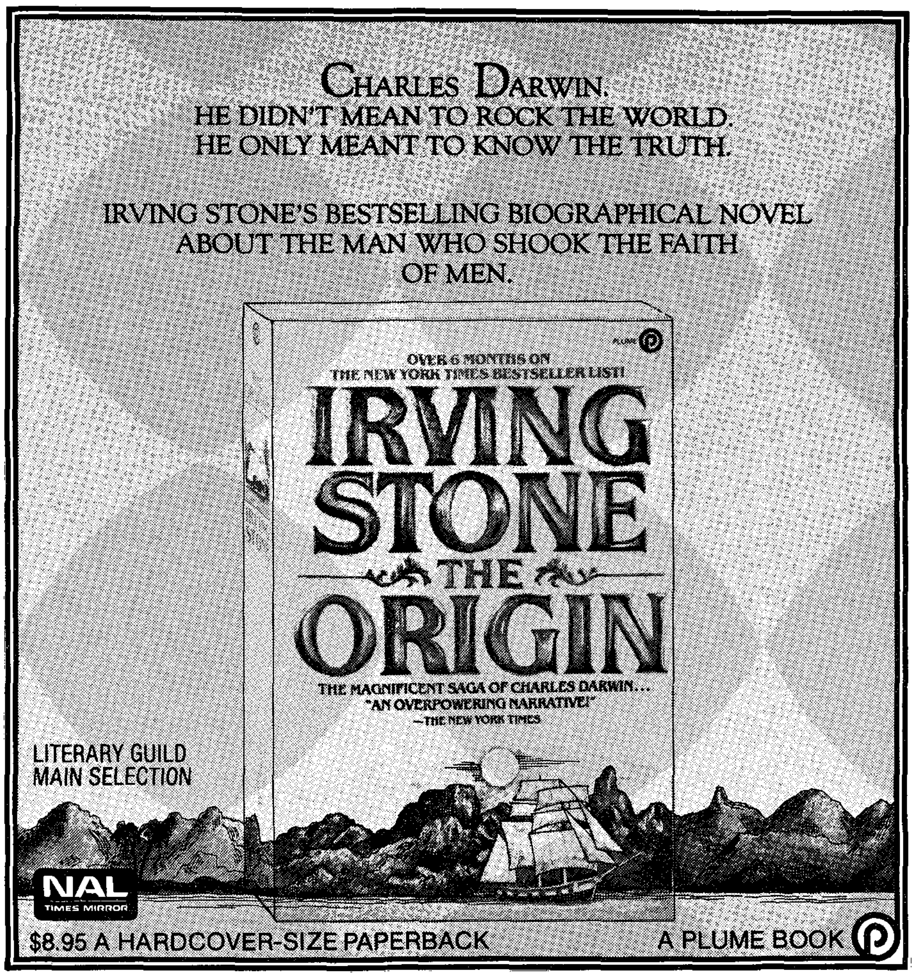
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temporary styles of invidiousness in almost every activity, from poker and sport to dress and speech, the reader's enjoyment is partly the recognition of his own and his neighbors' foibles, partly pleasure in Brooks' prose, and partly the sense that this grand exhibition of social folly has the rightness—both the justness and the proportion—of a classic.

JOHN EVELYN AND HIS WORLD, by John Bowle (Routledge & Kegan Paul; *$32.50*). John Evelyn's dates are 1620-1706, and though his diaries, first published in part in 1818 (a definitive edition appeared in 1955), are less popular (as Mr. Bowle notes), than those of his friend Samuel Pepys, he was still an exceptionally interesting man—a tastemaker. Evelyn, from a well-off family, was a supporter of King Charles I who spent most of the years of the English Civil War touring the Continent and appreciating its art, architecture, and gardens. He married the daughter of the Royalist ambassador to Paris but was allowed to return to England and live unmolested under Cromwell. He published a few works before the Restoration, but after it he blossomed as a critical authority in fields as diverse as forestry and engraving and cookery. (He wrote a book about salads.) Mr. Bowle gives us a sense of a formidably active but personally unambitious man who greatly affected the way England came to look—helping to plan the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire and persuading English landowners to adopt a new landscape style.

●

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the Sausalito* (*Calif.*) *Marin Scope*]

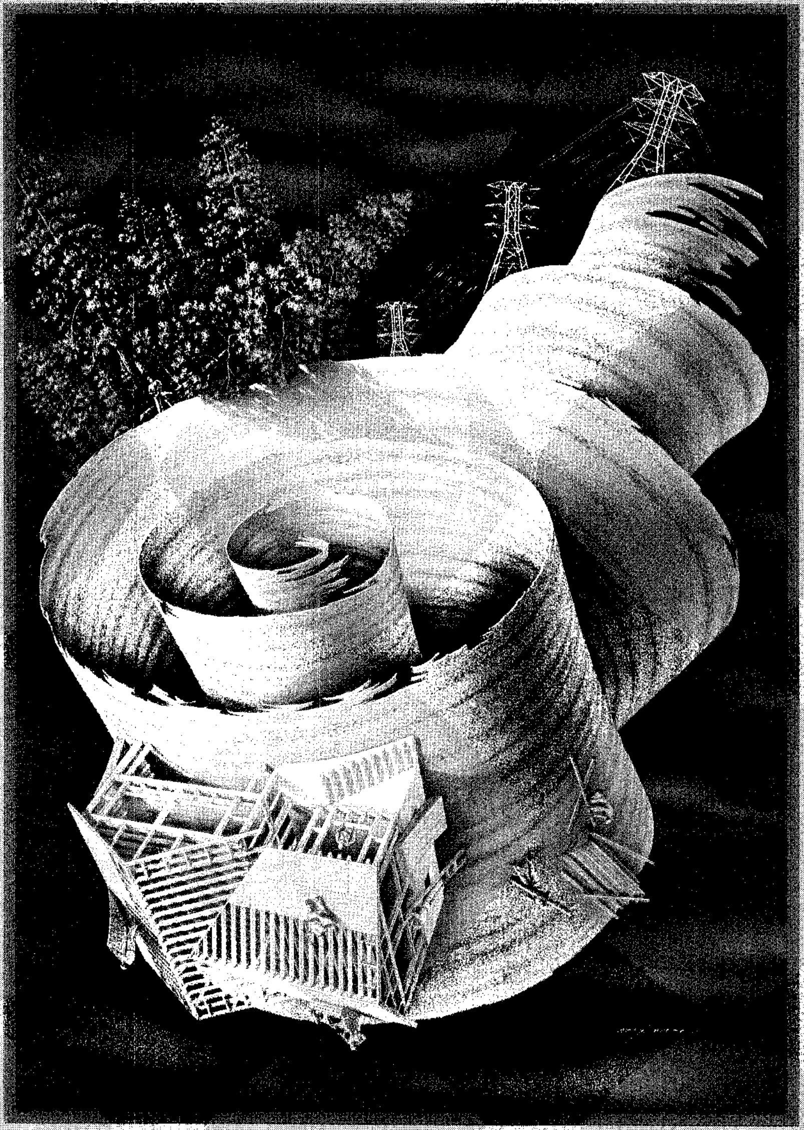
If the Marin County Environmental Health Department says yes, Sausalito may have rainbow fog one day this August.

Paul St. James has received permission to dye the fog from the Sausalito City Council and the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. The Bay Area Air Quality Management District does not have any regulations that apply to fog dyes.

As the fog floats over Wolfback Ridge, St. James plans to spray organic dye into it from two temporary towers he will build on the ridge above Highway 101. He claims the fog will suspend the dye and dissipate before it hits the ground.

St. James has submitted data from a toxicologist and a University of Utah scientist of the art project to the county. If it approves the plan he will start to raise funds and begin to test the spray apparatus.

What do you see when you look at a wood shaving?



It depends on your perspective.

You might see a symbol of people working, making useful products, building the economy.

Or you might see the remnant of a fallen tree.

We see something more: a sign of changing times.

Once by-products like wood shavings were discarded. Today, they're a valuable energy source, an economical alternative to increasingly expensive oil and natural gas.

Today, for example, our 54 wood products and paper mills around the country get better than 50% of the energy they need from by-products like wood shavings.

And tomorrow that percentage will almost certainly rise.

For the more we use, the easier it will be for us to reconcile the perspectives we mentioned above…to provide needed jobs, products, profits and thriving trees.

Boise Cascade Corporation
Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.

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